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## A BOY IN GRAY.



THE DINNER PARTY.

It must have been in the summer of '62—yes, I am sure it was—that I first met Jack. We were then lying in camp down on the Charles City Road, slowly recovering from the fatigues and depletions of the Seven Days' Battle, just fought. Things had not yet straightened themselves out very much on the "lines"; the various arms of the service were huddled together in pretty much the promiscuous fashion in which the end of the fighting had left them, and the

bugles of the cavalry and artillery chimed in with our own fifes and drums at reveillé and tattoo. Drilling had not been resumed, and there was little to fill up the day in camp; besides roll-calls, breakfast and dinner were the only episodes, and the bill of fare held no surprises. Every one already knew by heart all the different versions of the recent battle which our own command could supply, and we were still too listless and relaxed from the late severe and pro-

longed strain to be capable of any very active speculation as to the future. The sultry hours of those July days dragged more and more heavily, until, by degrees, we came to seek some relief from the dull monotony in visiting among our neighbors.

Jack was in the artillery. His battery was parked along the edge of some pines which skirted the "old field"—partly grown up in persimmon and sassafras, and overrun with dewberry-briers—in which our tents were pitched. It was easily within sound of drum-call, and this consideration forestalled any scruple I may have felt as to the propriety of accepting an invitation to return with one of his mess who had spent a morning in our camp. It is, perhaps, due to candor also to mention just here that something which had been said concerning "*pies* for dinner" was even more potential in determining my acceptance.

If we concede that no man can be a hero to his valet, it will readily be seen that my first impression of Jack held in it nothing of epic suggestion. When we arrived at the fire which defined, somewhat vaguely, the local habitation of his mess, he was in the midst of his toilet—a preliminary to dinner which was less an empty tribute to conventionalism than a necessary feature of the transition from public to domestic functions. In his enlisted capacity as driver in the battery, Jack had lately performed a similar office for a pair of horses, and it being furthermore his cook-day in the mess, without squeamishness, something was due to the occasion, as emphasized by pie-crust, to say nothing of invited company! What my first glance took in was a slender figure, bare to the waist, stooping forward and scrubbing energetically while a comrade poured a trickling stream of water from a canteen upon the nape of his neck. Dingy, threadbare trowsers of gray Virginia cloth, adorned with a stripe of faded "Turkey red" down the outside seams, hung bagging from his gaunt hips, and constituted his only visible attire. At the mention of my name, he straightened up, wrung the water from his face and hair with both hands, and hastily drying the right on a rough towel, extended it in greeting with perfect *aplomb*, a good-humored grin and a twinkle in his bright dark eyes attesting the while his recognition of the humor of the situation. Apart from the last-named feature, it was a face in nowise very remarkable, yet fairly typical of the class of which I have chosen him as the representative. He was evidently still

in his teens, with but a faint foreshadowing of adolescent beard on lip and chin—not enough to conceal unsightly black dots about the corners of the mouth, which bespoke an undue proportion of ration bacon and soda biscuit in his diet, and possibly the too frequent substitution of tobacco for both food and rest. Other evidences of hardship already undergone were to be seen in the incipient lines as yet faintly sketched rather than graven upon the forehead and about the eyes, in the pallor beneath the sun tan, which imparted a tinge of sallowness to his complexion, and, beyond all, in a general nervous look, as of dissipation or of overwork, not easy to define. For the rest, a clean built young fellow enough, though somewhat low in condition; deep in the chest, thin in the flank, and going off fine and bony toward the extremities—the form which turfmen love to see in a horse which they have backed heavily for "the four-mile heats."

While I noted these observations as to his *personnel*, he had completed his toilet by the addition of a shirt of faded calico, arranging his lank, wet locks with about three inches of comb, taken from his pocket, and surmounting them with a cadet cap of the same color and material as his trowsers—a smart head-piece originally, no doubt, but now dingy and soiled, and so shrunken out of its pristine proportions by many rain-soakings and sun-bakings that it was only kept in its place by the expedient of passing the chin-strap behind the back of the head. As an indication of the social grade of the wearer, this make-up did not count for much, certainly, nor could it be said precisely that his language gave the clew. That, while grammatical enough, was replete with the slang of the camp, and, moreover, was garnished with such irrelevancies as the care of horses, superadded to the military calling, proverbially engenders. But there was an easy, off-hand alertness in his manner, which, apart from all extraneous token, told of breeding—of that indefinable something whose every manifestation is an unconscious sign of freemasonry to the initiated, while it has ever in reserve some test to which the most studious counterfeit is at a loss to respond. I did not then know how bravely the good Scottish stock of which he came had borne itself in the wars of the covenant; still less did I dream how worthily this "slender scion" was destined to uphold the honor of his name and lineage—but I anticipate; without such testimony, and even in defi-





A CAMP TOILET.

ance of much that was adverse, it was still manifest, almost at a glance, that this shabby and barefoot young cannoneer was a "son of somebody."

There was little enough in the aspect of our group there under the pines to call to mind the tragic things of war, and even the military character of the party might have escaped an unpracticed eye; saving the tethered horses of the battery, a fragment of uniform here and there, and especially the absence of the gentler sex, the occasion might easily have been mistaken by a novice for a picnic of a primitive sort. The larger front taken up by the parked guns permitted a roominess in the domestic arrangement of my companions quite distinctive, and in agreeable contrast to our crowded infantry quarters. A wide frontier of unoccupied territory environed each mess, and kept its privacy inviolate, though the battery men,

more progressive than we of the line, had risen above the superstition which includes tents among the essential articles of its belief. These points I noted while Jack and his associate busied themselves with culinary preparations, and the rest of us sprawled upon the fragrant matting of "pine chaff," smoking and swapping yarns, drawn for the most part from recent experiences of the campaign. An abundant seasoning of "horse-talk" imparted a novel and complex interest to the circumstances of the others—easily understood by every boy who has—as what boy has not?—enjoyed the delightful society of grooms and stablemen. I became profoundly interested in a discussion touching the draught qualities of the "off-sider in the swing" of number three caisson as compared with those of the "near wheeler" of piece two; gained much useful information as to the

sanitary effect of green clover forage, and followed the history of a galled shoulder or of an obstinate case of scratches as a young mother might hang upon the utterances of matrons of longer standing in matter of teething or croup. Then, too, the familiar way in which they spoke of their formidable arm was re-assuring, while it gave them no slight prestige in my eyes, accustomed as they were to the contemplation of these grim war-dogs from another point of view—on the wrong side of their muzzles. I found myself rapidly falling in love with the “red artillery” facings, and inwardly devising ways and means whereby a transfer might be compassed.

“Oh! you’d better be at home with the girl who loves you dear,  
Than be risking your life as a bold cannoneer!”

parodied Jack, to the air of the “Assembly,” when some admission of my hankering at last escaped me.

I objected that it was not a question as between the society of the young lady thus generously provided and the accidents of war; and that, since I must risk my life in any case, I would prefer to take my chances “as a bold cannoneer,” to dying with harness on my back.

“Speaking of harness,” retorted Jack, “reminds me of horses. When you fellows get through with your day’s march, there you are! You don’t have to feed and water and rub down a pair of dirty brutes, before you can think of your supper.”

“But only the drivers have that to do; and then, the horses pull you and the guns. You are better off than we are, tramping all day with a musket on our shoulders.”

Jack paused in the act of rolling out crust with an empty bottle on the lid of a cracker-box, pushed his cap back with the elbow of a floury arm, and assumed a less devout attitude, as he replied:

“If you’d seen us coming through Williamsburg, on the retreat from Yorktown, may be you’d have gotten a wrinkle or two as to that riding business. Horses up to the girths in mud, no two of them pulling together; axles dragging, and the whole detachment tugging at the wheels! You see, we carry our guns by ‘right shoulder shove!’”

He grinned enjoyment of what was a stock joke, evidently, as he cut out a disk of the pastry with the lid of a tin pail, and proceeded to fill in his pie from the contents of the vessel itself.

This picture was far from alluring, but I still demurred:

“I don’t see what use your horses are——”

Cue for another “old reliable.” Jack suspended the operation of stamping an intaglio ornamentation upon the seam of an apple-turnover with an old friction-primer, and his eyes twinkled appreciation of a fresh audience, as he replied:

“What use? Oh, well, you see they have to carry the harness. We don’t expect more than that of them nowadays, poor devils! Why, they even talk about not letting us pack our blankets on the limbers and caissons any more! As for riding on the ammunition chests, that’s a youthful illusion we’ve outlived—a memory of the happy days gone by, when we dwelt in tabernacles and drew coffee rations, and when this old cap was new,” perorated Jack, in a melodramatic voice, while he applied the last-named souvenir of the past to the practical and present use of lifting a hot oven from the fire for the reception of his pastry.

“Gentlemen,” he resumed, with a change of manner, as he distributed some tin plates, cups, and spoons, and set the steaming camp-kettle before us, “the bill of fare consists of *soupe à la Commission Sanitaire*, of our own importation from the United States, with crackers kindly supplied for this festive occasion by the courtesy of General McClellan’s commissary; to be followed by a collation of dried-apple pies and genuine coffee, with ‘long sweetenin’.’ You may as well commence firing on the first course while the pies are baking. Pass up your plates; you with cups can dip for yourselves. It’s as hot as Hades,”—only Jack put it rather less classically.

Somebody says the perfection of dinner-society is to be found in a military mess. However this may be in the general sense, it is certain, at least, that this particular dinner stands apart in my memory from all others, as a pronounced success. The wit, like the more material part of the entertainment, might have been choicer in kind; but in neither respect were our appetites too fastidious. The combined crop of all our chins would barely have furnished a decent beard, and we looked at all things with the complacent vision of youth, which finds each day too full of enjoyment to leave room for prospective trouble. “Why should we be melancholy, boys?” Had we not just beaten the enemy? Was not “the demoralized remnant of his ‘grand army’ cowering under the protection of his gun-



JACK.

boats, its vaunted commander even now clamoring for reënforcements"?—here was the Richmond "Examiner" for it! We did not exactly carry Malvern Hill, to be sure; but there were good reasons, and—in short, we had whipped them, could do it every time, and were veterans and "bully boys" henceforth. The proof of the pudding was here, under our very noses; how else should we be dining on Yankee portable soup, luxuriating in pies sweetened with Yankee sugar, and washing down this dainty repast with coffee—*genuine* coffee, mind you, none of your wretched rye decoctions? The conclusion was self-evident.

So, with feast and fun and mutual admiration, interspersed with much offering of nicotian incense, the hours sped along. The sun's rays fell more and more aslant through the stately pines, making lanes of brilliant color on the chaff-strewn ground, touching out the groups in strong effects of light and shadow, and blazing here and there on tire or trunnion in the parked battery beyond. A bugle brayed out clear and resonant above the subdued murmur of the camp, and broke the spell of our after-dinner *dolce far niente*. To linger longer would be indiscreet, and there were personal reasons, in the imminence of the evening parade, demanding my return. So, with cordial invitations to call again, I took my leave and bent my quickening steps homeward, where the buzzing of drums

already admonished me that a certain name would presently require an owner, "present or accounted for."

A year had passed since the day I dined with Jack's mess among the pines below Richmond, and it was again mid-summer. The event of Gettysburg was two days old, and still the blue lines of our old adversaries held fast on Cemetery Ridge. Our division had opened the battle and been heavily engaged on the first, but had borne no part in the furious fighting of Thursday, which we heard but could not see from our position in reserve, near the Chambersburg road. Toward evening, however, we had been moved rapidly to the right, to aid Longstreet's attack upon the Round Top, but arriving too late, had bivouacked after dark upon our arms, in utter ignorance as to our locality, or the state of affairs. The ground in our front sloped gently upward to a low ridge, thinly wooded, and crowned by a ruined stone-wall, which, while affording some slight protection from the enemy's shot, also screened from our view his position and the intervening valley, where the morning mists, still reeking with the fumes of yesterday's conflict, were already breaking into billows and rifts. Away to the right, the rugged crown of Round Top rose frowningly, like an island, out of this vaporous sea—silent, dark, and formidable, keeping well the ghastly secrets



AN ARTILLERY DUEL.

of its rocky slopes. Along the crest in front, we could descry vaguely, through the openings in the timber, silhouette forms of artillery in position, and upon the gentle acclivity nearer at hand were limbers and caissons, without their teams; their square outlines and somber hue giving them a look indescribably ominous in the gray, uncertain light. A desultory cannonade to feel our position had been our reveillé, but as our guns had no ammunition to waste in reply, this had gradually died out, but now, as the "awful rose of dawn" bloomed more and more ruddy in the eastern sky, and the fog lifted in the valley, the skirmishers there were getting to work; the dropping, irregular reports came up to us with a muffled sound and at ever shortening intervals. As we had learned from experience to consider this a strictly normal symptom, significant of nothing imminent of direct interest to us, we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable according to the conditions about us—mainly in the direction of breakfast. Water was the first essential, and there was none at hand, and while the details from each company were dispatched to fill the canteens, we improved the time by throwing

up a slight breastwork of fence-rails, stones, and turf—for the prudent foresight of men grown wise in the ways of war discounts every risk, and though "neither so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door," our defenses might prove handy for the stoppage of a stray shrapnel ball or fragment of shell. In the intervals of this occupation, a few of the more curious among us sauntered from time to time toward the front, to have a look at the enemy's position, and to pick up such scraps of information about yesterday's fighting as the artillerymen could furnish.

Suddenly there was a stir among the groups upon the crest, and all our reconnoitering party came trooping down the hill with far more alacrity than had characterized their advance. Something was to pay in front, and without waiting for word of command, bayonets which had been on special service as intrenching tools or toasting-forks slid into their scabbards, and the disjointed fragments of our line of battle ranged themselves in order by the time the stragglers had arrived with their intelligence. Some sharp-shooters of the enemy, from the cover of a barn well in advance of their

picket-line, were making it warm for our skirmishers, and a few shells were needed to dislodge them—that was all. We knew very well what the process implied, and *ventre à terre*, behind our little fortification, we awaited the issue. We had not long to wait; there was a portentous assemblage and certain mysterious movements about the gun just in front of us; then the figures broke to right and left, leaving the skeleton forms of wheels again clearly outlined against the bright morning sky. The next moment the image was effaced by dense white smoke, and the sharp report of the piece succeeded. Directly, as if it had been an echo, a sullen growl sounded from across the valley. "Look out!" was the cry, as a few seconds later a round white "powder-puff" appeared in mid-air just above the crest, and a spatter of bullets rattled down among the caissons. A line shot, and well gauged at that. It grew warm all at once, and as we hugged our trusty little dirt-pile, we had an animated scene before us. The groups about the guns met and separated with ever-increasing alacrity, disappeared, re-appeared as the smoke drifted back down the hill-side, and the sponge-heads swayed to and fro with methodical energy above them; the "powder monkeys" passed from limbers to pieces on the trot; the air resounded with the deep, metallic bellow of Napoleon guns, the sharp, cracking reports of the Parrotts, and the rush and explosion of the missiles of the return fire, and grew sulphurous and pungent with mingled dust and gunpowder. Now and then, a cheer went up from the battery men at some telling shot, the effect of which we could not see, and again, by the delay in the fire of one or another of the guns, we knew that a casualty had occurred in its service, and that a substitution was being made from among the drivers.

All at once the earth trembled with a deafening shock louder than the report of gun or shell; a thick, hot, white ring shot straight up into the air, as if the mouth of the bottomless pit had opened before us; shapeless fragments of wood and iron were hurled high above the trees and fell on all sides in an irregular shower. The lumber of the nearest caisson was a wreck; its ammunition chest had disappeared, and one wheel lay upon the blackened ground, in the midst of shells, momentarily exploding as the fuses burned down to their charges. The two near chests had escaped destruction, but threatened to follow the fate of the other, for the cannoneers had packed their per-

sonal effects upon the seats and foot-boards, and some cotton shelter-tents were ablaze within an inch of their dangerous contents. Already the dry, seasoned wood was snapping and crackling as the hot flame licked around it; any one of the bursting shells might open a passage for the fire to the interior, and we gazed helpless and in instant expectation of the catastrophe which seemed inevitable. Then a buzz of half-uttered, half-suppressed exclamations ran up and down the line. A man was there close to the burning caisson; whence he came no one knew; the smoke had concealed his approach; but he was jacketless and bare-armed—an artillery-man evidently—besides, he carried a sponge-bucket in his hand. With his back toward us, he was fighting the fire at close quarters; we saw him tear away the blazing tents and throw them behind him; then with his hollowed palm he bailed the water from his bucket—coolly and carefully, not wasting a cupful—all along the ignited portion of the chest, remaining at his perilous post until the last spark went out in hissing steam.

And then our pent-up excitement found vent. Such a cheer burst from our ranks as must have been heard in the Federal line from Cemetery Hill to Round Top, for never in mid-charge did the brigade give tongue with a better will or more sonorously. As he started back up the hill to his gun, the plucky cannoneer turned, acknowledged the tribute with a wave of his free hand and a saucy shake of his head, and I caught a glimpse of his face—it was Jack!

The great battle had been fought and lost; the tide of Southern invasion, which had poured through the mountain passes and surged northward to the Susquehanna, had touched its high-water mark; and now, freighted with *débris*, which the war billows had gathered in their shock against Cemetery Ridge, the ebbing current set steadily toward the Potomac. An interminable throng of wagons, ambulances, worn-out horses, and wounded men choked the highways leading southward, and ever passing, still came and came. All arms of the service were there commingled without distinction: hundreds of Stuart's troops, dismounted or rendered temporarily unserviceable for active duty with their commands, and driving or leading their broken-down chargers, were marching afoot, as train-guards; but by far the greater part of this doleful procession bore slung arms, or bandaged heads, or





THE RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

hobbled painfully as they went, while the transportation was taxed to its utmost capacity for the conveyance of the more severely wounded. A dismal rain had been falling since the day after the battle, and still the low, gray, spongy clouds showed no break overhead; on either side the short, dreary perspective of drenched fields ended in driving mist, or in a dull blur of wooded hills; the incessant travel had cut and churned the road into a muddy paste, which flowed like thin batter; through this the teams, with dripping girths, plodded and splashed their weary way, sending showers of the hideous mixture right and left over the pedestrians toiling in single file along the narrow, slippery footpath, or by twos and threes in the fields beyond. It was a vast moving panorama of misery; the stolid farmer-folk by the road-side almost forgot their ruined harvest in the contemplation of so much suffering, and women who had come to their door-ways to see the discomfited "rebels" go by,—remembering, possibly, husbands, sons, and brothers back yonder, and as yet unheard from,—turned away from the spectacle with tears in their honest eyes.

Such a compassionate soul I had chanced upon, when about night-fall I found myself entering the little town of Greencastle, and halted for rest and refreshment at a small cottage in the outskirts. I intended to travel all night, though I had passed the night before in wet clothes, and with no softer bed than a pile of refuse iron in a corner of a farm shed, and was utterly worn-out with pain and fatigue. The motherly old lady readily acceded to my request that she would make me some coffee, of which I had a small private store in my haversack, and having assisted her granddaughter, a pretty barefoot girl of fifteen or thereabouts, to fill a bucket at the pump, I lit a pipe and sat in the open door-way smoking until my coffee should be ready. As I sat there, looking absently and languidly out into the gathering gloom and toward the road where the dusky stream of travel passed continually, I took vague account of an ambulance which had drawn out of the train and stopped before the gate. A man got down and came into the yard with some canteens, but it was only when he passed close to me on his way toward the pump, that I recognized one of my dinner com-

panions of the day among the pines—a sergeant in the battery.

"Sam!"

He turned as I came out of the little porch, and I saw that his usually cheery face was anxious and haggard.

"Hello, old fellow!—what are you doing here?" Then, with a glance at my bandage—"Ah! I see—much hurt?"

"Not very bad, thank you—how did you fellows make out?—anybody hit that I know?" I asked, with some misgiving, for his face, which had brightened a little, fell again as I spoke.

"Yes; E—— and Jack—both mortally, I'm afraid. They are out there at the gate. I want to get them over the river if I can, but I'm not sure they can hold out. Any water in that pump, do you know?"

"Plenty of it, but ——"

"Go out and see Jack. I'll come as soon as I fill these canteens. Try to cheer him up a little, if you can,—he's pretty weak with his wound, and jolting over this infernal road, but I reckon he'll know you."

The last words filled me with foreboding, but before I could ask further, my companion had left me, and I followed his suggestion. The waning gray light, and an air of funeral quiet which hung about the dingy vehicle, seemed to keep it quite apart from the

vague murmur of travel only a few yards distant. The patter of the rain, falling upon its top and making little rills of clear water down its mud-splashed side-curtains, sounded with startling distinctness, and with each movement of the wretched horses, munching some green forage which the driver had thrown down before them, it creaked dolefully. Passing around to the rear of the sorry trap, I looked in. In the midst of a confusion of blankets, gum-cloths, knapsacks, and damp straw were two prostrate figures, and as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that the one nearer me was Jack, now wofully altered. The dark eyes, whose merry twinkle I remembered so well, were sunken and half-closed, and all the light had gone out of them; the dry lips were drawn and rigid, and a pallor as of death was upon his face. A dark fringe of hair showed beneath the discolored bandage about his head, and from the ends of the matted and stiffened locks, one or two brownish, sinuous streaks extended downward in a ghastly tracery upon the sallow skin. But for a slight movement of his nostrils and a faint moaning as he breathed, I would have said it was Jack's corpse lying there.

I touched his cheek, and the drooping lids went up a very little way, while a weary,



GOOD-BYE!

half-fretful, half-puzzled look came into his face.

"Jack—old fellow—don't you know me?"

The eyes rested upon me for a moment with the same puzzled, querulous expression, steadied themselves at last, and the set lines of his face relaxed in a pitiful grimace which was meant for a smile. Then a yellow hand came slowly out from under the rough army blanket and feebly clasped my own. With the other he touched his lips, while he made a weary sign of negation with his head.

"He has a ball from a case-shot in his brain, and his tongue is paralyzed," was whispered close beside me.

It was my friend with the canteens, who had returned, unobserved, in time to interpret Jack's last gesture. He must have heard the words; I felt the clammy grasp upon my hand tighten a little; some plaintive, inarticulate sounds came from his lips;

then, as he scanned our blank faces, the same ghost of a smile came over his own; he moved his head slowly and painfully from side to side, and his eyelids drooped again. Once more they unclosed, as we raised him to give him a swallow of water and to re-arrange the rude pillow of knapsacks and blankets under him, and I tried to say some hopeful words, which were the vainest of lip-service; but the wistful look, when I spoke to him of home, was more than I could bear, and I broke down in the effort.

The moment of our parting was at hand,—they must go on, the sergeant said, in order to try to reach the Potomac by day-break and cross early in the morning,—but it was a reluctant farewell, for I knew Jack was journeying toward the river which flows between time and eternity. With a heavy heart I stood looking after them until the ambulance was absorbed in the confused throng and disappeared in the murky twilight.

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## STARS OF THE SEA.

STAR-FISHES have always been objects of curiosity to visitors upon the sea-shore; but since the extension of oyster-culture in America they have become, also, of economical interest. Some account of their habits and the damage they do may, therefore, be worth the while.

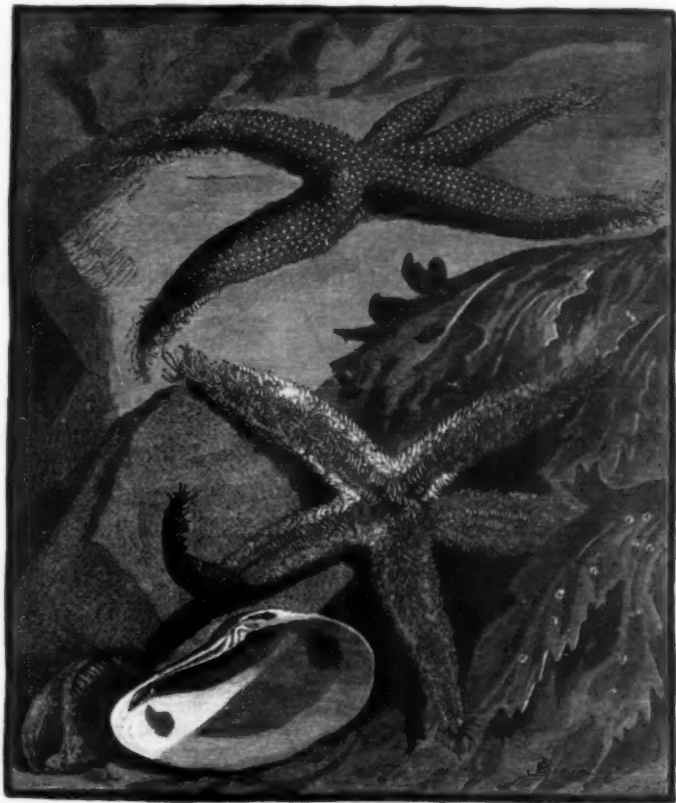
The star-fish passes under various names among fishermen and oystermen. In England, he is known most frequently as the "cross-fish," "sun-star," and "sea-star." In the United States, the names most often heard are "five-fingers," "star-fish," "sea-star," or simply "star." None of these words distinguishes between the various species, except in the case of the "basket-fish" (*astrophyton*) of Massachusetts Bay. This ignorance practically does not matter to the oysterman, since all are alike his enemies to the full extent of their powers and opportunities.

The common name, as is usually the case, well describes the animal's general form. "As there are stars in the sky, so are there stars in the sea," remarked old John Henry Link, a century or more ago. From a central disk of small dimensions radiate five pointed arms, composed of a tough substance, unlike anything else flexible that I

remember in the animal kingdom. "When it is warm in one's hand," wrote Josselyn, first and quaintest of America's advertisers, "you may perceive a stiff motion, turning down one point and thrusting up another." This was correct; but he adopted an error when he added: "It is taken to be poysonous."

The upper side of the star-fish presents a rough, tuberculous surface, of various dull colors, chiefly mottled greenish, or reddish-green, which, when dried, turns yellowish-brown. It is the leathery membrane covering the skeleton of the creature, which consists of limestone plates so hinged together by cartilage as to admit of a slight movement. This frame-work is like a chain-armor to protect the soft parts within the arms and underneath the body. On the lower side, this frame-work becomes a double series of larger plates, which are braced against one another like rafters, from base to extremity of each ray, and sustain the whole structure by a sort of arch. This armor is sufficiently flexible to allow the star-fish to bend itself clumsily around any object it wishes to climb upon or to grasp.

Although so tough and spiny above, underneath it is soft, except where the strong



UPPER AND UNDER VIEW OF THE STAR-FISH.

spines along the edges of each ray protect the tender parts between them. In the very center of the disk is the opening of the mouth. It contains no teeth, but is surrounded by the hard, sharp edges of skeleton-plates. From this center run five furrows, one down each of the arms.

The star-fish belongs to that great class of animal life so appropriately designated Radiates by the elder Agassiz; and throughout all the branch of the Echinoderms, whence our subject hails, the reigning number is five. "Among the problems proposed by that true-spirited but eccentric philosopher, Sir Thomas Bradoe," remarks Professor Forbes, "is one, 'Why, among Sea-stars, Nature chiefly delighteth in five points?' and in his 'Garden of Cygnus' he observes: 'By the same number, five, doth Nature divide the circle of the sea-star, and in that

order and number disposeth those elegant gum-circles or dental sockets and eggs in the sea-hedgehog.'" Through all the subordinate anatomy of all the echinoderms runs this same mystic number, so that the total of each radiate is a sort of multiple of five; but this is a digression.

Each of the furrows I have mentioned is filled, excepting a narrow avenue down the middle, with scores of small, fleshy tubes, terminating in minute suckers. These are his "feet," in so far as that word signifies means of locomotion. He uses them in this way: On the back of the star-fish, near the center, will be seen a little sieve-like opening; it admits water to a system of internal ducts, which spread along each side of every arm, and whence minute vessels communicate with each of the little filmy sucker-tubes. These water-vessels are constantly

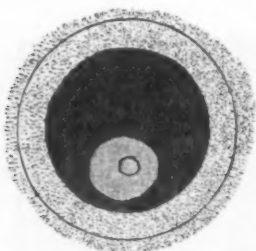


FIG. 1. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

supplied; indeed, water so fills the body, and enters so much into the size of a star-fish, that a bushel of fresh specimens will shrink to a scant peck when dried. But the creature can control the supply to the tube-feet, and when he wants to move he has only to withdraw the water from the most advanced ones, which causes the dozen or two of suckers there to attach themselves to the surface he moves upon, when he drags the rest of his body forward as far as possible. Filling the tubes with water causes their suckers to let go, whereupon he can reach forward to a new hold, and repeat the former movement. The continuous motion resulting is not an ungraceful—though a very slow—glide, which adapts itself to the inequalities of his path. He is not of an excitable disposition, and has plenty of time.

In addition to this extensive water-system, a star-fish possesses a heart, blood-vessels, probably a slight respiration, and certainly nerves, which terminate in eyes visible as red specks at the tip of each ray, and which are certainly of considerable service to him. His digestive organs consist of a mouth, a gullet, and a stomach so capacious that it cannot all be contained in the central disk of the body—large, extra, folded pouches being stowed away in the cavities of the arms, ready to accommodate any unusual



FIG. 3. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

gluttony the animal may wish to engorge, and at the same time distribute the digested food to all parts of the system. Filling most of the remaining space within the arms are the berry-like clusters of the generative organs, which here—as in other inferior animals, whose progeny must care for themselves from the very start—are of great size in proportion to the creature's bulk, so as to provide a great number of young, to offset the innumerable risks to which their infancy is subjected.

Few persons, probably, suspect that in so low a grade of beings the sexes are divided; yet this is the case in star-fishes, and Pro-

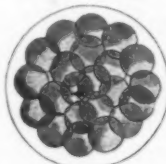


FIG. 2. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

fessor Alexander Agassiz affirms that the males and females can readily be distinguished, at least in our common New England species—the bluish ones being females, while the reddish ones are of the opposite sex. Dissection also shows ovaries to be bright orange, while male spermaries are a dull cream-color.

The two species common on the New England coast are *Asterias arenicola* and *A. vulgaris*, and though much alike otherwise, they have a very different time of spawning.

Their period of spawning comprises only three or four days in each case. The eggs of the female (as well as the spermatozoa produced by the males) find exit from the body through five very small holes in a series of large plates on the back, at the angles of the arms. Many or all of them are thence passed to the under side of the body and held there in bunches by the mother. Such of these eggs as are so fortunate as to meet with floating spermatozoa before being overtaken by destruction, are fertilized, and immediately begin a very curious progress in embryonic growth. It is believed that the star-fish mother exercises a degree of watchfulness over these eggs altogether unusual among marine animals of so low a grade. Mrs. Elizabeth Agassiz relates that a gentleman of her acquaintance removed the attached bunch of eggs from a star-fish in his aquarium, for examination, and afterward put them back





FIG. 4. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

again. To his surprise, the star-fish at once crawled toward them and gathered them again into a cluster under her. Curious to test how far this apparently maternal solicitude was a reality, he again took away the eggs and put them in a distant part of the aquarium. A second time the animal spread herself over them. Once more removing the eggs to the opposite end of the tank, he set a piece of stone in front of them. The distressed mother immediately began to search for her lost treasures, and when, after circling the obstacle, she seemed to catch sight of them, she made straight for the eggs and a third time enwrapped them in her embrace. This incident is remarkable not only for the strong maternal attachment displayed, but also for the sharpness of eyesight it implies.

The larva that hatches from the star-fish's egg is entirely unlike its parent, being a ragged, transparent little creature, permeated through and through by water-tubes. It is called by naturalists *Brachiolaria*, is of microscopic minuteness, and goes bobbing and whirling through the water for several days, a prey to all the chance currents and breezes that get it into their power.

These larvæ are to be found in large numbers at night (but never by day) near the surface, among the cast-off skins of barnacles, which furnish them with subsistence. At such a time they are fit food for shell-fish, and no doubt many fall into those treacherous small currents that lead down the throats of oysters, clams, and mussels. This helps to even up the account the adult star-fishes are making in their onslaught upon the precious bivalves.

The jaunty, free-roving career of the *Brachiolaria*, however, is soon over. Before

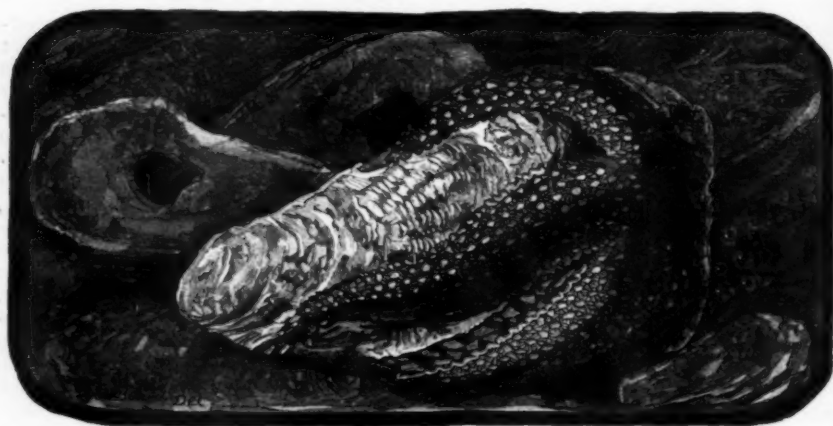
he knows it, he has changed his shape to a five-rayed form, and finds himself acquiring the stiff armor and dignified mien that mark his coming of age. He ceases his gay wanderings, and sinks to the bottom or crawls upon the frond of some floating seaweed. This occurs when he is about three weeks old. But now he grows slowly. By arranging the star-fishes, big and little, found upon our rocks in series according to size, Mr. Agassiz roughly estimated that it required fourteen years for them to attain their full development. During the earlier years the growth is more rapid than later. One young specimen in his aquarium doubled its diameter in five months. They begin to spawn when six or seven years old; but how long they live afterward, granting that a peaceful old age is allowed them by the treacherous deep, nobody knows. The largest in this country (or in the world, I think) are found at Eastport, Maine, and in the Bay of Fundy, where *Asterias vulgaris* has been seen three feet in diameter. South of Cape Cod, it is rare to find one more than eight or at most ten inches across.

The destructiveness of star-fishes to oyster-beds has long been recognized. Many years ago, the Admiralty Court of England laid heavy penalties on those "who do not tread under their feet, or throw upon the shore, a fish which they call five-finger, resembling a spur-rowel, because that fish gets into the oysters when they gape and sucks them out." Not only oysters, but various other mollusks, crabs, anemones, nereids, worms, and all sorts of carrion are devoured by them—for which last item they certainly deserve our thanks; they have even been caught with the hook and line, having seized the bait.

In Great Britain, some curious superstitions prevail in respect to them. For example, Forbes records that at Scarborough the fishermen call the big *Asterias aurantiaca*



FIG. 5. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.



STAR-FISH ATTACKING AN OYSTER.

—a very destructive species—the butt-horn. “The first taken,” he says, “is carefully made a prisoner, and placed on a seat at the stern of the boat. When they hook a but [halibut] they immediately give the poor star-fish its liberty, and commit it to its native element; but if their fishery is unsuccessful, it is left to perish.” In County Down, star-fishes are called Devil’s fingers and the Devil’s hand, and the children have a superstitious dread of touching them. The error, still widely credited, that the star-fish will painfully poison the hand holding it, is very old. Pliny, who lived during the first century of the Christian era, asserted that star-fishes “can burn all they touch,” which proves he took hearsay evidence—a thing a naturalist should never do—instead of trying it himself. A writer of the Middle Ages gravely recorded that “their nature was so hot they cooked everything they meddled with.” Even lately, some persons have been trying to find a hot, acrid fluid, by the help of which to account for the star-fish’s success in killing his prey.

The real manner of his marauding is this: Having met with an oyster, scallop, or other thin-shelled mollusk,—and young ones are preferred because their armor is weak,—the star-fish folds his five arms about it in a firm and deadly grasp. Then, protruding the muscular ring at the entrance of his stomach out through the circular opening in the under side of the body, he seizes the thin, newly grown, posterior edge of the shell, which oystermen call the “nib” or “bill,” and little by little breaks it off, using the hard rim of the mouth and the aid of

the neighboring suckers in this operation. An entrance is thus speedily made into the mollusk’s stronghold. Into this breach the burglar pushes the distensible mouth of his stomach until it can seize upon the body of the occupant. The consumption of this first morsel begins at once; no animal is more economical of its powers in eating, for the star-fish here combines biting, swallowing, and digesting in one act. As fast as the poor oyster or scallop’s body is drawn within its folds, the great stomach is pushed farther and farther out of its own shell and into that of the prey, until at last, if the mollusk be a large one, the pouches are withdrawn from the rays, and the sea-star has substantially turned himself inside out. I have seen one, disturbed at his feast, whose everted stomach was half as large as my fist; but he quickly retracted it into safe keeping, though not without the loss of most of his dinner. Young and small oysters, however, are enveloped, shell and all, in the distended stomach, the soft parts being dissolved out, and the hard crust thrown away.

When oysters first began to be cultivated and the star-fish manifested itself as an enemy, the oystermen used to save all they caught in their tongs or dredges, and pile them in a corner of their boats until evening. Then they would collect them into small packages, and draw a cord around each lot tightly enough to cut through it. This done, the remnants were cast overboard, and considered done for. But this was altogether a mistake, as presently was found out. Five out of six of those frag-

ments not only retained life, but renewed the lost parts and became active again. Thus, instead of diminishing the pest, these men were directly increasing it, since they were making two or three new star-fishes out of every captive. It was a case of multiplication by division, which may be an invariable paradox in mathematics, but is by no means always one in zoölogy.

Star-fishes often lose one or more of their rays, and reproduce them. Forbes figures one where four out of the five arms had been broken off in some way, and had just begun to be replaced, giving the animal, with one full-sized limb and the rest only little stubs, the appearance of a spike-headed bludgeon. Indeed, there are certain members of the family, dwelling in all seas, known as Ophiurans, or snake-armed sea-stars, which are liable to commit apparent suicide and dissolution—hurling themselves all to pieces the instant they are disturbed. This fragility belongs, also, to a few larger forms on foreign coasts, and is humorously described by Professor Forbes, in his account of the "lingthorn" (*Luidia fragillissima*). Having been cheated out of a previous specimen by its breaking to pieces, Forbes

took with him, on his next collecting expedition, a bucket of cold fresh water, to which article star-fishes have as great an antipathy as did Falstaff's crew. He says:

"As I expected, a *Luidia* came up in the dredge—a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded, in the most gentle manner, to introduce *Luidia* to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not; but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair, I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm, with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision."

The brittle-stars, as the Ophiurans are well named, cause great trouble on the French and English coasts. They are described as congregating in armies on the borders of scallop-banks. It is a most curious sight to see a large dredge-load of them emptied on the deck—the little creatures, writhing with the strangest contortions, creeping about in all directions, and often flinging their arms in broken pieces far from them. Their



ASTERIAS VULGARIS, REPRODUCING RAYS.



THE BASKET-FISH (ASTROPHYTON).

snake-like and threatening attitudes are by no means relished by the boatmen, who have a half-superstitious dread of them. The cod-fish finds brittle-stars an important article on his bill of fare.

Star-fishes avoid both mud and clean sand, when they can, and are to be looked for on rocky coasts, where submerged reefs afford plenty of craggy points for them to cling to, and crannies which shall prove hiding-places, both for the animals they feed upon and for themselves. Beds of jingles or amber-shells (*Anomia*), deck-heads (*Pittella*), limpets, and other rock-loving mollusks, are strongholds of star-fish life. Thence, when oysters are planted in the neighborhood, they recruit their forces for an attack upon them, and have even been known to essay successfully so seemingly impregnable a victim as the quahaug. It is north of Sandy Hook, however, that the harm to oyster-beds occurs. Southward of that point they are few in numbers, and confined mainly to the mussel-beds in the inlet, through the outer reaches, while the oysters occupy the inland sounds and shal-

lows, whose muddy bottom is hated by the marauder.

At Eastport, Maine,—and, indeed, all along the eastern half of the Maine coast,—every attempt to grow oysters, or even to leave them under water during the summer, to keep fresh for the fall trade, has proved ineffectual, solely because of the hordes of giant star-fishes, which ate them up almost as fast as they could be laid down. All along that coast, and in Massachusetts Bay, are to be found enormous beds of extinct oysters. The cause of their extinction has been the source of much speculation; but I am not sure that the ancestry of these same troublesome star-fishes could not give us a good explanation of the matter. They are fully capable of perfecting a ruin which hydrographic changes may have begun or helped along.

South of Cape Cod, however, where oysters spawn and grow naturally, and beds of cultivated oysters, also, are raised both from eggs and from transplanted "seed," the star-fish finds his best feeding-grounds, and consequently is found in the greatest abundance.

Buzzard's Bay, Narraganset Bay, Providence River, the whole of Long Island Sound, and the East River are infested with them. The south shore of Long Island and Raritan and New York bays are less afflicted, but do not want any more; and the known damage done from Staten Island to Cape Cod every year will probably amount to over one hundred thousand dollars, not to speak of all harm on the sly which cannot be traced directly to their doors.

Their attacks vary with different years, and occur under diverse circumstances; but a steady increase in their numbers has been observed wherever oyster-growing is carried on. This might be expected, in view of the enormous addition to their food thus provided. At intervals of a few years, moreover, an excessive invasion of star-fishes occurs. Such a sudden and disastrous visitation came to Providence River, Rhode Island, about 1860, and "burnt up everything," as one of the sufferers told me—not only ruining completely all the oysters in a large district, but causing the total abandonment of that part of the river for several years. The only two men who escaped were one whose beds went dry at low water, so that he could set men to picking up the enemy; and another planter, who had supposed himself already ruined by a gale which buried his oysters under drifting seaweed, until a second lucky storm uncovered them before they had died out, and he found they had been protected from the five-fingered thieves. In the general scarcity that ensued, these two men made large profits; but the losses to the rest from that one raid probably aggregated one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was no end to it, indeed, until a heavy fall of rain and snow so freshened and chilled the river as to kill the pests all off.

Similar traditions exist all along the "Sound" coast, and the oystermen stand in constant dread lest the regular army of the enemy they daily fight may at any time be reinforced, from some invisible quarter, to an extent which shall render resistance vain. In 1878, for example, after some rough and gloomy weather in the latter part of October, a planter at Pocasset, Mass., discovered that the star-fish had seized upon his bed under cover of the storm. Taking an eel-spear as a weapon, he forked up from the shallow water two thousand five hundred by actual count within the next two days, and later, five hundred more. In spite of this, they ate on his beds alone three hundred

bushels within a week. Adding what his neighbors suffered, he estimates the sudden loss entailed in that locality at between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars. I have heard it said that the Narraganset beds lose fifty thousand bushels of oysters annually to feed the pestiferous sea-stars.

It is in the latter part of the summer and in early fall that this chiefly occurs. The star-fish themselves are then done with spawning and have renewed their vigor, and the young of all sorts of mollusks, crabs, and other prey abound upon the shore and invite to an easy repast.

It is believed all along the shore, in order to account for the sudden, unforeseen appearance of these hordes of star-fishes in the midst of an oyster-bed, that they come rolling in from the deep sea in a compact ball, all clinging tightly together. This ball may be as big as a barrel, sometimes, and is rolled in by the force of the tide. When it strikes the feeding-ground it goes all to pieces, and the individual members at once begin to forage by seizing what is nearest. I discredited the truth of this statement—though it behooves science not to be too arrogant in disputing laymen's statements of alleged facts—because I never could find an actual witness of such a phenomenon. The nearest I have come to it was the statement of Captain Eaton, at New Haven, that he once loaded his boat by hauling in a cylindrical roll of star-fishes clinging solidly together. This "string," as he called it, was a foot in diameter, he said, and so long that they did not get it all. How much of this wide-spread belief is "yarn," and how much fact, I cannot judge; there are arguments for possibility, if not probability, in favor of it. The only reference in books, that I am aware of, to anything of the sort, is Forbes's quotation of a French writer (1825), who says that on the French coast, when the tide was out, and while two or three inches of water remained on the sand, "he saw balls of *Asterias rubens*, five or six in a ball, their arms interlacing, rolling out. In the center of the balls were *Mactra stultorum* [a large clam] in various states of destruction, but always unable to close the valves, and apparently dead."

The only offsetting value in this pestiferous star-fish, that I am aware of, is its usefulness as manure, for which purpose those dredged by oystermen are now saved. More are secured for this purpose in Great Britain and France than here.



## HOW TO BUILD AN ICE-YACHT.\*

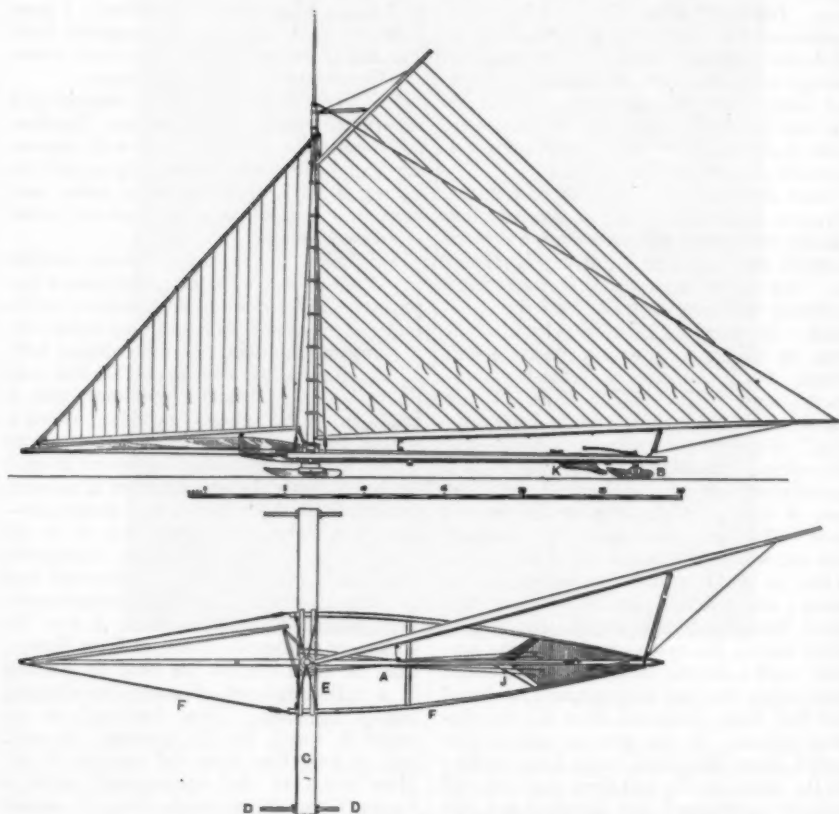


FIG. 1. PLAN AND ELEVATION OF AN ICE-YACHT.

THE construction of an ice-yacht is quite simple, but no craft requires a nicer balance of parts, better materials, or more thorough workmanship.

The Hudson, undoubtedly, has now the finest ice-yachts in the world, after an expenditure of about thirty thousand dollars in building them during the past fifteen or twenty years. The accompanying working drawings represent one of the best yachts of this region; and as the pages of a magazine do not admit drawings large enough to be a sufficient guide in themselves, a full and accurate description of its various parts is added. As no two yachts are alike, there is room for variation in some particulars that will be

explained farther on. Her various timbers, of light, strong wood, are beveled and tapered wherever they can be without producing undue weakness, and the irons and other parts are all neatly proportioned. As the principal timbers are subjected to severe strains, they are not often notched or cut to let in other parts; and all the joints are accurately fitted. The chief timbers of an ice-yacht are arranged in the form of a cross, to which some braces are added to strengthen the whole, and support the spars; and a large skate is placed under each end of the T. Her general appearance is shown in Figure 1, where A represents the center-timber; B, the rudder under the

\* See "Ice-Yachting on the Hudson," in SCRIBNER for August (1881), for a picturesque and popular treatment of this subject.—ED.

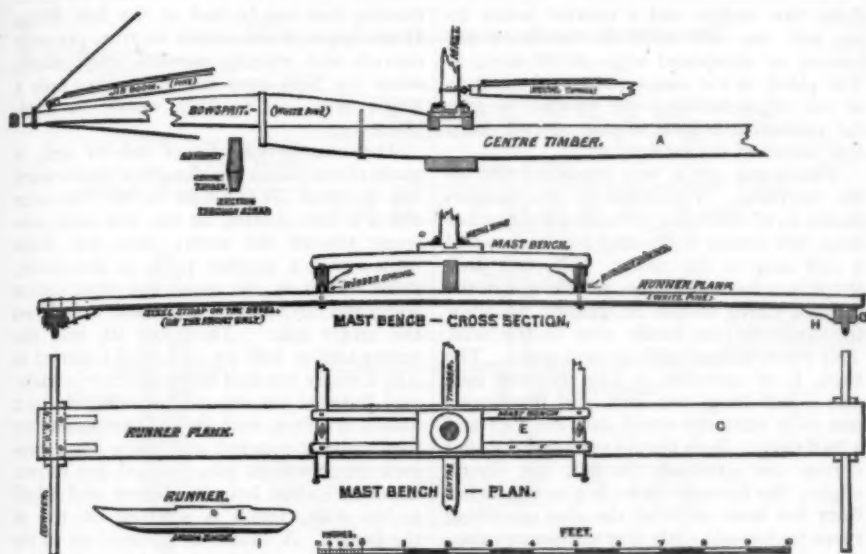


FIG. 2. PLAN AND ELEVATION OF MAST-BENCH AND RUNNER-PLANK.

stern; C, the runner-plank, with the runners, D D, under the ends of it; E, the mast-bench, to support the mast and bind the frame together; and F F, the side-rails, meeting at the deck, or box, at the stern.

The center-timber, A, of white pine, is twenty-six feet nine inches long; distance from center of runner-plank, or of the mast-step, to center of rudder-hole, twenty feet five inches; distance from outside of stern to rudder-hole, one foot eleven inches. On the under side it is three and a quarter inches thick from the stern to the runner-plank, then tapers to one inch and a half at the forward end. On top, it tapers from three inches and a quarter at the mast-bench to two inches and a quarter at the forward point of the box, and to one inch and three-quarters just forward of the top plate at the rudder-hole. Besides this beveling of the sides, it is tapered in depth each way from the mast-bench, the curve being on top toward the stern, and on the bottom forward of the mast-bench; eight and three-quarters inches deep at the mast-bench, eight inches at the forward point of the box, five inches and a half at the rudder-hole, and six inches at the forward end under the bowsprit.

The runner-plank, C, is made, generally, of spruce, or strong white pine, but ash is better; length, nineteen feet three and a

half inches; distance from center to center of the runners, eighteen feet six inches; from center to center of side-timbers, six feet six inches; width, one foot two inches; thickness in center, three inches and a quarter; at ends, three inches; it is cut from a five-inch timber to give it an arch of one inch and a half on under side; the front lower corner is beveled, and sometimes faced with a light iron strap; it is sometimes covered on top with canvas glued on and tacked along the edges.

The chocks, G, for holding the runner-skates, are of white oak, one foot six inches long, two inches thick, and four inches deep; the outer one is held to the plank by four wood-screws, five and a half by one-half inch, or else by carriage-bolts; the inner one is fastened by two such screws passing through the tenons of the braces, H; these braces are eight and a half inches long, two inches thick, and three inches and a quarter deep at the chock. They are let a quarter of an inch into the plank, and mortised into the chocks and held by three-eighth inch screws. And all these joints of the chocks and braces must be very carefully fitted and glued, for they meet with great strain. The skate, or runner, D, is held between the chocks by a five-eighth inch bolt seven inches long, passing through the chocks two inches and a half below the plank; it passes through the

skate two inches and a quarter below its top, and one inch abaft the center of the bearing or sharpened edge of the shoe, I. The plank is cut out a quarter of an inch at the edges between the chocks, to give the runners a chance to play up and down four inches at the forward end.

The skates are a very important part of the ice-yacht. The wood of the runner-skates, L, of white-oak, is four feet eight inches long, two inches thick, and four inches and a half deep at the center. Although their shape is a matter of taste, yet the rise of the forward curve should be gradual, to allow the skates to pass easily over obstructions. This curve is shod with an iron strap. The shoe, I, of cast-iron, is four feet one inch and a half long, one inch and three-quarters wide next the wood, and one inch and a half deep. Both the forward and the after curves rise gradually in flat, not sharp, edges; the forward curve begins ten inches from the nose or point, the after one about three inches—in each case measuring along the curve. The shoes are held to the wooden part of the skate by four five-eighth inch bolts, tapped into the shoe; they are respectively three inches, five inches, five inches, and five and a half inches long, beginning with the after screw. The sides of the shoe descending from the wood are beveled to produce a width of about three-quarters of an inch at a point about three-eighths of an inch above the bearing edge. From there the bevels, each about half an inch wide, descend to the sharp edge, and meet at an angle of one hundred and five degrees—a little more obtuse than a right angle. The sharp edge, which is about two feet eight inches long, has a curve or rock of at least one-eighth of an inch, and the flat surfaces of the rising curves very gradually narrow as they descend to the edge. The bevels of the cast-iron shoe are planed straight, of course, and the curves of the edge are finished by filing and whetting. The edge should be keen enough to readily scrape a shaving from the back of a finger-nail. Every first-rate ice-yacht has two sets of runners—one very sharp, and the other blunter, but smooth on the edge. For a blunt runner runs rather better than a sharp one in a light wind and on soft ice; and a sharp runner goes better on hard, smooth ice and in a strong wind.

A sharp rudder-skate is needed on every kind of ice. After the skates have been used awhile, they show where the curve can be reduced or increased, to give a better

bearing than can be had at the first filing. If the edges of the skates be true, properly curved, and exactly parallel, each skate, when the boat goes straight, makes only a single fine line, scarcely visible on hard, black ice.

The mast-bench, E, of ash or oak, is made of two pieces: the length of the forward one is about six feet nine inches; the after one is a little shorter, as the side-rails converge toward the stern; they are three inches and a quarter thick at the center, three inches at the ends, and three inches wide, and arched one inch and a half on the under side. They are let into the center-timber half an inch, and fastened to it by a six by one-half inch lag-screw in each; and fastened on top of the side-rails by a half-inch bolt at each end. The bench, one foot wide, is covered amidships by a two-inch black-walnut piece called the crown, eighteen inches long by eleven and a half inches wide, which is screwed on top of the bench. A block is screwed on to the center-timber to fill up the space between the halves of the mast-bench and make a solid, level bed for the mast-step. This crown has some beads or moldings turned on its upper surface about the center, to surround the mast-step, and give it a finish. As the mast is held up by the shrouds, the step is only one inch deep,—a square hole in the crown.

The bowsprit, of white pine, is seventeen feet seven inches long; depth at the mast-bench three and one-fourth inches, at the end of the center-timber nine inches, and at the forward end four inches. Its width on top is three and one-fourth inches at the mast-bench, tapering to three inches at the end; and on the under side it is three and one-fourth inches wide along the center-timber, and tapers to three inches at forward end. It has an arch of one and one-half inches on the under side, and the forward end drops three inches, so that its upper side here is on a line with the top of the center-timber. It is mortised into the mast-bench and held to the center-timber by a twelve by five-eighths screw, and by an iron band one and one-fourth inches wide by three-eighths of an inch thick. Each of the bowsprit shrouds, of three-eighths of an inch iron rod, is welded to a flat strap one-half inch thick by one and a half inches wide and six or seven inches long. These straps are each bent square, so as to meet in the center of the end of the bowsprit, being let into the wood. They are then held by a cast-iron

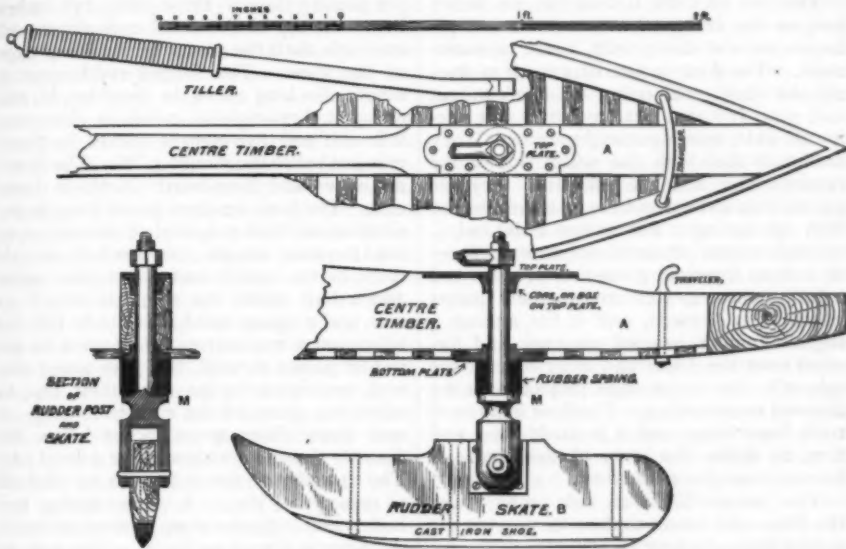


FIG. 3. DETAIL OF STEM AND RUDDER-SKATE.

cap, which covers the end of the bowsprit. The bowsprit is stiffened by a spreader for the shrouds and the jib-stay. The arms of the spreader are welded to a collar or band slipped on the bowsprit; or, the spreader may be fastened to the bowsprit by a rod passing through it and resting on the jib-stay, passing aft under the bowsprit.

The after ends of these shrouds pass through an eye in the end of a strap two feet long, two inches wide, three-eighths of an inch thick, which is screwed on to the outside of side-rail and covered with the casing.

The side-rails, of pine, cased on the outside with black-walnut or butternut and a spruce bead, are twenty-three feet one inch long; the thickness from forward end to the outer corner of the box is two and one-fourth inches; on top, from this point to the after point of the box, it is one and one-eighth inches thick, beveled on inside; on the under side, at this outer corner of the box, it is one and five-eighths inches thick, and tapers to one and three-eighths inches at the stern. The depth at the mast-bench is four and one-fourth inches; at the outer corner of the box, four inches; at the stern, three and one-half inches. Each side-rail is fastened to the runner-plank by a bolt one foot four and one-half inches long by seven-eighths of an inch. A brass-top plate with a thimble for passing this bolt through is let into the top of the side-rail. Another plate or strap

of iron, one-fourth of an inch thick, two and one-fourth inches wide, and two feet one inch long, is put on the under side of the side-rail, to which are fastened the eye-bolts for the shrouds, the bolts holding the mast-bench to the side-rails, and through which passes the bolt holding the side-rail to the runner-plank. A pattern of this plate is readily made while building. Put under the rail a piece of one-fourth inch stuff, of the right length and width, and bore the holes for the eye-bolts, etc., through the rail and pattern. The pattern may then be sent to the machine-shop for an exact guide in making the plate. A washer protects the under side of the runner-plank from the nut of the latter bolt. A three-inch by three-inch round rubber spring surrounds this bolt between the plank and the rail; or a more solid arrangement is to raise there a block of rubber to extend clear across the runner-plank. If no rubber spring be used, a block of wood on top or underneath the side-rail builds up between the runner-plank and the end of the mast-bench. The side-rails are strengthened by an ash brace half-way between the forward end of the box and the mast-bench; it is generally two and one-fourth inches wide, one and one-fourth inches thick at the center, and one inch thick at the ends. It is screwed on (not let in) the bottom of the center-timber and the side-rails.

The box or deck is nine feet six inches long on the center-timber, and one foot six inches wide at the corner, inside measurement. The floor is alternate strips of five-eighths inch red cedar or black-walnut and pine (without beading), one and one-fourth wide, running straight across. They are let in flush with the under side of the center-timber and the side-rails; they are put on with screws, and the ends are covered with the casing. The curved bulkhead, J, of black-walnut (steamed) or butternut, flares or inclines forward; it rises about seven and a half inches up the center-timber, against which it is screwed, and it fits against a slight shoulder beveled outward and forward from the lower and inner edge of the side-rail. Its upper edge projects over the side-rail to the casing. The floor is screwed to its lower edge, and it is made solid and firm, to stiffen the stern of the boat. A hair-cushion covers the floor.

The jumper, K, is an oak prong under the floor and center-timber, to prevent the rudder from catching on the edge of the ice when the boat jumps a crack or some other obstruction. It is two feet one inch long, of which one foot three inches is the straight bearing part on the floor. The lower side of the prong is seven inches below the floor. It is two and a half inches wide or thick on the floor, and one and three-fourths inches at the end of the prong. Its lower front side is shod with a half-inch half-round band of iron at each edge. It must not interfere with the point of the rudder, and the prong must be so low that the point of the rudder cannot drop below it.

The under side of the floor is provided with an arc of oak half an inch thick by two and a half wide, placed above the point of the rudder, so as to receive the blows from this when it is suddenly thrown upward by rough ice.

The wood of the rudder-skate, B, of white oak, is two feet five inches long, five and a half inches deep, two inches thick. The cast-iron shoe is two feet and one-half inch long, one and a half inches deep, one and three-eighths inches thick. Its bevels are the same as those of the runners; the bearing edge, one foot three inches long, begins six inches from the forward end of the shoe, and has a curve of one-eighth inch. It is held on the wood by three five-eighth bolts tapped into the shoe. The wood has a square plate of one-quarter inch iron set in flush on each side; and the skate is pivoted snugly between the jaws of the post by a

pin passing through these plates, two inches below the top of the wood and plates, and one inch abaft the center of the sharp edge of the shoe. The forged rudder-post is nine inches long above the shoulder, M, and one and three-eighths inches in diameter; it is one and five-eighths inches in diameter just below the shoulder, M. The shoulder is two and three-fourths inches in diameter. The jaws are three inches long in the clear inside, with a spread of two inches to hold the wood snugly; they are half an inch thick in the center, and about two inches and a half wide; the whole is turned up true, and a square head made to fit into the tiller, and a nut on top. The pivot for the rudder passes through the jaws about two and one-eighth inches from their top, to allow the point of the rudder to play up and down about seven inches below the floor, or drop two inches below a level line. The shoulder or the skate can be filed off to secure this play. A rubber spring, two inches and a quarter deep by three inches in diameter, is placed on the shoulder, with an iron washer above and below it. A top-plate of brass with a thimble, on the center-timber, and also a bottom-plate of iron with a thimble on the floor, give the rudder-post firm and snug bearing. As the top-plate, of a diamond shape, six inches long by two and five-eighths inches wide, is let into the center-timber where it slopes down to the stern, the hole for the rudder-post must be bored on a corresponding slant. The tiller, two feet nine inches long, and one inch in diameter near the post, increases in depth toward the end, to take a secure hold of the square head of the post. It may taper toward the handle, which is wound with cord.

The rigging of an ice-yacht is as important as the skates, for if the sails are not flat and properly balanced, she will be a slow and unmanageable craft. The sloop-rig is the most common; but the cat-rig is occasionally used. The lateen-rig was tried with very promising success the past winter. The sail was hoisted between a double mast rising from the ends of the mast-bench and meeting aloft as the legs of the letter A. The masts must be high enough to allow the yard on the head of the sail to fall off as much as the boom does; and yet the sail must not sag much on to the masts. The boom and yard are linked together; the boom is made fast, either at its forward end to the end of the bowsprit, or else at the mast-bench. The long boom may be stiff-



ened by spreaders, but they are found to be unhandy attachments. The frame of such a yacht may consist of only a strong center-timber, a bowsprit, and a runner-plank; and wire-rope stays may run from the stern to the ends of the runner-plank, and forward to the end of bowsprit, to stiffen the whole. The mast would rest on the plank, and the box would be built on top of the center-timber. This rig, presenting a single surface of canvas that can be kept uniformly flat and trimmed close, enables the yacht to point very close to the wind, and to obtain the full power of the wind without back drafts.

For the ordinary sloop-rig of the yacht previously described, the mast is twenty-two feet six inches long, five inches in diameter at the foot, four and a half inches at the rigging,—which is three feet below the head,—and three and a quarter inches at the head, which is ferruled or hooped. The mast is not shouldered for the rigging; a couple of hounds are put on. The topmast, four feet long, fits into a two-inch hole in the mast-head. The boom is thirty-two feet ten inches long, two and a half inches thick at the ends, and five inches vertically in the middle. In all the spars the vertical diameter is greater than the horizontal—in the proportion of five to four—the point being downward. They have a walnut ribbon, or jack, to which the sails are laced. The blocks are of lignum-vitæ, with brass sheaves and patent bush. The boom is held to the mast by two (three-eighth inch iron) eye-bolts; the shanks of each are square; that going into the boom is ten inches long. The gaff is ten feet five inches long with the jaws, two inches thick at the ends, and three inches vertically at the thickest part. The jib-boom is held to the bowsprit by two eye-bolts; that going through the bowsprit has a collar two and a half inches from the eye, to keep the jib-boom up off the bowsprit. It is sixteen feet two inches long, two and a quarter inches thick at the ends, and three and a quarter inches, vertically, at the thickest part. The jib-stay, starting from the mast-head, or the band of the peak halyard-block, passes through a hole in the bowsprit four inches from the end. The jib-sheet passes through a hole in the mast-step, and runs aft. The cleats for the halyards and sheets may be either just forward or just abaft the bulkhead. Usually the throat-halyard and jib-sheet are on the port side, and the peak and jib halyards on the other.

The standing rigging is of the best char-

coal wire-rope, one-half inch in diameter, galvanized; and it is rigged with ordinary turn-buckles. The iron-work is generally covered with silver-bronze powder, dusted on to varnish when it has dried enough to be sticky.

The dimensions and shapes of the sails are shown in Figure 1. The lift of the mainsail is one foot, that of the jib six inches. The canvas must be much heavier than that used for a sail of the same size for watercraft. Number six duck, single-bight, is the best; number eight also is used. The sails, when furled, are protected by canvas covers.

The best order of operations in building an ice-yacht is: set up the center-timber, put on the side-rails and mast-bench, put in the bulkheads; turn the frame over and put on the floor, turn it back and put on the casings, fit on the bowsprit; true up the runner-plank on one edge and see that there is no wind in it, fit it on the side-rails, square across the center-timber, the ends being equally distant from the rudder-hole; put on the inside chocks for the runners, square across the plank; make the runners and lay them against the chocks; they must be carefully adjusted to be parallel with each other by laying a straight-edge or other stick across from one to the other, first at the forward end of the sharp edge of the shoe, and then at the after end of this edge; when they lie true, against the inside chocks, put on the outside chocks so that the skates are held snugly but can be swung a little up and down. The rudder and rigging are then completed. The easiest way to ship and unship the mast is to turn the frame—without the plank—on its side, then the mast can be stepped and rigged in a horizontal position; she is afterward righted and put on the runner-plank. In storing an ice-yacht, take down the spars, unship the rudder, runners, and runner-plank; the frame, then quite flat, is put on even bearings, to keep its true shape. The runner-plank is laid on its top, with a block under each end to prevent it from twisting or losing its arch. The shoes are coated with varnish, or blue ointment, to prevent rusting.

The ice-yacht here described is one of the medium size, belonging to the first class: length over all, fifty feet ten inches; width between runners, eighteen feet six inches; area of sails, five hundred and thirty-eight and a half square feet; weight, complete, eight hundred and fifty pounds; thickness of clear-water ice required to run

her, four inches. Mr. Jacob E. Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., builds such a boat for four hundred and fifty dollars. There are larger boats, one of them having these dimensions: length over all, sixty-eight feet ten inches; width between runners, twenty-five feet seven inches; weight, complete, two thousand three hundred and sixty pounds; area of sails, one thousand and seventy square feet; thickness of ice required, seven inches. One of the smallest size has a length of thirty-four feet five inches over all, a width of eleven feet three and a half inches, and carries two hundred and forty-eight square feet of canvas.

There are, of course, still smaller ice-boats, cobbled together by boys out of whatever odd pieces of stuff they can collect. The largest ice-yachts are the fastest and the steadiest in their motions; but they require more outlay, more ice, more men to handle them, and more trouble generally. It is, therefore, generally conceded that small yachts—say from fourteen to sixteen feet length of frame—afford the most amusement, by running on thinner ice, being more readily pushed in a calm, by requiring only a couple of men to put them on or off the ice, and, in short, by being more convenient in many ways. And as many persons would not care to build so expensive a yacht as these large ones, I add here the dimensions of a small yacht, suited to the average conditions, and a few hints about some different and some cheaper ways of building. Some men do not desire an ice-yacht to be very light; they prefer the above yacht to weigh eleven or twelve hundred pounds, instead of eight hundred and sixty pounds. They say that the momentum of a heavy boat carries her through calmer currents of wind and rough places on the ice; and that she thus sails faster, even in light winds; but on very short tacks she does not get headway so quickly. Those who favor lightness say that they can add ballast or passengers in heavy winds, and have her light in light winds, to push and handle. As far as one can judge, the question is still unsettled, but the majority of sailors prefer light yachts. Most of the boats built heretofore have round sterns; but the pointed stern, considered the strongest and cheapest, is less likely to bear on the ice when the yacht heels over or “lifts” very much. The radius of the round stern for the above yacht is ten inches and a half to the outside, with the rudder-hole as the center; the side-rails are twenty-one

feet three and a half inches long from the forward end to the center of the lap-joint, about opposite the rudder-hole, by which the semicircular piece forming the stern is joined to the side-rails; the center-timber is twenty-five feet eight and a half inches long. The mast-bench may be a straight two-inch pine-plank instead of two arched pieces; the side-rails may be of the same depth and thickness from bench to stern; a chock or brace may be placed on the under side of the side-rails, to bear against the after edge of the runner-plank and relieve the strain on the bolt holding the side-rails to the plank; a simple eye-bolt may be used instead of a traveler for the main-sheet block at the stern; a back-stay may be placed about three feet six inches abaft the runner-plank; a truss can be screwed on top of the center-timber if this prove to be weak; or it may be strengthened by passing a rod from the forward end of the timber, under the plank, and attaching it in front of the jumper. One of the latest improvements is a bobstay of half-inch wire-rope, running from a hook let in under the band or cap at forward end of the bowsprit, passing through a groove in an oak block screwed to the under side of the runner-plank, and made fast to a hook on the center-timber just forward of the jumper. This bobstay, by keeping the bowsprit from lifting, keeps the jib-stay taut. Many yachtsmen desire the whole craft to be stiff enough to be lifted by the bowsprit without springing the latter perceptibly; but in most yachts the bowsprit will spring up about six inches when the yacht is lifted by it. There should be considerable spring in the runner-plank; the wider the side-rails are apart, the thinner the runner-plank may be.

A smaller yacht is of the following general proportions, the details and methods of construction being the same as those already given, and some allowance being made for the decrease of size: length of the center-timber twenty-one feet seven inches; length from outside of stern to the rudder-hole, twenty-six inches; length from rudder-hole to mast-step, fifteen feet; length from mast-step to forward end, four feet; thickness on bottom, three inches. It tapers on the upper edge from three inches at the mast-bench to two inches just forward of the rudder top-plate. It is eight inches deep at mast-bench; seven inches and a half at forward point of box; five inches and a half at rudder-hole; and six inches at forward end. The runner-plank is fourteen feet six inches long, four-

teen inches wide, and two and three-quarters inches thick in the center. The distance between runners is thirteen feet six inches; distance between side-rails, five feet. The chocks are eighteen inches long, two inches thick, and four inches deep. The braces are nine and a half inches long, one and three-quarters inches thick, and three inches deep. The wood of the runner-skates is four feet six inches long, one and seven-eighths inches thick, and four inches and a half deep at the center. The shoe is four feet long, one and three-quarters inches wide, and two and a half inches deep. The mast-bench is about five feet three inches long, and three inches thick at the center; the bowsprit twelve feet six inches long, three inches deep at mast-bench, six inches deep at the end of the center-timber, and three and a half inches deep at forward end. It is as thick on the bottom as the top of the center-timber along this timber, and tapers to one

and seven-eighths inches thick at forward end. The side-rails are three and a half inches deep, and one and three-quarters inches thick at the forward end; they taper in depth to two and seven-eighths inches at the bow to two and a half inches at the stern. The jumper is twenty-four inches long. The wood of the rudder-skate is twenty-eight inches long, three and a half inches deep, two inches thick. The shoe is twenty inches long. The rudder-post, etc., are of the same dimensions as those of the larger yacht. The tiller is thirty inches long. The mast is twenty feet long, four and a half inches in diameter at the foot; the boom is twenty-four feet long, gaff, ten feet, the jib-boom, eleven feet six inches long. The mainsail is twenty-three feet on the boom, nine on the gaff, fifteen on the hoist, and twenty-eight on the leach. The jib is sixteen feet six inches on the hoist, and eleven feet on the foot.

### THE MISFORTUNES OF BRO' THOMAS WHEATLEY.

HE is our office-boy and messenger, and, my senior tells me, has been employed by the firm in this capacity for about thirty years. He is a negro, about sixty years old, rather short and stout, with a mincing, noiseless gait, broad African features, beautiful teeth, and small, round, twinkling eyes, the movements of which are accompanied by little abrupt, sidewise turns of the head, like a bird. His manner is a curious mixture of deference and self-importance, his voice a soft, sibilant whisper, and as he was born and bred in Alexandria, Virginia, it seems almost superfluous to add that he and the letter "r" are not on speaking terms.

He has a prominent characteristic, which always attracts attention at first sight. This is the shape of his head, which is immensely large in proportion, very bald, and so abundant in various queer, knobby excrescences about the forehead and sides, and so unnaturally long and level on top, that for some time after I made his acquaintance I could never see him without finding myself forming absurd conjectures as to whether his cranium and the hydrostatic press could ever have become acquainted at some early period of his life; and so strong is this association of ideas that, even now, his sudden appearance in-

variably suggests to me the study of natural philosophy. Poor fellow! his chagrin was great when this peculiar conformation of his skull was first brought to his notice. He had been telling me for some time past of the "splendid piccha" he had had "took," and I had been promised a sight of it just as soon as it arrived from the photographer's. I confess I had not been sanguine as to the result, although I knew a handsome portrait was confidently expected by the sitter. One morning he deposited the photograph before me.

"Hello!" I cried, taking it in my hand; "here you are, hit off to the life."

"Do' say *that*, Mist' Dunkin, *do'* say hit, *seh*," he replied, in a tone of deep mortification. Then, catching a glimpse of the picture, his ire broke forth: "Nevvah wuz like *me* in de wueld," he cried, in an elevated key; "nevvah wuz ha'f so ugly ez that. I'm—I'm a bettah-lookin' man, Mist' Dunkin. Why, look at de color of de thing," contemptuously. "Cain' tell de face f'om de coat. I nevvah set up to be what you'd call *faih*-cumplectid, but disa things iss same is that thaih ink; jess iss same. My hade do' look that a way, neitha; Naw, *seh*, 'tain't s' bad 's that."

"Why, Thomas," said I, "I think it a very good likeness—the complexion *is* a

little dark, to be sure, but do you know I particularly admire the head. Look at that forehead; any one can see that you are a man of intellect. I tell you it isn't every one who can boast of such a forehead."

"The—the 'mahk you make 'bout me, has been made 'fo'; I may say, has been made quite frequent—quite frequent; on'y lass Tuesd'y fohtn't, Sistah Ma'y Ann Jinkins—a promnunt membeh of ouh class (that is, Asba'y class, meets on Gay street), Sistah Ma'y Ann Jinkins, she ups an' sez, befo' de whole class, dat she'd puppose de motion, dat Bro' Thomas Wheatley wuz 'p'inted fus' speakah in de nex' 'Jug-breakin' an' Jaymiah's Hamma', by de i-nanemous vote of de class. I'm clah to say I wuz 'stonished; but ahta class wuz ovva, Bro' Moss tole me de 'p'intment wuz made jes' f'om de 'peahunce of my hade, 'Cause,' he sez, 'no man cain't be a po' speakah with sich a fine intillec' which we see expressed in de hade of Bro' Thomas Wheatley,'—but, same time, I knowed all time de fus' motion come f'om Sistah Ma'y Ann Jinkins,—she's a ve'y good friend o' mine, Sistah Ma'y Ann Jinkins—thinks a sight o' me; I 'scohts heh to class ev'y Tuesd'y—ev'y Tuesd'y, sine die."

"You do? What does your wife have to say to that?" I asked, maliciously.

He stared at me an instant, then replied:

"My wife!—oh—oh, Law bless yoh soul, seh, she do' keeh. Bro' 'Dolphus Beam, he sees ahta heh: you see, seh, she's l-o-n-g way 'moved f'om Asba'y class; 'twont admit none but fus'-class 'speience-givvabs in Asba'y, an' my wife she wa'n't nevvah no han' to talk; haint got de gif' of de tongue which Saul, suhname Paul, speaks of in de Scripcheh—don't possess hit, seh."

"She must be a very nice person to live with," I remarked.

"Well, y-e-es, seh," replied Thomas, after reflecting awhile. "I haint got nuth'n' 'g'in' Ailse; she's quite, an' ohdaly, a good cook, an' laundriss, an she's a lady,\* an' all that, but sh' aint not to say what you'd call a giftid 'oman."

"Like Sister Mary Ann Jinkins, eh?"

"Egg-zac'ly, seh. Mist' Dunkin, you put hit kehrec', seh. Ailse haint possessed with none of the high talence, cain't exhoht, naw sing with fehveh, naw yit lead in praieh; heh talence is mos'ly boun' up in napkins—as Scripcheh say—mos'ly boun' up in napkins; foh I do' deny she kin do

up all kines o' table-linen, she kin indeed. Naw, seh, I cain't say I got nuth'n' 'g'in' Ailse."

He was, I think, the worst manager of finances that I have ever known. He cleaned all the offices in our building, and earned, as near as I could estimate, about thirty-five dollars a month. Three of his four children were self-supporting, and his wife was honest and industrious, taking in washing, and getting well paid for her work. Yet, he was perpetually in debt, and his wages were always overdrawn. Whenever I came into the office after my two-o'clock lunch, and found him seated on his wooden chair, in the corner, gazing absently out at the dingy chimneys opposite—apparently too abstracted to observe my entrance, I knew I had only to go to my desk to find, placed in a conspicuous position thereon, a very small, dirty bit of paper, with these words laboriously inscribed upon it: "Mr. Dunkin Sir cen you oblige me with the sum of three dolers an a half [or whatever the sum might be] an deduc thee same from mi salry i em in grate kneed of thee same yours mos respectfull thomas wheatley."

The form was always the same, my name in imposing capitals and the remainder in the very smallest letters which he could coax his stiff old fingers to make, and all written on the tiniest scrap of writing-paper. I think his object was to impress me with his humiliation, impecuniosity, and general low condition, because as soon as he received the money—which he always did, I vowing to myself each time that this advance should be the last, and as regularly breaking my vow—he would tiptoe carefully to the mantel-piece, get down his pen and ink, borrow my sand-bottle, and proceed to indite me a letter of acknowledgment. This written, he would present it with a sweeping bow, and then retire precipitately to his corner, chuckling, and perspiring profusely. He usually preferred foolscap for these documents, and the capitals were numerous and imposing. Like the others, however, they were invariably word for word the same, and were couched in the following terms:

"MR. DUNKIN

SIR I have Recieved thee Sum of Three Dolers an a half from Your hans an I Recieve thee same with Joy an Grattitude. Yours respectfull

"THOMAS WHEATLEY."

I said his applications for money were always granted. I must, however, make an

\* A virtuous woman.



exception, which, after all, will only go to prove the rule. One bright morning he met me at the office-door, his face as beaming as the weather. He hardly waited for me to doff my overcoat and hat, when he announced that he had bought a second-hand parlor organ the evening before, on credit, for seventy-five dollars, to be paid in installments of twelve dollars and a half each. He had been very hard up for a month past, as I had abundant occasion to know, and it was therefore with a feeling rather stronger than surprise, that I received the announcement of this purchase.

"But you haven't fifty cents toward paying for it. And what on earth can you possibly want with a parlor organ? Can you play?—can any of your family play?"

"Well, naw, seh," scratching his head reflectively. "I cain't say they *kin* not to say *play*"—as if they were all taking lessons, and expected to become proficient at some not far distant day. "In fac', seh, none on um knows a wued o' music. I didn't mean, seh, I didn't 'tend the—the instrument fu' 'househol' puhpasses—I—I 'tended hit as a off'in' to ouh Sabbath-school. We—we has no instrument at present, an' —"

I am afraid I uttered a very bad word at this juncture. Thomas started, and retired in great discomfiture, and I thought I had made an end of the matter, but that afternoon I found the small scrap of paper on my desk—really, I think, with a little practice, Thomas might hope to rival the man who goes about writing the Lord's Prayer in the space of half a dollar. My name was in larger capitals, the rest in smaller letters, than usual, and I was requested "to oblige him with the sum of twelve dolers an' a half." I knew then that the first organ-installment was due, but I think it needless to add, his application was refused. About a week afterward, I learned that the Sabbath-school was again without a musical instrument, the organ having been pawned for twenty dollars, Thomas paying ten per cent. a month on the money. It was so with everything he undertook. Once he gave me elaborate warning that I must furnish myself with another messenger at once, as he was going to make a fortune peddling oranges and apples. Accordingly, he bought a barrel (!) of each kind of fruit, sold half at reasonable rates, and then, the remainder beginning to decay on his hands, he came to me, offering really fine Havana oranges at a cent apiece.

"I'm driffin' 'em off et coss—driffin' 'em off et coss," he whispered, speaking rapidly, and waving his hands about, oriental fashion, the palms turned outward and the fingers twirling; this peculiar gesture seemed intended to indicate the cheapness of his wares. "Dey coss me mo'n that; heap mo', but I'm faih to lose um all now, en I'm driffin' 'em off, sine die."

After that, some dozen or more of the large wholesale houses engaged him to furnish their counting-rooms with lunch, and he began with brilliant prospects. He brought his basket around to me for first choice. Everything was very nice; a clean new basket, covered with a white cloth, wherein lay piles of neatly arranged packages done up in letter-paper, with a strange-looking character inscribed upon each.

"What do these letters mean?" I asked, taking up one of the packages, and trying in vain to decipher the cabalistic sign upon it.

Thomas chuckled.

"Oh, that's to show de kine of san'wich dey is, Mist' Dunkin. You see, seh, I got th'ee kines—so I put 'B' on de beef, 'H' on de *hahm*, an' I stahtid to put 'H' on de hystehs, too, but den I foun' I couldn't tell de *hystehs* f'om de *hahm*, so den I put 'H I' on de hystehs."

"Oh, I see," said I, opening one of the "hysteh" packages. It was very good; an excellent French roll, well spread with choice butter, and two large, nicely fried oysters between. I ate it speedily, took another, and, that disposed of, asked the price.

"Ten cents, seh."

"For two!"

"Yes, seh; fi' cents 'piece."

"Why, Thomas," I exclaimed, "you mustn't begin by asking five cents apiece; you'll ruin yourself. These things are *worth* at least twice as much money. Why, I pay ten cents for a sandwich at an eating-house, and it doesn't begin to have as good materials in it as yours. You ought to ask more."

"Naw, seh; naw, seh; Mist' Dunkin; as' less, an' sell mo'—that's my motteh. I have all dese yeah clean sole out 'fo' two 'clock—clean sole out 'fo' two 'clock."

I interrupted him, asking the cost of each article, and then proving to him by calculation that he lost money on each sandwich he sold at five cents. But I could not convince him—he received the twenty-five cents which I insisted on paying him with many expressions of gratitude, but he left me reiterating his belief in "quick sales and small



profits." "Be back yeah clean sole out by two 'clock, sine die," he exclaimed, brightly, as he departed.

This venture brought him six dollars in debt at the expiration of a fortnight, and after that, by my advice, he abandoned peddling, condemning it as a "low-life trade," and agreeing to stick to legitimate business for the future.

One of his famous expressions, the most formidable rival of *sine die* (which, as the reader has doubtless discovered, he intended as an elegant synonym for *without fail*), was entirely original—this was, "Granny to Mash" (I spell phonetically), used as an exclamation, and only employed when laboring under great mental excitement.

As I was proceeding homeward one evening, I spied him standing on a street corner, holding forth to a select assemblage of his own color, who were listening to him with an appearance of the profoundest respect. His back was toward me, and I stopped and caught his words without attracting observation. He had assumed a very pompous, hortatory manner, and I could well believe he held a prominent position in Asbury class. "Yes, gentlemun; yes," he was saying, "ez Brotheh Jones 'mahks, I *do* live in a ve'y *su-pee*aw at-mos-peeheh—suh-roundid by people of leahnin', with books, pens, blottehs, lettehpess, *en* what not, ez common ez these yeah bricks which I see befo' me. But thaih haint no truen wued then ev'y station has its hawdships, gentlemun, *en* mine ah not exemp', mine ah *not* exemp'."

"Fus'ly, thaih's the 'sponsebility. W'y, this yeah ve'y mawnin' I banked nigh on to a thousan' dollehs fu' de young boss. En w'en I tell you mo'n two hundred stamps is passed my mouth this yeah blessid evenin', 't will give you some slight idee of the magnitude of the duties I has to puf-fawm. W'y, gentlemun, I is drank watch, an' I is drank beeh, but my mouth haint got back hits right moistuh yit."

The day of the 20th of July, 1877, was very quiet. We had heard, of course, of the "strikes" all over the country, and the morning papers brought tidings of the trouble with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad employés at Martinsburg, but no serious difficulty was apprehended in Baltimore.

That afternoon I was detained very late at the office. I intended beginning a three weeks' holiday next morning, and was trying to get beforehand with my work. My senior

was out of town, and Thomas and I had been very busy since three o'clock—I writing, he copying the letters. After five, we had the building pretty much to ourselves, and a little after half-past five, the fire alarm sounded. The City Hall bell was very distinctly heard, and Thomas—who had finished his work and was waiting to take some papers to the office of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for me—took down a list of the different stations, to ascertain the whereabouts of the fire.

"1—5," he counted, as the strokes fell; "that makes fifteen, and that is," passing his finger slowly down the card, "that is Eastun Po-lice station, cawneh—naw, *on* Bank street. On Bank street, seh."

I listened an instant.

"1—5—1," I said, "151; it isn't fifteen."

Another five minutes elapsed, while he searched for "151," I busily writing the while.

"Hit's—w'y, Lawd-a-massy! Mist' Dunkin, hit's fu' de millinte'y."

"Let me see," said I. "Yes, so it is; but they only want them to go to Cumberland. There's a strike there, and the strikers are getting troublesome."

He made no reply, and as the bells ceased ringing soon afterward, I resumed my work, which kept me busy until seven o'clock. I then placed the papers in an envelope, and took up the letters.

"Be sure you see the Vice-President himself, Thomas," I said. "You know him, don't you?"

Receiving no reply, and turning to ascertain the cause of his silence, I saw he was leaning out at the open window, gazing earnestly northward toward Baltimore street.

"Thomas! Thomas!" I shouted.

He heard me at last, and withdrawing his head, apologized for his inattention.

"I thought—I heehed sup'n nutha like a hollehin' kine of a noise, an'—some guns, aw sup'n, an' I wuz look'n' to see, but thaih don't 'peah to be nuthin' goin' on."

"They're mending the railroad on Baltimore street," I said. "I suppose that is what you heard." And I gave the papers into his hand, repeating my directions: "If the gentleman is not there, don't leave them on any account. I'll wait here until you get back—but go first to the post-office and mail these."

He wrapped the papers carefully in his handkerchief, placed them in his vest-pocket, and started off.

After he left, I leaned my elbow on the

dusty window-sill and lounged there awhile, watching him as he trotted busily down the deserted street; then, rousing myself, I stretched my weary limbs and set about arranging my desk, closing the safe, etc. At last everything was put in order, and I seated myself in an arm-chair, rubbing my cramped fingers and wrist, and afterward consulting my watch, more for something to do than to ascertain the time, which the clock on the mantel-piece would have told me.

Only quarter-past seven, and he might be detained until half-past eight. I leaned back and closed my eyes. How still and hot it was! I believe I was the only human being in that whole long block of big buildings on that July evening. Everything was as quiet as the typical country church-yard. I had a lethargic sense now and then of the far-off tinkle of a car-bell. I could catch a distant rumble from a passing vehicle a block or two away. And, yes, I *did* observe the presence of a dull, continuous drone, which proceeded from the direction of Baltimore street, but just as I sat up to hearken, some one passing whistled, "Silver Threads among the Gold," the melody tracing itself upon the stillness like phosphoric letters in a dark room. I listened with vivid interest, but the tune presently grew fainter, faded, and was dissolved into the dusk, leaving me lonelier than before, and too sleepy to give my attention to the strange hum, of which I again became dully conscious. It is tiresome work waiting here with nothing to do, was my last drowsy thought, as I folded my arms on the desk, and rested my head upon them, to be aroused by a knocking at my door.

"Come in," I called.

The door creaked on its hinges, and somebody entered. I waited an instant, when an adolescent voice of the colored persuasion asked:

"Do somebody name Mist' Dunkin live here?"

"Yes. I'm here; what do you want?"

"Dey wan's you down-y street."

I stretched myself, reached mechanically for a match, and lighted the gas, which disclosed a small yellow boy, standing in the door-way, some fright and a good deal of excitement in his aspect. I then detected that he had something important to tell, and that his errand was a source of gratification to him.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, after we had stared at one another.

"Aint yer yeared nuth'n 'tall?" a shade of contempt in his tone.

"No, what is there to hear?" I asked, rather irascibly.

"Dey's a big fight down-town; de folks dey done tore de Six reggimen' all ter pieces, an' dey's wuk'n' 'long on de Fif' now."

"Whereabouts?"

I started up, and got on my hat in an instant.

"Dey's et Camd' street depot, now. Ole colored gentlemun he's ben hurtid, an' sent me attar you."

It did not take half a minute to lock the door, and we proceeded down-stairs together.

"He's down yere on Eutaw street," continued my informant. "Dey's fightin' all 'long dere—I come nigh gittin' hit myself—he gimme ten cents to come tell yer—may be he's done dade now," he added, cheerfully, as we gained the street, and began to walk.

"Dey fet all 'long yere," was his next breathless remark, made some time later. We were now proceeding rapidly up Baltimore street, as rapidly, at least, as people can who are pushing against a steady stream of agitated humanity. "Dey faw'd a bullet clean through de Sun-paper room," pursued the boy, "an' dey bust up dem dere winder-glassis —"

Pausing involuntarily to look, I caught stray scraps of additional information.

"Twenty-five people killed."

"As many as that?"

"Oh, yes; fully, I should say. The Sixth fired right into the crowd, all along from Gay to Eutaw street."

"Well, I hear the Sixth are pretty well cleaned out by this time, so it's tit for tat."

Then—

"The Fifth must be there now —"

"The Fifth?—what are they—two hundred men against two thousand?—Lord knows how it will end. I hope this old town wont be burnt, that's all." The boy, listening, turned fearfully around, looking with distended eyes into mine. "Come on," I responded, and we spoke no more until we reached Liberty street. Then, all at once, above the street-noises—the rumbling of fugitive vehicles, the jingle of street-cars, and the hum of excited voices—rose a deep, hollow roar; a horrible sound of human menace in it, which was distinguishable even at that distance. The boy pressed closer, clutching timidly at my hand.

"Is yer—is yer gwine ter keep on?" he faltered. "De ole gentlemun, he 'lowed puticler you wa'n't to run no resk 'count o' him."

"Where is he?" I asked. "In the thick of it?"

"No, sir; he's lay'n' down in a little alley—clean off d' street."

"Come on, then; you'll have to show me where it is. I won't let you get hurt."

When we first wheeled into South Eutaw street, I was conscious of an almost painful stillness, more noticeable after the tumult of confused sounds from which we had just emerged. The houses on either side were fast closed, doors and windows. Some of them were even unlighted, and not a vehicle was in sight. The street was partially unpaved, where new gas-pipes had been laid, and piles of paving-stones were heaped on the edge of the sidewalks. The place seemed deserted.

But presently, far down in the immediate vicinity of the depot, I perceived accumulated a dense, dark mass, like a low-hanging cloud, from which a low, hoarse murmur seemed to proceed. It swayed slightly from side to side, with the inevitable motion of a large crowd, while at the same time it kept well within certain bounds. We walked quickly along, block after block, without encountering a single soul. I had been so engrossed with the dark, muttering pulsation in front, that I failed to attend to the sounds from behind, until the boy, jerking my hand, bade me listen to the drum. I heard it then plainly, as soon as he spoke, and the approaching tramp of disciplined feet was soon after distinctly audible. I turned and looked. The Fifth regiment was marching down the middle of North Eutaw street, having not yet crossed Baltimore street, the drum corps in front, the colors flying, and crowding the sidewalks on either hand was a motley van and body guard, consisting of street loafers and half-grown boys, who had come along to see the "fun," and whose sympathies were plainly with the rioters. The foremost of these soon reached the spot where I stood, and as I drew aside to let them pass, I heard a *gamin* say to his neighbor:

"I say, Bill, these yere putty little soldier-boys hadn't better make ther las' will an' testament—aint it?"

"I dunno 'bout that," replied the other, a veteran of fourteen, who was chewing tobacco, and whom I recognized as a certain one-eyed newsboy. "These yere men

hez fought in the late war, yer see, plenty of 'um, an' you bet they don't carry no bokays on ther bayonits."

As the column advanced, I glanced anxiously toward the human sea down yonder. At first, no additional movement could be detected, then, as the drums approached nearer, a quick stir, like a sudden gust, struck its troubled waters; the hoarse, horrible cry tore raggedly through the summer air. And then I hastily drew the terrified child with me into the shade of a receding door-way—for the mad flood came raving over its bounds toward us.

The mob was mostly composed of men in their working-clothes, with bare arms and gaunt, haggard faces. There were some women among them—wretched, half-starved creatures—who kept shrieking like furies all the time. As the regiment, still moving resolutely onward, approached within a few yards of them, there fell the first volley of stones, accompanied with hoots and jeers of derision.

"Thuz only two hundred of 'um, boys," shouted a rough voice. "They'll run quick enough if you give it to 'um good," and a second shower of missiles fell into the ranks, the mob arming themselves with the paving-stones at hand.

But the little band of soldiers did not once falter, although here and there in their ranks you could discover a man leaning against a comrade, who gave him support as they moved on together. The crowd seemed a little dashed. The dispersion of the Sixth regiment had been such a mere bagatelle, and their own number had, since then, been reinforced by half the professional rowdies in town. They redoubled their cries, which, from jeers, now became shouts of rage and mortification.

"Wot are you 'bout? Give it to 'um good, I tell yer. They daresn't fire," howled the same brawny giant who had spoken before.

As they continued the attack, a pistol-shot could be heard now and then from the crowd. The regiment did not return the fire, but as the mob pressed closer, an order from the front was passed along the line.

"Fix bayonets."

The opposing parties were now only a few feet apart, and a rain of stones was falling so thick and fast as to darken the air, when all at once I saw the colonel's sword flash out, the blunt edge striking one of the rioters who was pressing on him.

"Clear the way, there!" he cried.

Then, wheeling and facing his command, his voice rang out, clear as a bugle:

"A-r-m-s, 'port! Double-time, march! Ch-ar-ge, bayonets! Hurrah! Give 'em a yell, boys, and you can do it," added the colonel.

I cannot describe the shout which followed—a clear, ringing, organized whoop; fresh and vibrant; of a perfectly distinct quality from the hoarse, undisciplined howl of the mob,—sounding cool and terrible, like the cry of an avenging angel.

The mob turned and fled, appalled, melting away like wax before the blue flame of the glittering bayonets, and the regiment entered the depot.

Then I took time to breathe, and remembered Thomas.

"He aint fur f'om yere," said the boy. "Right 'roun' d' corner."

And we passed out of the shelter of the door-way to a small, dirty alley, about twenty-five yards distant, where I found the old man resting against a lamp-post, the blood streaming down his face from a ghastly wound in the head, and his eyes closed. I made the boy get some water, and after bathing his face for a few moments, I succeeded in rousing him.

"Is that you, Mist' Dunkin?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes. How do you feel, Thomas?"

"Dey's tuhibil times down-street," he gasped. "I like to got kilt."

A pause.

"Dey 'lowed dey wanted dem daih papehs—an'—dey didn't git 'um—an'—den—den dey hit me side de hade—with a brickbat—an' I come 'long tell I git yeah—an' den, disha boy he come 'long —"

His voice was very faint and his hands very cold.

"Don't talk any more now," I said, chafing them in mine, while I wondered perplexedly how I should get him home. Presently he spoke again:

"But de papehs is all right, seh. I hilt on to 'um, sho'. Dey—dey couldn't git 'um nohow, wid all de smahtniss," he said, with feeble triumph. "Dey's right yeah in my wescut pocket." Then he added, with a sudden change of tone: "But I'd like to go home, Mist' Dunkin; Ailse'll be oneasy 'bout me."

I had to leave him with the boy while I went for a doctor and a vehicle, neither of which was easy to be had, but finally a

milk-wagon was pressed into service, and although the mob had gathered together again, and were besieging the depot, yet, after some delay, we succeeded in conveying him to his home. I saw him safe in bed, his hurt dressed; then, after bestowing a reward upon the colored boy who had rendered me such efficient service, I left him in charge of the doctor and his wife.

The latter was a small, plump yellow woman, with large, gentle black eyes, and the soft voice so often found among Virginia "house" servants. After watching her as she assisted the surgeon to dress the wound, I came to the conclusion all of her talents were by no means "bound up in napkins," and I went home assured my faithful old messenger was left in very capable hands.

Next morning, directly after breakfast, I sallied forth to inquire concerning his condition. After passing along the crowded thoroughfares, where everybody was occupied with the riot, it was a relief to find myself turning into the obscure little street where he lived.

"Here, at least, everything seems peaceful enough," I said, aloud, as I approached the house. I was just in the act of placing my foot on the one door-step, when the door was thrown violently open, and a tall black woman bounced out, colliding with me as she passed, her superior momentum thrusting me backward across the narrow pavement into the street. She was too excited to heed my exclamation of astonishment. I don't think she saw me, even, for she turned immediately and faced some one standing in the door-way, whom I now perceived to be Ailse, looking dreadfully frightened.

"Good-mornin', Mis' Wheatley," said the Amazon, with withering sarcasm; "good-mornin', madam. I *think* you'll know it the nex' time I darkens your doors, I *think* you will. Served me right, though, w'en I *de-meant* myself to come; I might 'a' knowed what treatment I'd 'eevive from *you*. Ef I hadn't ben boun' by solemn class-rules to pay some 'tention to Brother Wheatley's immortal soul,"—these words were uttered at the very top of her voice,—“you wouldn't 'a' caught *me* comin'; but I'll never come ag'in, never; so make yourself easy, Mis' Wheatley."

A shade of relief passed over Ailse's features as this assurance was repeated, and I coming forward at this moment, the representative of the church militant betook



herself off, while I entered and spoke to Ailse, who, fairly dazed, sank into a chair, and stared me helplessly in the face. There was a moment's silence, when she suddenly rose and offered me a seat, remarking, as she did so, that "Sisteh Ma'y Ann Jinkins ca'in' on so" made her forget her manners.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"I dunno, seh, 'cep'n' she's mad 'cause docteh wont leave heh stay and talk to Mist' Wheatley; *he* made heh go, an' I s'pose hit kindeh put heh out."

"What was she doing?"

"Talkin', seh; jiss talkin' and prayin'."

"And exciting the man into a fever," said the doctor, entering at that moment. "I came here half an hour ago," he continued, turning to me, "and found this woman—who really is a good nurse—turned out of her husband's room by that ter-magant who has just gone, and whom I found in the act of preparing the man for death, *she* having decided his hours on earth were numbered; in fact, I actually chanced in upon a species of commendatory prayer, which, if continued another half-hour,—and I have every reason to think it would have been,—would almost inevitably have ended the man's life."

"I suppose I had better not see him this morning, then," said I.

"Oh, yes; *you* can see him; he's doing well now, and if he doesn't talk too much, I think the sight of a cheerful face will do him good," and I left him giving some directions to Ailse, while I proceeded upstairs to the room where Thomas lay. He was awake, so I walked up to his bedside, and asked him how he felt.

"I'm tollubul, thankee, seh; de medicine makes me kind o' sleepy, that's all."

I seated myself beside him, there was a moment or two of silence, then he asked, fretfully:

"Whai—whaih's Ailse? I like to see the 'oman 'roun'; s'haint got no speshul great gif', but she's kind o' handy wen a body's sick."

"You don't seem to care so much for gifted women in a sick-room, Thomas?" I remarked, somewhat mischievously, after I had summoned his wife from down-stairs.

"Well, naw, seh," a little shamefacedly. "Not so much. You see, seh, dey—dey's mos' too much fu' a body, sich times. Dey *will* talk, cou'se dey will, an' 'livah 'scouhcis, an' a sick man he haint got de strenth to—to supplicate in kine, an' hit kind o' mawtifies him, seh."

Once more there followed a silence, when I asked:

"Thomas, why didn't you give up those papers to the mob, when they attacked you last night? Your retaining them might have cost you your life. I didn't mean you to endanger your life for them."

He smiled slightly, as his glance met mine.

"I dunno, seh," he replied, with his old reflective air. "You tole me mos' pehtical-eh to hole on to 'um, an' 'twouldn't be doin' my duty faithful to let 'um go 's long ez I could hole on to 'um."

"But suppose they had killed you?"

"Well, Mist' Dunkin, ef dey had, I hope I'd been ready to go. I ben tryin' to lead a godly an' Chris'chun life, ez Scripcheh sez, fu' fawty yeahs, now, an' I hope I'd a foun' dyin' grace at de las'. You see, seh, thing hoped me mos' was de thoughts of a tex' Bro' Moss preached on las' Sund'y; 'peahed like hit kep' on jinglin' in my hade all time dey was jawin' an' fightin' with me."

"What text was it?" I asked.

But he was almost asleep, and his wife signaled me not to wake him. So I was stealing away toward the door, when he opened his eyes and murmured, drowsily:

"De tex', oh yes, seh. I fo'got—'twas a Scripcheh tex'—'Bethou faithful unto—'"

He then turned over, settling himself comfortably in his pillows, and in a moment dropped asleep.

In due course of time, he made his appearance in the office again, being anxious to "resume his duties," he said. But that blow on the head has proved to be a serious affair, affecting the old man's memory permanently, and giving a violent shock to his system, from which it will never entirely recover. He is no longer the clear-headed messenger he was, when he was wont to assert—no idle boast either—that he could "fetch an' cai' eq'il to any man." Now and then, in these latter days, he confuses things a little, always suffering the keenest mortification when he discovers his mistakes. As I said in the beginning, he is still our office-boy and messenger, although a smart young mulatto is hired to come betimes, make things tidy, and leave before the old man gets down, so his feelings mayn't be hurt. He sometimes remarks on our being the "cleanis' gentlemun in de wueld," but we contrive that no whisper of the real state of the case ever reaches his ear, and he is allowed to sweep and dust a little to satisfy his mind.



A RUSSIAN ARTIST.

(BASIL WERESCHAGIN.)



A CHORUS OF DERVISHES.

"HE resembles an elegant American," says Claretie of Wereschagin. The ready-writing Frenchman goes on to describe him as "tall" (which must be taken as a strictly relative term), "slender, quick, vigorous, with a long beard of *blond foncé*" (my poor palette of an English word-painter has no pigment for that tint), "a finely chiseled nose, blue-gray eyes," "sparkling" yet "dreamy"—"dreamy," yet somehow "glowing with

fire"; and with "a high, full forehead, superbly modeled," for his crowning charm. This, then, though it is said of a Russian who has never seen the United States in his life, is the typical American of "Our First Families" in Parisian eyes.

America has yet to make his acquaintance; France and England—the former in particular—know him well. The exhibition of his works in the Rue Volney was

the event of the season. It was a *Tour du Monde* in oils. In one room you were in the thick of the Turco-Russian war; in another you explored British India; in a third, by means of photographs from the canvas, you explored mysterious Asia to the Kara Tau. Every composition was the work of Basil Wereschagin, and the exhibition represented almost the total outcome of his two-and-twenty years of painting, and of his eight-and-thirty years of life.

Wereschagin was a stranger, and yet artistic Paris soon remembered that he was an old friend. He had passed through the Beaux Arts years before; and had left there one of those reputations which only require a touch to harmonize them with either fortune in after life. He was *sauvage*, in the French sense of shy, and very self-willed. There was danger in his look; he was the only new-comer in whose favor the lads waived their immemorial right to fag. Such characteristics, of course, might be equally prophetic of the career of a genius or a fool. Wereschagin having turned out a genius, his old fellow-students gave him a dinner, enlivened by joyous recollection of traits which showed that he could not possibly have been anything else.

He was born in the province of Novgorod, in 1842, of a well-to-do family of land-owners. The son wished to be an artist; the father wished to make him an officer of marines. As the shortest way out of the difficulty, he became both. He passed his work-hours at the naval school, and his play-hours at a school of design, working at both so well, that he left the naval school as first scholar, and eventually won a silver medal at the Academy of Fine Arts. He entered the service, but only for a short time, and he was still two years under twenty when he left it to devote himself wholly to art. He had already had a peep at the world in the course of a short visit to London; he now found time to catch glimpses of Paris and the Pyrenees. A year after, he made a more serious excursion—to the Caucasus, pen and pencil in hand. A capital account of the trip, illustrated by himself, appeared in the *Tour du Monde*. He went from Stavropol to Tiflis, to Shusha, and far beyond, and everything he saw was almost as new to the world as to him. At Shusha he saw the Caucasian Tartars, a people whose chief delight in life is the ghastly ceremonial in honor of the martyrdom of Hussun and Hussein, which they celebrate with one-half of the Mohammedan world.

Persia shows her sorrow in one fashion, India in another; at Shusha they torture themselves within an inch of their lives. The Balafré, or Scar-Bearer, is the leading figure in this sacred rite. He turns his body into a pin-cushion for charms, stuck so closely together that, when his toilet is quite complete for the procession, you could hardly get an extra point into his quivering flesh. He carries a great saber in his hand, with which he gashes himself freely, lest by chance one nerve should be without its pang. A small boy training for the same exalted ministry follows at his heels, and pursues his theological studies by making a duplicate of every gash.

In 1864, Wereschagin took all his raw material of genius to Paris to be worked up. It was in two parts—one a good deal of rough, indiscriminate practice in rendering what he saw; the other, and the more valuable, the most downright sincerity in the way of looking at it. He went to Gérôme, and bluntly asked the great painter to take him in.

"Who sent you to me?" asked Gérôme, kindly.

"Your paintings," said the other; "I will learn of you or nobody."

This was, of course, enough, and for the next two or three years he worked at the Beaux Arts under this master. It was at this period that he made the school, by exception, break with its tradition of fagging. It is the pride of these youngsters to take all the pride out of a "new man." He has to answer meekly to a nickname, bestowed at the moment of his entry on a swift artistic perception of his most painful physical defect. He has to show a cheerful alacrity of obedience to the order to pick up a fallen maul-stick, or to fetch a slice of sausage from the pork-butcher's for the midday meal. Refusal entails the most degrading punishment, and even the most severe, for there is a legend of the school that the infliction once resulted in death. There is no way out of it, no consolation but that all-sufficient one to the average mind, that the tormented will advance to the dignity of the tormentor on the entry of the next novice. Wereschagin, however, thought he saw a still shorter cut to freedom, by playing carelessly with a pocket revolver on the receipt of his first order of comic abasement. He was at once excused from further probation.

He was a hard-working student, though he always showed a strong disposition to insist on working in his own way. When

Gérôme sent him to the antique, he was half the time slipping away to nature. He played truant from the Athenian marbles to flesh and blood. In the meantime he was true to the instinct—as yet you could hardly call it a principle—of wandering from the beaten track in search of subjects. Every vacation was passed, not at Asnières or Barbizon, but in the far east of Europe, or even in Persia, among those ragged races not yet set down in artistic black and white. He had been on the borders of a quite fresh field of observation in these journeys; and he was soon to enter it for a full harvest of new impressions. It was in 1867; Russia was sending an army into Central Asia, to punish the marauding Turkomans for the fiftieth time, and General Kauffmann, who commanded it, invited the painter to accompany him as an art volunteer. He was not to fight, but simply to look on. It was the very thing: Wereschagin at once took service on these terms with the expedition, and in faithfully following its fortunes, with many an artistic *reconnaissance* on his own account, he saw Asia to its core.

He started from Orenburg, and, skirting the northernmost point of the Sea of Aral, followed the line of forts which the Russians have named by numbers, like American streets. He passed through Chemkend, Tashkend, and Khojend, and entered Samarcand with the victorious host. Both sides fought like demons. Wereschagin saw the fighting, sketched it, and often lent a hand in the work, though for his purpose heroism was a wicked waste of time. For centuries a thick veil had hidden all this region from the art world. Many a literary traveler had sketched it, but no painter really worthy of the name had as yet brought it to book. Wereschagin was the lifter of the veil. He was on a virgin soil of the picturesque; there were sapphire lakes with shores of rose color, the finest mountains in nature, some of the broadest plains, and a people vegetating in the decay of an old civilization. In the cities he found abounding wealth in character, and he helped himself to it with both hands. His "Dervishes" might give point to a Benedictine of the tenth century in the art of getting through life with a minimum of care. The holy men, comfortably packed in layers of patchwork garments, all too seldom removed, would intone their morning song under his window. It was a song of praise, and it was also a song for breakfast. How were those burly frames to be kept in condition

without the eleemosynary morsel? But to Wereschagin's ear it was something more than song or petition; it was a signal that the model was ready; and he set to work. With such sitters truthfulness must have been catching; they are idle impostors, but no one will accuse them of trying to conceal the fact.

Besides these he saw the "swell" of the region, the owner of many camels, equipped for the chase. This gentleman does not himself hunt: he gets his falcon to hunt for him. It is the Eastern principle of sport—it is the Eastern principle of life. His dress is not made for movement; he has arrived at trowsers, but they are evidently only a petticoat-maker's second thought. The very falcon has been skillfully treated, to bring his nature into artistic keeping with the Eastern mind. In the earliest stage of that teaching-process they bind him to the wrist of an active boy, who is charged to shake him day and night. He must know no full and perfect rest, but be rattled to and fro, as it seems to him, forever, until his few ideas form a wretched amalgam of terror and powerless rage. Blindfolded, as he is all the time, and half-starved, the falcon at last begins to wonder whether things are quite what he used to think they were, and whether his old simple estimate of the sole facts of interest in nature—a free course, a bright morning, and a quarry in the blue—does not need enlargement by the addition of man's inhumanity to birds. Once he is brought to that point, the rest is easy. Scientific pedagogy may not disdain to borrow a hint from this simple process. Perhaps the readiest way of getting something into a man's mind is to begin by shaking something out. The politicians come next in Wereschagin's review. They are not the politicians who get the places, but the politicians who talk about them; and in Central Asia, as in most other parts of the world, they wear rags as the uniform of the order. While the balance of power in Turkestan is in question, how should a man find time to mend his clothes? Wereschagin saw them discussing the grave questions of the hour without the disadvantage of news to add to the multiplicity of issues. They have a horror of all angularity of mind, and where the sharpness of their impressions is not sufficiently worn down by nature, they take the edge off by a plentiful use of drugs. They are stupid, dirty, ignorant, and lazy, ready to be made the slaves of any man—



A KIRGHIZ GENTLEMAN, WITH FALCON (TURKESTAN).

and they are the stuff of the civic population of Turkestan. One glance at them shows how a handful of Russians holds Central Asia down.

In the fighting, Russia is not invariably the winner; and when the luck is on the other side, the horde will celebrate its victory in the slow, deliberate, prolonging way

suited to the enjoyment of all rare delights. As soon as the field is clear, these carcass-butchers of glory will cut off the heads of all the Russians who are left behind, put them in sacks, and take them to the Emir's palace at Samarcand. Here they will be tumbled out for princely inspection in the inner court-yard, amid contrasted effects of



CENTRAL ASIAN POLITICIANS.

pale marble, and columns carved as minutely as the intaglio of a precious stone. His Highness needs these contrasts to heighten his sense of the exceptional advantages of his own position; and his foul and noisome dungeons—one of which Werschagin has painted—are, artistically speaking, as much a part of his pleasure-house as

his marble courts. When the heads are heaped, he will graciously come out to inspect them, with a few courtiers in his train; and if any head attract his curiosity, he may turn it up to the light with his foot. When he has done with them, the trophies will be taken down into the Reghistan, or great square, to form the chief attraction of a



public *fête*. It will be holiday in Samarcand that day. They will be set up on poles before the Mosque of Shirdari—almost too beautiful, in color and carving, to form a background even for such materials of artistic composition. The people will form around in a natural amphitheater, the innermost row sitting cross-legged on the ground to give the others a fair view of the scene. All classes will meet and mingle here on the common footing of patriotic satisfaction—dervishes and beggars who are not in holy orders, magnates of the district on horseback, languid invalids on camels, and in the foreground still more languid dogs, whose lolling tongues are in themselves a pictorial effect of sunlight and summer heat. In the very midst of the throng, and as the main point of interest, is the fashionable preacher of the day, improving the occasion by the citation of passages from the Koran, which point the moral of this crowning mercy. The name of Tamerlane will be invoked almost as often as the name of the Deity. The celebration is in the true spirit of that hero's work, who saw no more in humanity than something to kill; and these poor "dim populations" reverence him as all peoples reverence the men who have taught them what they believe to be essential truths of national well-being. His mosque and tomb are objects of pious veneration. Wereschagin has painted them, with their pear-shaped domes without and their blocks of marble within, huge and solid, as if to keep the dreaded man-destroyer in his trap.

Wereschagin's first merit is individuality. No living painter treats character in the human subject better. He seems to see the innermost meaning of a face. That is the form of his intense reverence for fact, the given line in which he is preferably true. His blunt way of putting down what he sees makes him, as a painter, rather regardless of composition, as taught in the schools. Nature does not always compose, so he sometimes leaves her in her ruggedness; and he has been known to go further, and to leave in uncertainty what she has not taken pains to define. In some of his scenes there are mere hints of hands and faces, and painters have made this a reproach. As a colorist he loves striking contrast, and within those limits of taste has a good eye. No man can better flood a picture with light. At a first glance, some of his paintings seem all black and white, all intense light and shadow, but it

is absolutely what he has seen on these great sun-baked plains; and no one who knows the Mediterranean will decline to take on trust the intense blue of his Central Asian lake. He has sometimes succeeded in more delicate effects, but they are rare in his work. His passion for contrast shows the influence of Munich, where he has painted a good deal—his drawing of the figure, and his taste for Eastern character, the influence of Gérôme. It is still too early to say whether he will develop a true national style, and take away from Russian art its peculiar reproach. The Russian voice in art, say the French, is but an echo. The Academy students of St. Petersburg and Moscow make haste to leave home for Munich and Paris, and their work is generally no more than a clever lad's remembrance of a lesson well learned. Russian art in subject is latent in history and manners; in treatment it has yet to be. Wereschagin's example may teach it the courage which of all qualities it most lacks.

He returned from a second Asiatic journey to settle at Munich for three years; and here he built his first "open-air studio." "If you are to paint outdoor scenes," he says, "your models must sit in the open;" and so he fashioned a movable room on wheels, running on a circular tram-way, and open to sun and air on the side nearest the center of the circle, where the model stood. The artist, in fact, worked in a huge box with one side out, while the thing he saw was in the full glare of day; and, by means of a simple mechanical contrivance, he made his room follow the shifting light.

After a long rest at Munich, he was impatient for action once more, and in 1873 he set off for British India. Here he broke fresh ground for himself, and for all the art world. It is extraordinary that such an El Dorado of art should have been left so long unexplored. There is color in India, there is costume, there is variety of type, there is architecture, there is even landscape, there is every possible element of the picturesque,—and yet, for years and for centuries, men have found nothing newer to paint than Italy and Spain. Régnault was on the verge of this great discovery, but death prevented him from accomplishing it. He had traced a sketch chart of the voyage, but he was never to set sail.

Wereschagin filled one entire room at the exhibition with his Indian studies. They form a definite part of his collection, a section of his life-work. Amazing studies they

are, though they are still inferior to those dealing with Central Asia. The end of his sojourn coincided with the visit of the Prince of Wales, and he saw India both at its best and at its worst. In one immense canvas he has represented the royal entry into Jey-pore, the prince and his native entertainer on a richly caparisoned elephant, and a long line of lesser magnates similarly mounted in the rear. A scene of prayer in a mosque is noble in feeling, and it exhibits an amazing mastery of *technique*. The Temple of Indra, the Caves of Ellora—all the great show-places—are there, with their furniture of priests, deities, monsters, and men-at-arms; still the general effect of the collection is that of a vague longing left unsatisfied. Perhaps the painter made a mistake in trying to take all India in his grasp. He made a prodigious journey—from St. Petersburg by Constantinople to Egypt, Hindostan, the Himalayas, and Thibet.

On his return from India he found a great national subject at last—the late Russo-Turkish war. He followed the armies, and saw it all, still as a civilian in name, but as a soldier in fact. He could not keep out of it, both from patriotism and from artistic conscientiousness. He wanted to study the effect of a gun-boat in the air, and so he shipped himself on one of the torpedo launches detailed for service on the Danube. They stole up to a Turkish craft; the sentries saw them, and gave the alarm; there was a hail of shot. They pushed on, thrust the torpedo under the bows, and—it did not go off. The launch had to turn tail, and the Turkish fire redoubled in intensity. Wereschagin suddenly felt a sickening sensation, as if he had been roughly pushed, and putting his hand to the place found a wound that would admit his three fingers. This very nearly finished his artistic career. He lay between life and death for weeks, but a devoted Russian nurse of a religious order brought him around. Of course he went back to work as soon as he could move, and in one way or other saw and painted nearly all of it, especially Shipka, and the final rush on Constantinople.

As a war-painter he is a great moralist, and he is a great moralist because he is quite sincere. He paints exactly what he sees on the battle-field, and he is far in advance of the French, who are the fathers of this species of composition, in his rendering of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about this bloody sport of kings. There was a whole wide world of

difference in spirit between his little military gallery and the big one at Versailles. The earlier Frenchmen give us pretty uniforms, a monarch prancing on his steed in the moment of victory, an elegantly wounded warrior or two in the foreground, obviously in the act of crying, "*Vive la France!*" a host in picturesque flight, a host in picturesque pursuit, waving banners, and a great curtain of smoke to hide the general scene of butchery, with supplementary puffs for every disgusting detail. Wereschagin's manner, on the contrary, passing like a breeze of wholesome truthfulness, lifts this theatrical vapor, and shows us what is below—men writhing out their lives in every species of agony by shot and bayonet wounds, by the dry rot of fever, by the wet rot of cold and cramp; and finding their last glance to heaven intercepted by the crows or the vultures, waiting for a meal. All this is very shocking, but looked at in the right way it is supremely moral.

After the war he settled definitely in France. He had his own ideas about a studio, and he carried them out at Maisons Laffitte, 'a charming place, the home of many painters, within an easy railway journey of Paris. His house is surrounded on all sides by trees; in fact, he lives in the clearing of a wood, with no one but his wife to share his solitude.

His manner of life is becoming the basis of legend in the neighborhood. This mysterious foreigner, who takes his walks with a couple of blood-hounds by his side, and speaks to no man, rather alarms the French peasant. What does he do inside that house? One who has crossed the threshold may tell. He is painting from morning to night in, perhaps, the largest studio in the world. These are the figures: The floor is one hundred feet by fifty, the roof is thirty-three feet high, the door twenty-three feet, and the window measures forty feet by twenty-seven. The painter is a mere speck in it; his lightest word raises an echo. It dwarfs his largest compositions to the proportions common to *genre*.

Beyond is a smaller room on wheels, thirty-three feet square, a copy of the open-air studio built at Munich. Part of the larger studio is boarded off to form a lumber-room for canvases,—some of them as large as stage scenes,—and at the other end there are dressing-rooms for models, and an art wardrobe, rich in the sartorial spoils of the East. The studio walls are hung with weapons, shields, suits of chain-armor, masks worn



IN THE TRENCHES AT SHIPKA.

in the religious festivals of India—eagle-beaked and goggle-eyed; chains for slaves, etc. To the master of house and treasures, we might apply the form, though certainly

not the substance, of Napoleon's *mot* on the Russian race: Scratch this outside of eccentricity and moroseness, and you would find a true and gentle heart.

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#### INVOCATION IN A LIBRARY.

O BROTHERHOOD, with bay-crowned brows undaunted,  
Who passed serene along our crowded ways,  
Speak with us still, for we, like Saul, are haunted—  
Drive the dark spirits from these later days!

Whate'er of hope ye had for man your brother,  
Breathe it, nor leave him, like a prisoned slave,  
To stare through bars upon a sight no other  
Than clouded skies that lighten on a grave.

In these still alcoves give us gentle meeting,  
From dusky shelves kind arms about us fold,  
Till the New Age shall feel her cold heart beating  
Restfully on the warm heart of the Old:

Till we shall hear your voices, mild and winning,  
Steal through our doubt and discord; as outswells  
At fiercest noon, above a city's dinning,  
The chiming music of cathedral bells:

Music that lifts our thought from common places,  
And mean confusions that around us lie,  
Up to the calm of high, cloud-silvered spaces,  
Where the tall spire points through the soundless sky.

## HOW I KEPT HOUSE BY PROXY,

AND WHAT CHEK SAÚ GAVE US FOR THANKSGIVING.

BUT who was Chek Saú, and how came he to be associated with anything having so genuine a ring of New England as "Thanksgiving"? He was a cook, and a real Chinese—the very prince of cooks we thought him; and I hardly know whether even the "Celestial Empire" can produce many specimens quite equal to our Chek Saú. So, you see, I could afford to make him my proxy, especially as he was forty years old, and had spent nearly all his life in traveling, and studying cookery as a real profession, practicing, too, as he learned; while I was just out of school, and a complete novice in all the mysteries of the culinary art. During this, the first year of my married life, we had been roaming over the Orient, drifting hither and thither as new scenes attracted, and luxuriating in the thousand fascinating wonders that so beguile the tourist in Eastern lands, though seldom tarrying long in any locality. But now we were "at home" in Bangkok, and I was to make my first essay in house-keeping. How strange and impossible it seemed, with my total lack of experience—the *cuisine*, from beginning to end, an unsolved problem, and the vernacular of the country, in which I must communicate with my servants, if at all, wholly unintelligible to me, since I had not yet taken my first lesson in either Siamese or Chinese. Everywhere in the East, China alone excepted, so strong are the national and religious prejudices against any mingling of household avocations that an oriental can seldom be found to undertake more than one kind of labor. If he sweep, he will do nothing else; if cleaning lamps be the vocation he has selected, to that alone will he apply himself; and if he can be idle two-thirds or nine-tenths of his time, he likes it all the better. "Small work and small pay" he considers every way preferable to even a single year of mixed labor, with an assured competence at the end. So there are, in every household of ample means, cooks, dining-room servants, body-servants, washermen, a tailor, a keeper of the bath, a porter, a lamp-cleaner, a yard-sweeper, two watermen,—one to bring and another to cool and take care of the water,—one or more to run of errands, a *gye* to run

with each horse, and another to cut grass for him, either palanquin-bearers or boatmen, as may be needed in that particular locality, and so on, even to male and female sweepers, as some parts of a house must be swept only by a man and others only by a woman. What a retinue of servants for a family of two or three people! Every foreigner, on first arriving, votes the whole arrangement a nuisance, and declares he "will not submit to such absurd nonsense." But he is quietly informed that "it is the custom of the country"; and finding that he cannot help himself, he submits philosophically to his fate, deeming it useless to quarrel with the inevitable. Fortunately for the heads of these vast establishments, wages are low, and the employer has nothing to do with feeding or clothing any of his dependents. In an Anglo-Oriental *ménage*, the chief cook is always head servant of the establishment and purveyor-general of the household, buying everything that is needed, employing such other servants as are required, superintending their daily duties, paying their wages, and making such changes as become necessary from time to time. In fact, he holds in charge the entire domestic arrangements of the family, which are well or ill managed just in proportion to the ability and fidelity of this most important personage. If he be faithful and competent, the whole machinery moves regularly as clock-work; but disaffection or incapacity in the chief cook is inevitably attended with confusion and annoyance in every department. The master and mistress deal only with their head man, holding him responsible for the good conduct of all, and expecting him to account, in his regular weekly or monthly statements, for the number of servants employed, and for all outlays, except marketing, which is settled daily. Hence the vast importance, not only of making an appropriate selection of a head cook, but almost equally of being able to communicate freely with him. The former I thought just possible, but the latter I scarcely dared hope for, until I had time to acquire one of the many languages spoken at Bangkok. My joy can, therefore, be imagined at meeting with a cook who was able to speak even the mongrel dialect that a Chinaman calls

"talkie Amelican." It happened on the very day we had taken possession of our first oriental home. As I stood on the veranda of our pretty bungalow, giving orders to the English boatmen about the placing of some furniture, I was accosted by a remarkably pleasant-looking Chinaman, who, with a profound salam, inquired whether "the lady *sahib* would engage a cookie." He was dressed in sky-blue silk trowsers, gathered, *à la Chinoise*, full around the waist, with a long silken girdle, the ends of which were very richly embroidered. His white cambric jacket fitted loosely, and was fastened by a multitude of tiny gold buttons, placed very near together, from throat to hem, and from wrist to elbow. A broad-brimmed straw hat, from beneath which I could see the glossy black hair, braided and tasseled, hanging almost to his feet, stockings made of white cambric, and the clumsy, silk-embroidered shoes of his country, completed the quaint costume, that attracted me at once by its neatness and adaptation to that sultry clime. In one hand he carried a fan, and in the other an account-book, the insignia of his office; though he looked far more like the perfect type of an oriental gentleman than an aspirant for the office of cook. But he proceeded at once, in a sort of mongrel Anglo-Chinese dialect, which he interspersed with many profound salams and protestations of devotion to my interests, to inform me that he was a perfect adept in all the mysteries of the culinary art; that in English and Chinese, French and American, Bengal and Malay cookery he was equally *au fait*; and that "if the Amelican lady *sahib* would condescend to accept him as her servant, he would devote to her forever the varied talents and untiring fidelity that were now laid at her feet, in the humble hope that she would not reject them, and send away their possessor in despair." What a speech for a cook to make! Can it be supposed, for a moment, that I had the heart to turn away from so rare a combination of all the excellences that could be desired in the head of our domestic *ménage*? If I had thought of permitting such a Godsend to go unappropriated, the Celestial's long, low salam—made by placing his joined hands over his heart and then bending his whole person forward till his head nearly reached his knees—would surely have caused me to relent. But I was only too glad to veil my own deficiencies as a novice housekeeper behind such marvelous skill as my new ac-

quaintance professed; and, feeling assured that if he could work only half as well as he could talk, I should possess a rare treasure in my head cook, I engaged him, without hesitation, to come to us on the following morning. As he bowed himself out, I drew a sigh of relief that my dreaded mountain had been only a mole-hill after all, and the knotty question that had given me such a world of trouble in anticipation had been so easily disposed of. But my self-congratulation was of short duration, for, as the Celestial passed out, our friend Dr. J—— entered, his beaming face fairly aglow with fun.

"So, so!" he said. "You have had an application for the post of honor in your household. I knew Chek Saú would call, as he always does on every new-comer, and I meant to warn you against him. He will, no doubt, seek to entertain you with a description of his varied accomplishments, but I caution you to have nothing to do with him. Of course you did not engage him?"

"Of course I did," was my reply. "But what is the trouble about him? I like his looks, and he certainly promises fairly. I was just thinking what a rare treasure had come to me, without even the seeking."

"A treasure indeed," said the Doctor—"if possession were identical with profession, and promises were always faithfully kept. But this man will leave you the moment you presume to give an order in your own house. He has always acted so with every family that employed him, seldom remaining a week—never, I think, an entire month—with any. So you had better send him word that you have made other arrangements, and I will see what can be done."

"Impossible," I replied. "My word is given, and there is nothing for me to do but to bear heroically whatever the frowning heavens shall decree."

An ominous shake of the head was my friend's only reply as he left me to ponder, now that it was too late, the consequences of my foolish haste. I could have cried with mortification at the dilemma into which my precipitancy had plunged me. But it was of no use. The dreaded Celestial must come, that was clear; and I could only promise myself that the next time I would be more cautious. The next morning, bright and early, Chek Saú came, full three hours in advance of the appointed time. Having given no orders for the



morning meal at home, we had expected to breakfast with a neighbor; but, on entering our own drawing-rooms at nine o'clock, our cook-elect made his appearance from the piazza, where he had been watching for our coming. With a profound salam, he informed us that breakfast was already served, and that, though the notice had been somewhat brief, he ventured to hope that this first repast in our new home would not prove altogether unworthy our acceptance. Savory odors were already greeting us from the open door of the pretty little breakfast-parlor, which was a cheerful, airy room, covered with India matting, and having long windows opening to the floor, from which were looped back fresh muslin curtains, revealing the beautiful creepers and flowering shrubs that completely surrounded the verandas on the four sides of the house. On the round table in the center of the room was spread a repast that a king might have feasted on, every dish garnished with choice flowers, fair, fresh, and fragrant as the morning itself, while over the table was a huge *punkah*, pulled by a servant outside, and serving the double purpose of fan and fly-brush. In hissing urns on the side-table were such tea and coffee as are seldom seen this side of the Cape of Good Hope; while the raising of cover after cover revealed broiled and fricasseed chicken, pork-cutlets served *en papillote*, shrimps, oysters, eggs, omelets, and, to crown all, the invariable concomitant of every oriental meal—rice and curry. Everything was perfect, and, deeming any interference with such a jewel of a cook wholly uncalled-for, I retired, when breakfast was over, without venturing on a single order for the future. But Chek Saú followed me, apologizing for the intrusion, and asked for his "orders" for twenty-four hours; and also the number of servants we wished engaged, the hours for meals, and the amount to be expended daily at the bazaar. The next morning he again sought my presence at the same hour, gave an account of the expenditures of the previous day, and received his funds and orders for the next. And so on every day, as the weeks grew into months, and the months to years—with never a trouble or disturbance in our model household, of which my accomplished cook was the main-spring and prime motive power. We had never an inferior or badly cooked dish, meals were served always promptly, every room in the house was well kept, and our

servants all faithful and obliging; while I sat all day long in my quiet sanctum, poring over musty volumes with my quaint old teacher, and conning the mysteries of "*Kók, kúk, kák*," with no more concern about the arrangements of my table than if I had been boarding at the Saint Nicholas. Can you wonder that I prized my cook?

On one occasion, we happened to have an unusually large party of Americans assembled at Bangkok; and we decided to "keep Thanksgiving" after the New England fashion, and dine all together as one large family. But who would undertake to provide the banquet for so many, was the question. Rather exultant of the superior qualifications of Chek Saú, I petitioned for the privilege, which was very readily accorded, especially by those before whose mind's eye rose unwelcome visions of incompetent servants, half-prepared dishes, and the Herculean labors that in such cases devolve on the unfortunate mistress. So, calling in my trusty Chinese, I explained to him the manner of keeping "Thanksgiving" at home, and expressed my desire that he would do his very best to honor the occasion, and give our friends a hospitable reception. By this time I had the language at my control, and could give utterance to my wishes; so Chek Saú readily caught the idea, and placing his hand over his heart, as he always did when he wished to express his fidelity and devotion, he bowed himself out, while I returned to my study. I gave the subject no further thought, well assured that my accomplished Celestial would do all that was possible to be done, and fully vindicate his right to the appellation of the "best cook in the city."

The next morning we attended early church, and my lady friends all returned with me to spend the remainder of the day. At one, lunch was served—a dainty little repast of tea and sherbet, sandwiches and cake, at least forty varieties of fresh fruit, and an incredible variety of sweets. At two, came the invariable afternoon *siesta* in which everybody indulges in the East; then the bath and fresh toilets for the evening, after which we all went out in our boats on the river, for a mouthful of fresh air; and at six the gentlemen joined us at dinner. We were forty in all,—including the children and some English officers we had invited to dine,—and a cheery, happy party we were as one could meet at home or abroad, exiles though we called ourselves, and thousands of miles from the land that gave us

birth. When dinner was announced, I really knew no more of what was to compose the repast than did my guests, but firm faith in the ability of my incomparable cook left no room to fear that the creature comfort of our guests would not be duly cared for. As usual, Chek Saú, cambric jacket, gold buttons and all, was at the sideboard to superintend the carving, having, as I afterward learned, left a brother cook (hired at his own expense for the occasion) to send up such after dishes as might be needed. For the first course, we had genuine oriental *chowdah*, turtle, chicken, and bird's-nest soups—the latter cooked as only a native-born Celestial can prepare them. Then came fish in many varieties, all dressed and seasoned to suit the veriest epicure. When the second course had been removed, then came really the dinner *par excellence*, consisting of boned ducks, and capons stuffed à la Bengalee, pork and kid chops *en papillote*, fricasseed fowls, game of several kinds, stewed shrimps, baked lobster, vegetables, native and foreign, in many varieties, and over and above all, that special delight of every true-born Celestial, *i. e.*, pigs barbecued à la Chinoise, standing on all fours, holding huge lemons in their gaping jaws, and their heads adorned with fantastic flowers formed of chillies, salads, and celery. When these had been duly discussed, everybody finished off with a plate of rice and curry, taken at the conclusion of dinner "because it is the custom," just as everybody takes soup to begin with, whether he wants it or not. Then came the massive dessert—and such a medley it was that one would have been puzzled to know in what quarter of the globe he happened to be dining. Short as was the notice, Chek Saú had found time to visit all the ships in port, and procure from his brother cooks in English and American families whatever was rare and foreign. First he gave us English plum-pudding with genuine cockney sauce; then pies made from pumpkin grown on Connecticut soil; peaches canned in the Empire State, floated in Bangkok cream; crystallized pears grown in the Celestial Empire had found their last home on our "barbarian" table; and towering above all was a pyramid of luscious fruit-cake, to which the good "Old Dominion" had contributed the flour, Scotland the butter, Siam the sugar, classic Greece the raisins and currants, Spain the citron, Arabia the almonds, and Singapore, the fairest gem of the ocean, its many spices, while the flowers that adorned the lofty

pile had been gathered, that morning, sparkling with dewy gems, from my own fragrant *parterre*, in this grand old metropolis of the "sacred and great kingdom of Siam." The confectionery, upon which my tasteful and ingenious cook had lavished unsparingly time and skill, fully vindicated his assumptions on our first acquaintance, and proved the culinary arts of all countries to be equally familiar to him. Nothing was wanting save ice-cream, which, under that fierce tropical sun, would have been most acceptable of all. But as on account of the lack of ice, that was clearly impossible, we sipped our cool sherbet and pomegranate-juice, feasted on ripe, luscious fruits, and voted ices decidedly unwholesome.

Dr. J—, who was one of our guests, said jocularly, when we had adjourned to the drawing-room:

"'Tis said 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' and to-day, for the first time in my life, I have learned that ignorance may be a good thing. Certainly it has served my friend here a kind turn; for had she known Chek Saú's antecedents, she would scarcely have employed him; and had she been a good New England housekeeper, she assuredly could not have kept him—since the very first attempt to impart to this accomplished Celestial any item of culinary lore would inevitably have disgusted and ultimately driven him off. But a novice in housekeeping, who knew nothing to teach, suited him exactly, and so the whole machine works to admiration, and unquestionably produces good dinners."

Shortly after Chek Saú came into our service, he heard us mention casually, at the dinner-table, that the day was the anniversary of our marriage. It was, of course, too late then for any special demonstration in honor of the occasion, but on retiring we found twin wreaths of white lilies twined with ivy reposing in fragrant beauty upon both our pillows, and we readily guessed whose hand had placed them there. The faithful servant also made a note of the day, and never afterward, while we remained in the country, forgot to celebrate its return. At each anniversary our chairs at the dining-table were wreathed with ivy, and a crown of fragrant flowers, or, rather, two crowns woven in one, adorned the center of the board. Whether we had company or not, dinner on these occasions was always gotten up with extra care; and the crown-

ing glory of the dessert was a huge pyramid of cake—wedding-cake, Chek Sau said, and certainly a very marvel of beauty and excellence. This cake was regularly presented by our cook, with the compliments and good wishes of the day, and its cost was never included in the household accounts.

Once, on the return of the Chinese New-Year, the grandest gala in all the calendar for John Chinaman, Chek Sau asked permission to give us a real Chinese dinner. Nothing loath to test the skill of our cook in a new line, we gladly consented. So the viands, cookery and all, even the plates and dishes, were genuine Chinese, and all was served in Celestial fashion. In the soup line there were clam-chowdah and bird's-nest, *lucksar*, or Chinese vermicelli, and a delicate, fragrant compound called *tow-gay*, which is produced from a sort of bastard pea, known in the East as *gram*. The peas, being kept moist for a few days, shoot forth their tiny sprouts, and then, when about two inches or more in length, are gathered and compounded into a soup, with the addition, I suppose, of as many delicacies as the Frenchman put into his stone-soup, for our *tow-gay* was altogether too luscious ever to have been produced from pea-sprouts alone. The second course was fish, including many varieties of shell-fish, lobster, turtle, crabs, and shrimps. But that which most attracted me in this line was the *parang*, or "knife-fish," with its long, round body and beautiful silvery skin, which had, however, all been peeled off, the denuded fish securely rolled in banana-leaves, and baked between hot stones. It was very delicate and nice, but we could only taste it, as there was such a legion of other dainties demanding a like courtesy. Boiled capons with oyster-sauce, turtle-steaks, roast pork, venison, and rice-birds variously cooked, and a *ragout* of sharks' fins came next, served with egg-plant, onions, tara-root, yams, radishes, greens, and rice. The curry, on this occasion, was composed of *biche-de-mer*, or sea-slug! I did not taste it, savory, golden-hued, and tempting as it looked. How could I, under such a name? But had Chek Sau ever dreamed of either name or dish exciting disgust, he would certainly never have placed it before us. Among his countrymen the *biche-de-mer* is esteemed a rare delicacy, and, as such, he had selected it on this occasion. "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," and why

is not a sea-slug as fit to be eaten as an oyster, and a rat or dog as the swine, the most filthy of all filthy brutes? Our little feast à la *Chinoise* wound up with tea, served in tiny tea-pots and cups that held about half a wine-glass, used without either spoon or saucer, and the tea without sugar or cream. So orientals always take it; but they eat cakes and sweetmeats with their tea, and we had several courses of fruits and confections served with ours. Among them were oranges pressed and dried like figs, preserved nutmegs, and a beautiful transparent jelly made of sea-weed, or *agar-agar*, as it is called by the Malays.

One day, when somebody's age happened to be spoken of, Chek Sau remarked that he could never guess the age of foreigners—ladies especially—they all looked so much alike. The fact was that he had seen only very young foreign ladies, and could scarcely imagine how those of mature years would appear. When I asked him how old he thought I was, he would not venture a guess; but when I told him that I should be eighteen on the fifth day of the next month, he exclaimed, with surprise: "Why, I did not think you were near that old! You seem to me so very young—almost like a little girl." He was evidently sorry for the discovery he had made, and, I have no doubt, thought me already *un peu passé*, perhaps fearing that the increase of years might bring a desire on my part to assume the reins of government and usher in such an era of discord as would compel him to resign. However, his fidelity was proof against even the discovery of my eighteen years of age, that had at first so astounded him; for, when my birthday came around, though it had not been again spoken of, and I supposed Chek Sau had forgotten it, we found the dining-room decorated with wreaths and arches of evergreen, and choice bouquets of cape-jessamine and magnolia all over the house. In the evening the table was brilliantly lighted with wax-tapers, we had a grand dinner, and one of Chek Sau's most tasteful desserts. And so every time the anniversary came around, my husband's birthdays being always celebrated in the same way, and without even a suggestion on our part.

When our first baby came to us, Chek Sau overwhelmed my husband with congratulations, illuminated the house, and would have made a grand feast in honor of this first-born son of the house. As the little one grew, our cook was never weary

of watching him, tossing the baby form in his strong arms, or twining the soft golden curls about his tawny fingers. Had our darling chanced to be a girl, how Chek Saú would have pitied us, instead of congratulating! But this son, he said, was an omen of good.

So sped the years, under the peaceful administration of this faithful servant, rendering our home in that foreign land so pleasant, and saving my inexperienced youth from the manifold cares that might otherwise have been my portion. I seldom had a special interview with my cook more than once a day, and that was immediately after breakfast, when he came for his orders and funds for twenty-four hours. But if I chanced, in any emergency, to call for him at other times, he promptly answered the summons, arrayed in the spotless jacket, silk trowsers, and embroidered girdle, his whole appearance neat and tasteful, as if he were just starting for a festival, instead of being buried in the mystic rites of the *cuisine*. If we expected never so large a company of guests, I had only to notify our incomparable cook of the number, and all was sure to be *comme il faut*; or, if they came in unexpectedly, just at lunch or dinner time, Chek Saú's ready invention devised something; so that I was never, in a single instance, put to the blush for my housekeeping—if mine it were when I was only the recipient, not the provider, of its many comforts. But highly as we prized our cook, it was not until a season of affliction came that we fully realized his priceless value. My husband and myself were both stricken down with fever at the same time, and lay in helpless agony, in separate apartments, neither knowing of the other's illness. From the first we were both very ill—alarmingly so, the doctor said; and but for the untiring devotion of our noble cook, probably neither would have recovered. By his ever-watchful care, every footfall was hushed, rooms were darkened, servants kept out of the house, while Chek Saú himself assumed their duties; all passing to and fro near our apartments was prohibited, and day and night this humble friend hovered about my husband's bed, soothing, nursing, tending, as a loving mother would her tender babe. He had brought his young wife around to nurse our little one, and she was also the ministering angel of my sick-room. When the fever left my husband, he did not seem to rally from its effects, and the physician said he

must have change of air. Nothing else could save him, and he must go down on shipboard, outside the bar, for the benefit of salt air and bathing. But how could he go, in his weak, almost helpless, state? I was still so weak that I should have been only an incumbrance; yet I should have gone had not Chek Saú volunteered his services to take care of my husband, while his wife remained with me. And so it was arranged: Chek Saú went to the ship, watched over the invalid, nursed him back to life, and, by the blessing of God, brought him home in three weeks, well. Then this faithful servant resumed his duties in the household, preparing all manner of dainties to tempt invalid appetites, replacing disarranged furniture, and bringing order out of confusion, till everything was again in its old routine.

A year or two later we had occasion to visit Singapore, and, as we expected to be absent some months, an American family at Bangkok begged the privilege of hiring Chek Saú in our absence. Somewhat reluctantly he consented to go; but we were scarcely domiciled in Singapore before we learned that the arrangement had fallen through, and that our cook, having retired in disgust, positively refused to accept another situation. This reminded us of what Dr. J—— had formerly said, and we were more than ever curious to learn why this man would serve us so faithfully, and, apparently, no one else, at all. On our return, Chek Saú met us at the landing—the first to welcome us home. During the next day, he went from room to room with quiet dignity, arranging everything,—his deft fingers constantly busy, and his broad face absolutely radiant with smiles. He was evidently glad to be at his old post again, but made no allusion to the recent experiment. At length, my impatience to solve the problem of our cook's unaccountable preferences led me to broach the subject, and then, for the first time, I mentioned what Dr. J—— had said of his never remaining a month in any family. Silent, and evidently amused, Chek Saú listened to the end, and then said:

"It is every word true, my lady, yet I do not think the fault was mine, though I always retired voluntarily, and usually without assigning a reason. But knowing my proficiency in the art to which my life has been devoted, I could never consent to be instructed by those who had not acquired even the first letter of its alphabet. Surely,



after nearly forty years of study and practice in my profession, I do not need to be instructed how to compound a syllabub, or the requisite quantity of butter or spices to be used in a pudding. I am always willing to be told *what* to do, but never *how* to execute the order—especially when, in that department, I happen to know far more than my teachers. Most of those I have attempted to serve disgusted me by such interference; and had I followed their directions, every dish would have been spoiled and my reputation tarnished. So I left, of course. But I saw the very day I came to you that I was trusted, that you recognized my ability, and relied on my fidelity to do what I had undertaken, and you left me without interference to manage the department committed to my charge. I was grateful for this confidence; it has developed my talents, increased my skill, and attached me forever to your interests. If my honored lady is still satisfied with these humble services, no effort on my part shall ever be wanting to meet her approval."

With these words, accompanied by a perfect volley of salams, my cook bowed himself out, leaving me to ponder in immeasurable surprise his strange speech—so marvelous a compound of self-appreciation and jealousy for his art. Several years passed—years laden with the inevitable chances and changes from which no earthly lot is exempt; but they brought no shadow of change in the fidelity of our tried and trusted servant. Then came the preparations for our final departure from Siam—an event watched and waited for by Chek Saú in silent abstraction. During the last days his eyes looked heavy with unshed tears, and often I saw his hand drawn hastily across the bronzed cheek, if I came upon him suddenly, while he packed and arranged the baggage for our long journey. The day of the departure, he followed us to the wharf, handed our baby-boys, one after the other, into the boat, where he had already bestowed his parting presents of flowers, fruits, and confectionery; and then with tremulous voice bade us adieu, wishing us "a safe and prosperous voyage, a joyous reunion with all our friends, and, above all, a speedy return to Siam."

I have entered thus into details to show how warmly attached to their employers these oriental servants become, if trusted

and treated with due consideration, and also the wisdom, in dealing with them, of "letting well enough alone." There can be no question but that the Chinese, when skillfully managed, make the most capable, intelligent, and reliable servants in the world, not excepting even the thoroughbred domestics of the "Old Dominion," generally admitted to be the best on this side the waters. A Chinaman's powers of imitation and adaptation are boundless; he can learn anything, and is not afraid of work, if thereby he may accumulate a goodly pile of "Mexican dollars." (Paper-money orientals regard with supreme contempt.) Nor does John Chinaman care a baubee how many trades are united in one, if he be only left to fulfill his duties in his own way. The grand bugbear of the East, "mixed" labor, has no terrors for him. As cooks, butlers, nurses, washermen, or even seamstresses, we have in this country no class of operatives that can begin to compare with the Chinese. I have had them filling all these positions; and knowing them well—their dispositions and habits—I feel confident that their introduction into our families is the greatest blessing to be hoped for by American housewives. Let alone, the Celestial will serve his employer faithfully—a very prodigy of neatness, industry, and honesty; but if interfered with, he gets bewildered, and sometimes obstinate. His work explained to him when he first comes, the *modus operandi* shown him, if necessary, the first time, and then the employé left to himself, without watching or interference, and in nine cases out of ten there will not be found a single neglected duty during the entire term of service, whether it last ten years or a life-time. Trusted, and kindly treated in the families where they are received, these dignified, courtly orientals will soon inaugurate an era of restful peace scarcely to be conceived by the households now held in bondage to poor, untutored, slovenly "Biddy," with her "reign of terror" and its attendant discords. What a woful contrast are her slovenliness and irregularities to the cheery air and deft, cleanly ways of the native-born Celestial; and who, having once tasted the untold comfort of seeing an efficient Chinese at the head of his domestic *ménage*, could be induced to lapse again into "barbarian," *i. e.* Irish, misrule!



## VICTOR HUGO AS A DRAMATIST.

IN the year 1778, there was acted in Paris, at the Théâtre-Français, "*Irène*," the last tragedy of Voltaire, whose first play, "*Cædipe*," had been brought out at the same theater in 1718—sixty years before. On March 31st, at the sixth performance of "*Irène*," the aged author was able to be present, amid the greatest enthusiasm. It was, as it were, to the yet living Voltaire a foretaste of literary immortality, and he was much affected by the demonstrations. "You smother me with roses," he said, "and kill me with pleasure."

In our day, we have seen but one sight like unto this. On February 25th, 1880, at the same Théâtre-Français where Voltaire was honored, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the first performance of "*Hernani*," a play by Victor Hugo. In the half-century it had been acted over three hundred times in that theater. The list of those present at this semi-centennial performance holds nearly all the notable names of modern France. The house was full and enthusiastic. After the acting of "*Hernani*," the curtain drew up again and discovered that incomparable company of actors, the Comédie-Française, grouped around a bust of Victor Hugo in the center of the stage. Then, from the ranks of the performers, each of whom was dressed in the costume of the character he had acted in one of the poet's plays, came forward the chief actress of tragedy, and recited, in the most musical of voices and amid the plaudits of the audience, the poem written for the occasion by one of the foremost of younger French poets—a poem which proclaimed that Victor Hugo would have long life before he had immortality, and which declared that his drama and Glory had celebrated their golden wedding.

Voltaire has been dead only a century, and already the dust lies thick on his dramatic works; but a hundred years is a long life for anything in literature. What may befall Victor Hugo's dramas in a hundred years it were vain to prophesy. Shakspeare has been dead two centuries and a half, and his plays are as young as the day they were born: Victor Hugo does not lack partisans who declare him to be of the race and lineage of Shakspeare. Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, for instance, is an English poet and critic who cannot mention M.

Hugo's name without dithyrambic rhapsodies; and the late Théophile Gautier was a French poet and critic who, when almost on his death-bed, told a friend that if he had the ill-fortune to find a single line of Hugo's poor, he would not dare to confess it to himself, all alone in the cellar, without a light. Gautier, at least, had the excuse that Hugo had been his leader in a fierce fight, and that it ill becomes a soldier to doubt the captain who brought the battle to an end.

It is needless to tell again, and at length, the tale of the battle. It is enough to remember that, toward the end of the first quarter of this century, the younger generation in France began to rebel against the rigid rules in which all art was restrained—especially all dramatic art. In combat against classicism, the theater was the chief battle-ground. Now, for an assault on the stage, Hugo was the best possible leader. He was a born playwright. Although only twenty-five years old when he put forth "*Cromwell*," in 1827, he had already published two novels and two volumes of poetry. Novelist and poet then, he has revealed himself since as critic, orator, historian, and satirist; but in every disguise he shows his strong native bent toward the theater. His poems are often but the lyric setting of a dramatic motive; his novels are but plays told in narrative, instead of put upon the stage. All the elements of the play are to be found in the novel,—situations, scenery, effects, even to the exit speeches,—all are there. No reader of the "*History of a Crime*" need be reminded how dramatic, not to say theatrical, he can make history. As an orator, also, his stage-training stands him in good stead; his oration becomes a play with only one part, and he uses, as best he may, the scenery which chances to surround him. In 1851, for example, pleading in court against the death-penalty, he pointed to the crucifix over the judge's head and appealed to "that victim of capital punishment." It is in his novels, however, that his dramatic instinct is most plainly seen. His methods are those of a melodramatist. He plans and paints his scenery himself—and far better than the material brush of the scenic artist could do it; and he delights in the violent contrasts always effective on the stage, in the cut-and-thrust repartee of the theater, and in the sharply

outlined characters whose complexity is only apparent.

Abundant proof of the dramatic tendencies of his youth are to be found in the curious book, "Victor Hugo; Raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie," which is at least semi-autobiographical. In this we are told that he wrote a tragedy—"Irtamène"—at the age of fourteen, and an *opéra-comique*—"A Quelque Chose Hasard est Bon"—before he was sixteen. Between the two—at fifteen—he had written a more elaborate tragedy—"Athalie." The witness of his life tells us that it was "perfectly regular, in five acts, with unities of time and place,\* dream, confidants, etc." At nineteen he planned a play—"Amy Robsart"—taken for the most part from "Kenilworth." Seven years later he gave it to his brother-in-law, Paul Foucher, not thinking it fit that, after the publication of "Cromwell," he should borrow a subject. The play was acted anonymously and hissed. Hugo at once came forward and claimed his share of the failure. None of these early dramatic attempts of M. Hugo has been published; but the witness of his life prints in full another play—"Inez de Castro"—written at the age of sixteen,—apparently just after the composition of the *opéra-comique*, and three years before the adaptation from Scott.

"Inez de Castro" is a remarkable production for a boy of sixteen, and it has never received the attention it deserves from critics of Hugo's literary career. We can detect in this youthful sketch the germ of his later dramatic work. Here, in fact, is Victor Hugo, the playwright, in the chrysalis. "Inez de Castro" is a melodrama in three acts and two interludes. These latter are spectacular, merely, and call for no comment. But the three acts of melodrama repay study. The story of the play need not be told here at length; it has a juvenile want of profundity, and it shows a juvenile love of the marvelous and astounding. But the effects are not altogether external, and there is a willingness to grapple

with weighty subjects not a little characteristic. Here are the firstlings of Hugo's theatrical genius, and we can see here in embryo some of his later qualities. The scene is laid in Spain, where the poet had passed part of his wandering childhood, and there is a lavish use of local color. That the young poet had already broken with the unity of place is shown by the frequent change of scene. There is the commingling of the comic and the serious which, nine years later, in the "Cromwell" preface, he declared to be essential to a proper dramatic presentation of life. The humor is not grim and grotesque, as it became in some of his later plays, but frankly mirthful. There is the use of the prattle of little children to relieve the strain of tense emotion—repeated half a century later in "Ninety-three." There are intriguing officials, recalling those in "Ruy Blas"; and there is a liberal use of spies and poison, recalling "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Angelo." There are lyric interludes, and antitheses, and violent contrasts, and a seeking of startling effects by the sudden disclosure of solemn situations. There is one scene in the tomb of the king which, perhaps, suggested the act of "Hernani" in the tomb of Charlemagne; and another in a vast hall, hung with black draperies, and containing a throne and a scaffold, around which are grouped guards in black and red, and executioners in the black robes of penitents, with torches in their hands. This scene seemingly has served as raw material for one in "Marie Tudor," and also, it may be, for the famous supper scene in "Lucrèce Borgia." And last of all there is a ghost, which I am glad to say Victor Hugo has made no attempt to utilize in any of his later works.

After Victor Hugo had begun to be recognized as the chief of a new sect, his liking for the stage prompted him to plan a play which should exemplify what the drama of the future ought to be. He sketched out "Cromwell," intending it for Talma, who heartily approved of the new principles. Unfortunately, the great actor died, worn-out with giving form to the emptiness of the plays he had to act. Bereft of the one actor who could do justice to his hero, Hugo gave up the thought of the stage, and elaborated the play until it is well-nigh as long as Mr. Swinburne's interminable "Bothwell." However, the original acting-play remains visible, though imbedded in a mass of superabundant matter. Although the scenes are unduly prolonged and the char-

\*The trade-mark of a classicist tragedy was the blind obedience paid to the Three Unities. The French critics pretended to derive from Aristotle a law that a dramatic poem should show *one* action happening in *one* place in the space of *one* day; these were the unities of action, place, and time. As to the unity of action, there need be no dispute: a work of art should have a single distinct motive. But both the unity of time, which compelled the hurried massing of all the straggling incidents of a story into twenty-four hours; and the unity of place, which forbade all change of scene,—these were absurdities.

acters developed at needless length, careful cutting would make its performance a possibility. It is to be judged frankly as a play for the stage, and not as that half-breed monstrosity, a "play for the closet." Of course, it marks an immense advance on the "*Inez de Castro*" of nine years before; but it is far inferior to the "*Hernani*" of three years later. The restrictions of actual stage representation are wholesome to Hugo's exuberant genius. As a historical drama, "*Cromwell*" is not quite so accurate as its author pretends, but it presents vividly the superficial aspects of a man and a time still waiting for a dramatist who can see their great capabilities. The plot, the incidents of which are not so closely serried as in Hugo's later plays, turns on the Protector's intrigues for the crown he afterward refused. There is the familiar use of moments of surprise and suspense, and of stage effects appealing to the eye and the ear.

In the first act, *Richard Cromwell* drops into the midst of the conspirators against his father—surprise; he accuses them of treachery in drinking without him—suspense; suddenly a trumpet sounds, and a crier orders open the doors of the tavern where all are sitting—suspense again; when the doors are flung wide, we see the populace and a company of soldiers and the crier on horseback, who reads a proclamation of a general fast, and commands the closing of all taverns—surprise again. A somewhat similar scene of succeeding suspense and surprise is to be found in the fourth act. The setting off of the Roundheads against the Cavaliers is rather French in its conception of character, but none the less effective. There is real humor in the contrast of *Carr*, the typical Puritan, with *Lord Rochester*, the ideal courtier; and the improbable, not to say impossible, disguise of *Rochester* as *Cromwell's Chaplain*, is fertile in scenes of pure comedy. The fun, light and airy and graceful in *Rochester*, gets a little forced and farcical in *Dame Guggigoy*. The effort is obvious and the hand rather heavy.

As Dryden says: "They who would combat general authority with particular opinion must first establish themselves a reputation of understanding better than other men." Now, "*Cromwell*" was unactable. Its preface irritated many and converted few. It remained for Hugo to prove his superior understanding of the stage by his own works acted on the stage. In the

spring of 1829, eighteen months after the publication of "*Cromwell*," Hugo was asked to write a play for the *Comédie-Française*. He had two subjects in his head. He chose to write first "*Marion Delorme*," a task which took him from June 1st to June 24th, the fourth act having been finished in one day's steady labor. Accepted by the theater, the play was interdicted by the censors. Hugo at once turned to his second subject, and in three weeks he had completed "*Hernani*." It is a coincidence that Voltaire wrote "*Zaire*," much his best tragedy, in just the same space of time that Hugo took to write "*Hernani*," his most popular play.

In explanation of this wondrous improvisation,—for "*Hernani*" is a play in five acts of full length,—one may venture to suggest that the plot had been slowly matured in the author's head, the situations had linked themselves together in order, and that, when the poet sat down at his desk, he had but to clothe his conceptions with verse. To him this was a task of no difficulty, for Hugo has superabundantly the gift of metrical speech, his vocabulary is surpassingly rich, and he has lyric melody at his beck and call. His muse responded nobly. In no other play of Hugo's is the verse finer or firmer. The lumbering and jingling rhymed Alexandrine is not the best meter for dramatic poetry; it is not even a good meter; but it is here handled by a master of verse. Though no carelessness betrays the improvising, the verse retains the rush and impetus of its making. The whole work is full of the freshness and vigor of youth.

Although the French cannot be accused of taking their pleasure sadly, the first performance of any important play at the national theater is a solemnity. The production of "*Hernani*," at the *Théâtre-Français*, on the evening of February 25th, 1830, was a national event. Space fails to tell again the oft-told story of that night. It was the first pitched battle between the Classicists and the Romanticists. The pit was filled with bands of young artists of all kinds, who had volunteered in place of the salaried applauders of the theater, and who were admitted on the presentation of a special ticket—the word *hierro* (Spanish for iron) stamped in a bold handwriting on a little slip of red paper. Chief among these young enthusiasts was Théophile Gautier, resplendent in a flaming crimson waistcoat. With the first line, the conflict broke out. The hisses of the conservatives

were met by the plaudits of the reformers. Phrases which now pass without notice were then jeered and hooted. Extra-hazardous expressions were cheered before they were fairly out of the actors' mouths. When the curtain fell, the victory lay with the young author. But the end was not yet. The fight was renewed with the same bitterness at every performance. Speeches, roughly received one night, were rapturously applauded the next. A scene, lost by the Romanticists to-day, was taken by assault to-morrow. At last there was not one single line in the whole five acts which, at one time or another, had not been hissed. The theater was crowded night after night. The excitement was not confined to the capital, and provincial towns echoed the animated discussions of Paris. At Toulouse, a quarrel about "*Hernani*" led to a duel, in which a young man was killed.

It was the position of the play as a manifesto, and not its merits, remarkable as they were, which called forth such demonstrations. Yet it needs no wide acquaintance with the works then holding the stage in France to understand that a play as fresh and as full of force as "*Hernani*" would make a strong impression. The rapid rush of its action carries the spectator off his feet; the lyric fervor of its language is intoxicating; and it is only a sober second thought which lets us see the weak points of the piece. If this is its effect now, when the play has no longer the charm of novelty,—when, indeed, its startling innovations have been worn threadbare in the service of second-rate and often clumsy followers,—we may guess what its effect was then on the ardent generation of 1830, surfeited with the sickly inanities of the self-styled Classic school. Whatever we may now think of *Doña Sol* and her three lovers, the young artists of half a century ago took them for types of a dramatic renaissance. What we do now think of them is that all four characters, although full of movement and rich in color, are hollow and without real life. They live, move, and have their being in a world that never was; in brief, they are operatic impossibilities, ruled by an inexorable fate and the firm hand of the author, who has decided on ending a picturesque play with a pathetic situation.

The plot may be recalled briefly. *Ruy Gomez* intends to marry his niece, *Doña Sol*, who, however, loves a mysterious bandit, *Hernani*—own brother to Lord Byron's

"*Giaour*." The King of Spain also loves *Doña Sol*, and bears her away with him. *Hernani* owes his life to *Ruy Gomez*, to whom he gives his hunting-horn, agreeing to take that life himself whenever he hears the horn; and then *Ruy Gomez* and *Hernani*, for revenge, join in a conspiracy against the King. But *Don Carlos*, the King of Spain, is elected Roman Emperor, and he surprises the conspirators. Changed by his higher office, he pardons. *Hernani* is restored to all his rank and titles, and *Doña Sol* is wedded to him. In the midst of the marriage feast comes the sound of the horn; *Ruy Gomez* is implacable; *Hernani* has sworn to die; and his poison serves also for his bride. "Castilian Honor," the sub-title of the play, seems a very queer thing when we consider this story in cold blood. For the plot not to look ludicrous, one must be almost as hasty and hot-headed as the hero himself. And the incidents are as like each other as the whole play is unlike life. As an English critic has remarked, every act ends with somebody sparing the life of somebody else, save the last, in which all the chief characters, except *Charles V.*, die together. The catastrophe, although it is the logical sum total of the situations, would be revolting if it were not so extravagant. The lugubrious tooting of the horn it was that Goethe, doubtless, had in mind when he called "*Hernani*" "an absurd composition."

But to detect these demerits takes afterthought. While the play is acting before us, we are under the spell; we are moved, thrilled, excited. The pleasure it gives is not of the highest kind intellectually, if, indeed, it may be termed intellectual at all; but as to the amount of pleasure it gives, there can be no question. The quality of its power may be doubted, never the quantity. It is a very interesting play—melodramatic in its motive, poetic in its language, and picturesque at all times.

The same phrase describes fairly enough "*Marion Delorme*," and "*Le Roi s'Amuse*," which followed "*Hernani*" upon the stage. "*Marion Delorme*," forbidden by the Bourbon censors, waited a few months till the revolution of 1830 overturned the Bourbon throne; and then, in a few months more, on August 11, 1831, it was brought out at the Porte St. Martin Theater. It was received with the same outburst of contending prejudices and preferences which had been let loose upon "*Hernani*." To my mind, it is a better play than its predecessor on the



boards. To the full as moving and as picturesque, it bears study better. For one thing, it mingles humor and passion far more skillfully. It may, perhaps, be called the only one of Hugo's plays which fulfills the conditions of the new drama, as laid down by the author in the preface to "Cromwell." And from this freer use of humor results a great superiority in the presentation of character. In no other play of Hugo's are the characters as natural as in "Marion Delorme." They are not mere profile masks set in motion to face each other in a given situation. *Louis XIII.* and *Saverny* are real flesh and blood. The King is a royally well-conceived character. Hugo brings before us, by a few light and humorous touches, the feeble, melancholy, pious, moral, fearful, restive, and helpless monarch, chafing under the iron curb of his red ruler, and yet inert in self-assertion. True to history or not, the portrait is true to itself—which is of greater importance in dramatic as in other art. The scene between *Louis* and his solemn jester, who seeks to gain his end by playing on the King's failings, is in the true comedy vein, and would greatly surprise those who, knowing only Hugo's later works, say that he does not know what humor is. *Saverny* is a figure filled in with a few easy strokes of an airy fancy; he is the embodiment of light-hearted grace and true-hearted honor. He is a young fellow who wears feathers in his cap, it is true, but he bears down in his heart the motto of his order—"Noblesse oblige,"—and he acts up to it when time serves. His is a poetic portrait of a characteristic Frenchman, with the national quality of style and a capability for lofty sacrifice. There is true comedy, again, in his attitude when his friend *De Brichanteau* tries to console *Saverny's* uncle for his supposed death, by pointing out his faults and dwelling on them at length, until at last *Saverny* revolts. There is, perhaps, a slightly too epigrammatic emphasis in the final self-possession of *Saverny*, which lets him coolly point out three mistakes in the spelling of his own death-warrant. Emphasis and epigram, however, are kept more subordinate in "Marion Delorme" than in any other of Hugo's plays.

*Marion Delorme*, the heroine, and *Didier*, the hero, are simpler figures, and more like those to be found in the "Hernani." *Didier* is another brother of the *giaour*—mysterious, melancholic, misanthropic. Like *Hernani*, he is a wanderer on the face of the earth, and has great capacity for suffering.

*Marion Delorme* is one of the fair and fragile beauties who has come down to us from history, leaving her character behind her.

In the next piece,—"*Le Roi s'Amuse*,"—the protagonist is the court-fool, *Triboulet*, the jester of Francis I. of France. This play was brought out at the Théâtre-Français, in Paris, one evening in November, 1832. Before the first-night audience it failed, and it had no chance of recovery, for, the next morning, the Government forbade the performance of the play on the ground that it libeled Francis I. So "*Le Roi s'Amuse*" has had but one performance, and yet the plot of no play of Hugo's is so well known out of France, for it served Verdi as the libretto of "*Rigoletto*." Space fails to consider it here in detail. In form and spirit it does not differ from "*Hernani*" or "*Marion Delorme*," although it rises to a greater height of passion than they. If any one wishes to see how a strong story can be watered into symmetrical sentimentality, he may take up the "*Fool's Revenge*,"—a drama in three acts, by Mr. Tom Taylor,—just after putting down "*Le Roi s'Amuse*." The essential tragedy of the motive is weakened to a triumph of virtue and conversion of the vice. The desperation and death which are the vitals of the French play, are in the English anodyne for the sake of the conventional happy ending.

Now we come to a curious change of manner. "*Le Roi s'Amuse*," "*Marion Delorme*," and "*Hernani*" are all written in a rich and ample verse, full of fire and color; but the three plays which followed—"Lucrèce Borgia," "*Marie Tudor*," and "*Angelo*"—are in prose; and the effect of the change of medium is most surprising. Of course verse is not always poetry, and prose may aim as high and be as lofty as verse; but in Hugo's case the giving up of verse seems like a giving up of poetry. The elevation, the glow, and the grace of "*Hernani*" are all lacking in "*Lucrèce Borgia*" and its two companions in prose. There is no falling off in the ingenuity of invention, or in the constructive skill of the author; but the plays in prose seem somehow on a much lower level than those in verse; and this is in spite of the fact that the meter Hugo used, the rhymed Alexandrine, is hopelessly unfit for the quick work of the stage. Before Mr. Matthew Arnold, Stendhal\* had dwelt on the insufficiency of

\* "Les vers italiens et anglais permettent de tout dire; le vers Alexandrin seul, fait pour une cour dédaigneuse, en a tous les ridicules." (*Racine et Shakspeare*, p. 36, note.)



the Alexandrine for high poetry. The jogginess of the meter, and the alternating pairs of male and female rhymes, are fatal to continued elevation of thought. Shakspeare and Dante could not have been sublime in Alexandrines; yet the meter has a certain fitness to the French intellect—to its love of order and balance; and, moreover, it is the recognized and regular meter of the higher theater; so a French dramatist must needs make the best of it. Victor Hugo is a master in versification; it has no mysteries for him, and in his hands even the stubborn Alexandrine is bent to his bidding; so, when he drops verse, he gives up a great advantage. His plays in verse may pass for poetic dramas, but his plays in prose are of a truth prosaic.

A garment of verse veils "Hernani" and "Marion Delorme," but "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Marie Tudor" are naked melodrama, without any semblance of poetry. "Lucrèce Borgia," written in the summer of 1832, immediately after "Le Roi s'Amuse," and acted in 1833, is strangely like "Inez de Castro," its predecessor in prose. It is simply a melodrama, owing its merit mainly to its simplicity. We have an adroit and cunning handling of a single fertile theme. There is none of the involute turgidity of the ordinary melodramatic playwright; but, for all its simplicity, the play is a melodrama—even in the etymological sense, which requires the admixture of music. With all her accumulated vices, *Lucrèce Borgia* herself has no grandeur, no touch of the wand, which transfigures the wicked woman of Webster or Ford. It is not imaginative, it is not poetic, and it is immensely clever. In spite of the magnitude of her crimes, and the force with which she is depicted, she remains commonplace, and arouses the latent instinct of caricature. When, in the first act, she tries special pleading for herself, and lays the blame and the burden of her sins on her family,—"C'est l'exemple de ma famille qui m'a entraînée,"—one involuntarily recalls the fair Greek heroine of M. Offenbach's "Belle Hélène," who complains of "la fatalité qui pèse sur moi!"

Coincident with the change from verse to prose is a sudden falling off in the humor which lightened the somber situations of the metrical plays. The romantic formula which prescribed the mingling of comedy and tragedy to make the model drama is disregarded already in "Lucrèce Borgia," in the *Gubetta* of which the humor we found frank and free in the *Saverny*

of "Marion Delorme" becomes grim and saturnine. It is less frequent and more forced, as though the author was beginning to make fun with difficulty. In "Marie Tudor," written and acted in the same year, 1833, the humor has wholly disappeared, and hence we may detect a growing extravagance of speech and structure. The *Marie Tudor* of M. Hugo is the *Queen Mary* of Mr. Tennyson; and the poets themselves are scarcely more unlike than the pictures they present to us of the miserable monarch who went down to history as "Bloody Mary." Mr. Tennyson could probably give chapter and verse for every part of his play. M. Hugo has no warrant for dozens of his extraordinary assertions and assumptions as to the manners and customs of the English. Mr. Tennyson is patriotic, and always seeks the subjects of his plays in the national history, which he has reverently studied. M. Hugo has laid the scene in France of but two of his plays; he prefers foreign countries, which offer more frequent opportunities for sharp contrasts and strange mysteries. Spain, Italy, England, even Germany, can be taken by storm with less fear of the consequences. But, in "Marie Tudor," the joke is really carried a little too far. The play is absurd where it is not ridiculous. It is a caricature of history, a wanton misreading of records, and, worse yet, a passing over of the truly dramatic side of the reign to invent vulgar impossibilities. The play, as a play even, is inferior to all its predecessors. It has action, and it is shaped solely with an eye to effect before the foot-lights; but the piece is cheap, even as a specimen of journeyman play-making. There is no touch or trace of poetry anywhere. The unfortunate queen is transformed into a sanguinary and lascivious virago, a *Madame Angot* of a monarch, scolding like a fish-wife and threatening like a fury.

The third play in prose, "Angelo," written and acted in 1835, though inferior to "Lucrèce Borgia," is superior to "Marie Tudor," because it does not make history to suit itself, and because its story is simpler and more pathetic. The contrast of the chaste patrician lady with *Tisbe*, the lawless woman of the people, is capable of development into affecting situations. The two parts were originally acted by Mlle. Mars and Mme. Dorval. *Tisbe* was afterward acted by Rachel, and in America an adaptation was played by Charlotte Cushman.

Outside of these two parts, there is little in the piece. *Homodei* is not very like a man of God, though he is represented as the personification of ubiquitous omniscience. It is one of Hugo's first attempts at embodying an abstraction, or rather at clothing a really commonplace character with marvelous attributes. He looms up as something far more wonderful than he appears when seen close to. There is an effort to pack a quart into a pint, to the resulting fracture of the vessel. "Angelo" has no more humor than "Marie Tudor," so the extravagance has a chance to grow. There is a perceptible increase in the affectations of plot and dialogue, and an equally perceptible increase in Hugo's fondness for mystic devices. In all his plays there are sliding panels and secret passages and hidden staircases in plenty; spies and hireling bravos and black mutes are to be found in them; subtle Italian poisons and sudden antidotes thereunto, and strange narcotics, at an instant's notice are ready to hand; in short, there is no lack of tools for the most Radcliffean mysteries and mystifications. Of poison, especially, is there no miserly use. *Hernani* poisons himself, and so does his bride; *Ruy Blas* takes poison; *Angelo* thinks to poison his wife; and *Lucrèce Borgia* poisons a whole supper-party. In fact, to read Hugo's plays straight through is as good as a course in toxicology. And the dagger is abused as freely as the bowl. To call the death-roll of all the *dramatis personæ* who die by the sword or the ax would be as tedious as unprofitable.

In 1838, three years after "Angelo," came "Ruy Blas," in many ways Hugo's finest play. It is a happy return to verse and the earlier manner. The plot—suggested possibly by the story of Angelica Kaufmann, and slightly similar to Lord Lytton's "Lady of Lyons"—is at once simple and strong. Verse again throws its ample folds over the characters, and cloaks their lack of the complexity of life. And again we have the wholesome and light-some humor which kept the metrical dramas from the exaggerations and extravagances of the prose plays. It is as though the exuberant genius of Victor Hugo needed the strait-jacket of the couplet. There is true comedy in the conception of *Don César*; and very ingenious and comic is the scene in the fourth act when he drops into the house occupied by *Ruy Blas* (who has assumed the name of *Don César*), and is astonished at the adventures which befall

him, and does, in everything, the exact reverse of what would be done by *Ruy Blas*, for whom the adventures were intended. It is only in this scene, and in one or two in "Marion Delorme," that we can see anything in Hugo's work approaching to large and liberal humor. Wit he has in abundance, and to spare. Grim humor, ironic playfulness, grotesque fancy, are not wanting; but real comic force—the enjoyment of fun for its own sake—the *vis comica* of Molière, for example, or of Shakspeare or Aristophanes—is nowhere to be found. I have already dwelt on the utter absence from the prose plays of any kind of comedy. If it were not for "Ruy Blas," which seems to come out of its proper chronological order, since it is closely akin to its fellow metrical dramas, and not to the prose plays which preceded it—if it were not for "Ruy Blas," we might trace the gradual decay of Hugo's feeling for the comic. After "Ruy Blas," after 1838, neither in play nor in any other of the multifarious efforts of Victor Hugo can I recall any attempt at comedy, or even any consciousness of its existence. It is as though, born with a full sense of humor, in the course of time he had allowed his vanity to spring up and choke it; for, oddly enough, as his humor died, his vanity grew apace. It is an aggressive vainglory, and may best be seen in his prefaces. In that to "Cromwell," he is defiant, and not on the defensive; in those to later plays, we can see the undue humility which is the chief sign of towering vanity. Just after "Hernani," Chateaubriand, who was gifted with no slight self-esteem, hailed Victor Hugo as his fit successor. And Hugo has inherited, not only some of the literary methods and some of the authority of Chateaubriand, but a full share of his intellectual arrogance.

It was this intellectual arrogance which prompted him to withdraw from the stage after the popular failure of his next play. The "Burgueses," written in October, 1842, and acted in March, 1843, is an attempt to set on the stage something of the epic grandeur of mediæval history. It sought to make dramatic use of the legend of the mighty and undying Barbarossa. As a poem, it is one of Hugo's noblest; as a play, it is his poorest. We have a powerful picture of Teutonic decadence and of imperial majesty; but, in aiming high, Hugo naturally missed the heart of the play-goer. There is nothing human for the play-goer to

take hold of and carry away with him. The plot, with but little of the melodramatic machinery Hugo directs so effectively, is uninteresting, and, in its termination, undramatic. The characters, grandly conceived as they are, seem like colossal statues, larger than life, and not flesh and blood. No real passion was to be expected from such stony figures, perfect as may be their cold and chiseled workmanship. The "Burgraves" is the most ambitious of Hugo's dramas and the least successful in performance. Its career was short. Besides, an anti-romantic reaction had set in, and Ponsard's "Lucrèce" was hailed as a return to common sense. Victor Hugo took umbrage, and declared that it was unbecoming to his dignity to submit himself to the hisses of a chance audience. Although he had two plays nearly ready for acting, he has never again presented himself as a dramatist. One of these plays, "Les Jumeaux," was about finished in 1838; and since then he has written "Torquemada," a drama of the Spanish Inquisition—a most promising subject for his peculiar powers—neither of which is to be acted until after Hugo's death. A recent biographer refers to still other pieces of the poet, among them a fairy play called "La Forêt Mouillée," in which trees and flowers speak.

In this enumeration of Hugo's plays I have omitted only one—the libretto of an opera, "Esmeralda," produced at the Opéra de Paris, in November, 1836. It was a lyric dramatization of his romance, "Notre-Dame de Paris," made for Mlle. Bertin, the daughter of a friend, after he had refused to do it for Meyerbeer. Dramatizations of the same story and of "Les Misérables," by one or the other of his sons, have been acted; the former recently ran over a hundred nights in Paris. If his own libretto chanced upon an incompetent composer, certain of his dramas are better known to the world at large as Italian operas than in their original and more literary form as French plays. "Hernani" and "Le Roi s'Amuse" served Verdi as the books of "Ernani" and "Rigoletto." "Ruy Blas" has been turned into a libretto several times, latest for Marchetti; and "Lucrèce Borgia," the final act of which, full of contending emotions and scenic contrasts, and culminating in the thrilling commingling of the bacchanalian lyrics of the supper-party with the dirge for the dying of the approaching priests—a situation which almost sets itself to music—has been turned to excellent ac-

count in the "Lucrezia Borgia" of Donizetti. These transformations were not always to the poet's taste, as was shown in one of his later plays by the savage way in which he warned off the librettist.

All Victor Hugo's plays are the work of his youth; he was not forty when the "Burgraves" was acted; and they are thus free from the measureless emphasis which is the besetting sin of his later work. And, unfortunately, Hugo has not obeyed Goethe's behest not to "take the faults of our youth into our old age; for old age brings with it its own defects." This is just what has happened to Hugo. No author of his years and fame has ever changed so little since he first came forward; there has been extension, of course, but there has not been growth. So, although Hugo stopped short his dramatic production, we may doubt whether the future would have had any surprise in store for us. Had he written more for the stage, we may fairly enough discount what manner of plays they would have been. We should have found the lively feeling of situation and the power to express it which, Goethe tells us, make the poet; but now and then the situation would have been overcharged, and the expression extravagant. We should have had plays in the highest degree ingenious in device, thrilling in incident, and, if they chance to be in verse, full of lyric melody. But these are not the chief attributes of a great dramatic poet. Indeed, excess of ingenuity is fatal to true grandeur—as Hugo himself seems to have felt, for in his one attempt at a lofty theme, the "Burgraves," he instinctively cast aside cleverness and strove for a noble simplicity. In the three chief qualities of a great dramatic poet—knowledge of human nature, power of creating character true to nature, and unfailing elevation of thought,—in all these Victor Hugo is deficient.

If one seek proof that Hugo is not a great dramatic poet of the race and lineage of Shakspeare, but rather a supremely clever playwright,—an artificer of dramas, not because the drama was in him and must out, but because the stage offered the best market and the most laurels,—one has only to consider "Marie Tudor," or "Angelo." No great dramatic poet, no one who was truly a dramatic poet, could have written such stuff; in spite of all their cleverness, they are unworthy of a poet who has any sense of life. That these plays are so inferior to the metrical dramas goes to show

that Hugo needs the restraint of verse, and that he is at his best when working under the limitations of the Alexandrine—limitations which, as I have said, are fatal to dramatic poetry of the highest rank. Putting this and that together, I find that Hugo's plays are melodramas, written by a poet, who is not, however, a dramatic poet. In Molière's plays, as in Shakspeare's, the man is superior to the event; but in Hugo's, as in Calderon's and in Corneille's, the situation dominates the characters. Unlike Calderon's and Corneille's, Hugo's plays are not poetic in conception, however poetic they may be in verbal clothing. Neither the plots nor the personages are poetic in conception. The plot is melodramatic, but the best of melodramas because of its simplicity and strength, and because it is the work of a man of heavier mental endowment than often takes to melodrama. Nor are the characters more poetic than the situations; they are not saturated with the spirit of poesy and lifted up by the breath of the muse. Most of Hugo's people, especially the tragic, are drawn in outline, in monochrome; they are impersonations of a single impulse. Miss Bailey wrote a series of Plays of the Passions; Hugo gives a passion apiece to each of his people, and lets them fight it out. Take one of Hugo's villains, the *Don Salluste* of "*Ruy Blas*," say,—a sharp silhouette, all black,—and set it by the side of *Iago*, and note the rounded and life-like complexity of Shakspeare's traitor. Or compare Hugo's characters to Molière's, and see how thin their substance seems, how petty their natures, in spite of their attempts to stand on tiptoe; they have not the muscle and the marrow, they have not the light and the air, of Molière's poetically conceived creatures.

But, melodramatic as situations and characters are, the best of Hugo's plays are still poetic—in appearance, at least. And this is because Victor Hugo is a great poet—although not a great dramatic poet. It is because his plays, although melodramas in structure, are the work of an artist in words. The melodramatist, when he has once constructed the play, calls on the poet to paint it—for in Hugo are two men, a melodramatist doubled by a lyric poet. The joints of the plot are hidden and the hollowness of the characters is cloaked by the ample folds of a poetic diction of unrivaled richness. And it is the splendor of this lyric

speech which blinds us at first to the lack of inner and vital poetry in the structure it decks so royally. Although, therefore, his plays are immensely effective in performance, and his characters wear at times the externals of poetic conception, Victor Hugo is not that rare thing, a great dramatic poet—a thing so rare, indeed, that the world as yet has seen but a scant half-score.

There is no need to say that Victor Hugo's glory does not depend on his dramas, nor, indeed, upon his work in any single department of literature. His genius has, turn by turn, tried almost every kind of writing, and on whatsoever it tried it has left its mark. He is a master-singer of lyrics and a master-maker of satires. The song is as pure as the spring at the hill-side, and the satire is as scorching as the steel when it flows from the crucible. He is mighty in romance, and moving in history; giving us in "*Notre-Dame de Paris*" historical romance, and in the "*Story of a Crime*" romantic history. Even in criticism and philosophy he has done his stint of labor. But his best work is not merely literary. Literature is too small to hold him, and the finest of him is outside of it. The best part of him has got out of literature into life. What he has done in politics and philanthropy is on record; and he who runs may read, if he will. The politics may at times have been a little erratic, and the philanthropy may have seemed sentimental and opinionated; but these defects are but dust in the balance when weighed against the nobler qualities of the man. In times of doubt and compromise, it is worth much to see one who holds fast to what he believes, and who stands forth for it in lofty and resolute fashion. During the darkest and dirtiest days of the Second Empire, a beacon-light of liberty and hope and faith flashed to France from a rocky isle off the coast, where dwelt one exile from the city he loved, one man at least who refused to bow the head or bend the knee before the man of December. Beyond and above Hugo's great genius is his great heart. He is the poet of the proletarian and of the people; he is the poet of the poor and the weak and the suffering; he is the poet of the overworked woman and of the little child; he is the friend of the downtrodden and the outcast, and his is the truly Christian charity which droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven.

THE SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.

(NEW YORK.)



PORTIÈRE DESIGNED BY SAMUEL COLMAN.

THE recent exhibition held by the Society of Decorative Art at the American Art Gallery, while it showed no little variety and excellence in embroidery, could not be called successful in point of the designs it called forth. It chiefly consisted of compet-

itive designs for prizes of different descriptions offered by the Society; and, though several of these were excellent, and a few of them—such as Miss Townsend's charming opaline *portière* and Mr. Maynard's allegorical panels, representing the four seasons,



for a screen—were really beautiful, nevertheless the majority, and the majority clearly preponderating, bore witness to the rather meager sense of decorativeness which we suppose Americans, as a people, must for a while yet own to. The designs submitted came from all over the country, and one could hardly help drawing the same inferences from them, as to the national faculty for the lighter qualities of fine-art, that the exhibition in the same rooms, some months before, of the Prang Christmas-card competitive designs induced. Though certainly in a smaller degree, there was evident the same lack of spontaneity of conception, and a similar lack of freedom in execution. In many of the designs, the limitations of machine-work were traceable, betraying the fact that the eye had been thoroughly familiarized with machine-work only; in many others, a rather unnatural variety, evidently due to the easily obtained notion that vari-

ety is the sign manual of hand-work, betrayed an affectation perfectly innocent, to be sure, but on the whole as uninteresting as machine monotony. But the real point to be observed is that a few years ago any exhibition at all of this kind would have been an impossibility. When any one who knows what it is possible to do, or, at all events,—which is much the same thing, we suppose,—what has already been done in art, reminds us, with the tone of a pessimist, of the actual æsthetic condition of America outside the circles of influence of the studios of two or three cities, it is considerations of this sort that are encouraging. It is not that a few of our painters—and we may now add sculptors, and perhaps architects—compare favorably with the analogous few of England or Holland or the Latin countries, which gives us the most satisfactory ground for gratulation; but the general and truly popular æsthetic progress that has

been made here within a very few years—a progress which is, relatively speaking, surprising, and which really affords some reason for assuring ourselves that there is something particularly sympathetic and apprehensive in the American infusion in Anglo-Saxon character, that discloses itself as soon as it becomes convinced of the seriousness and dignity of any department of human effort. It would be an extravagant thing to say that we now have many painters superior to Stuart and Allston, for example, taking them all around, and laying stress upon the most dignified and severe of the intellectual qualities; but it is certain—and this, as we say, is the significant circumstance—that Allston and Stuart themselves enjoy among their countrymen to-day an intelligent and critical vogue which neither in their own time nor even a decade ago was theirs. So with the lighter departments of art, to the development of American excellence in which the Society of Decorative Art has set itself. The Society's accomplishment is to be measured by comparative, rather than absolute, standards; and to judge the original work exhibited at their recent display with the same eyes which one would bring to the inspection of the admirable loan collection of Italian and other embroideries exhibited with it, would be obviously irrational. Indeed, we are inclined especially to remind visitors to that exhibition of the least captivating portion of it, viz., the three sides



A GLIMPSE OF THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS.

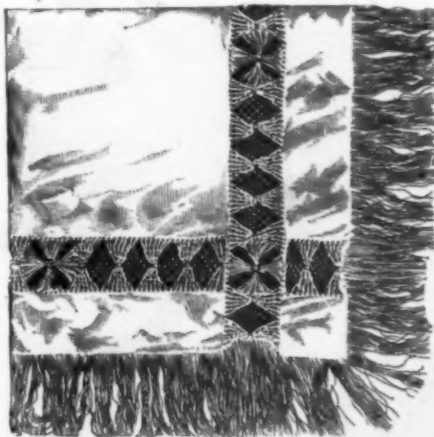


END BUFFET COVER. DRAWN WORK.

of the gallery upon which were exposed the contributions of amateurs who had only indirectly, in many instances, come within the Society's influence. The south wall was hung, in the main, with work done under the immediate supervision of, and designed especially for, the Society itself, and it made an excellent showing. A large *portière*, designed by Mr. Samuel Colman and executed by the Society's corps of workers, with its beautiful arabesques embroidered upon a ground of yellow chosen with the nicest taste—and any one who knows the widely different qualities of yellow, without, at the same time, having an acquaintance with what has been done in oriental work, will appreciate success in using this color as a basis, so easy is it to be disagreeable with it—was of itself enough to stamp the work of the Society as excellent work. It was natural that it alone should have overbalanced any contribution by a mere amateur. Mr. Colman is something more than an amateur, and work for which he provides the design and of which he overlooks the execution is sure to rival the very best work of the sort made. And, in a smaller degree, the same may be said of the other direct contributions of the Society. But the competitive designs sent were satisfactory evidence that the notion of attempting something in decorative art has penetrated many inhospitable regions of the country, and the manifest effort of many persons, without

special aptitude and after little study, has been rewarded with a reasonable measure of success.

The growth of this department of household art may probably be considered to date from that really—to us—epoch-making event, the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The showing America then made in art of any kind was not too flattering to Americans, and in decorative art especially there was a noticeable inferiority which struck forcibly a few ladies of cultivation and public spirit. Hence the Society of Decorative Art. At first, a single room in Madison Avenue was found sufficient to meet the demands of the new scheme, and at all events answered for the modest beginnings of a rivalry of South Kensington. Soon, however, such narrow quarters proved inadequate. The "popular response" to the initiative thus taken was prompt and really significant of the need and opportunity for such an institution. From all over the country inquiries began to be received, asking for information and work. There is certainly little that is surprising in this. Everybody remembers, though it has already become a distinct effort of memory to recall it, the general condition of our household art less than a decade ago. In many houses there was unquestionably a great deal of feminine taste and tact displayed; this had been the case since the good old colony days and afterward, when women took pride in the varied product of the spinning-wheel, in samplers and quilts and tidies, and so on. There is hardly a "home-



TEA-CLOTH. SPANISH DRAWN WORK.



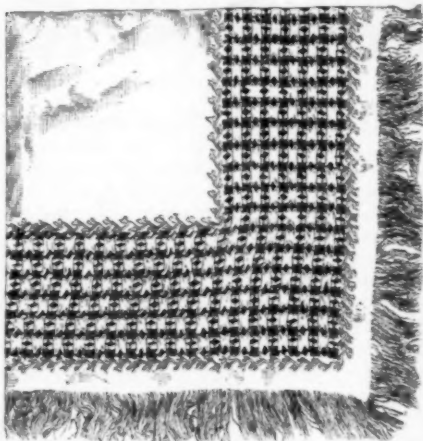
END OF BUFFET COVER. JAPANESE AND DRAWN WORK.

stead" in New England in one of whose "chambers" or "best rooms" there is not a framed worsted representation of "Samuel Anointing Saul," or some similar object of feminine accomplishment, the relic of two or three generations back. But, aside from the primitive crudity of all this, which of course requires no mention, the object and pursuit of it related distinctly to what are called "accomplishments," and the idea of beautifying one's home by such work went to no greater lengths than could be comprised, also, in taking care of the India china and polishing the brass "skillets" and other utensils of housekeeping. To speak heroically, the household art ideal of that day was the notion of neatness allied with industry. When, a generation



END OF BUFFET COVER. IMITATION OLD EMBROIDERY.

or two—varying according to place—later, the notion of beauty, of having pretty things, instead of having things ship-shape, succeeded, the notion of making anything at all lapsed, and household decorations were purchased almost altogether. This has lasted until within a very few years, and though it has not been universal, we are not here concerned with exceptions, but with the general view and practice. When, then, people in general began to hear about "the South Kensington stitch," and to see the Walter Crane books, and to learn of the existence of Japan, they naturally—being Americans—became interested in a novelty so interesting. The English college of propaganda upon such subjects had been for some time putting forth its literature; the pre-Raphaelite movement and its echo here



TEA-TABLE COVER. DRAWN WORK.

had done something to prepare the way for a new evangel, and so, before the Society of Decorative Art had been a year in existence, or by the time, in other words, its existence had become generally known, it found more work awaiting it than it could well do.

As to what that work is, many people have, possibly, a rather vague idea. At all events, one of the main objects of the Society is less widely known than it deserves to be. And, considering its practical importance, one is inclined to esteem what may be designated as the benevolent and charitable work the Society has done, its chief title to honor and support. There is one detail of this upon which it is doubtless possible to



EMBROIDERY ROOM.

be sentimental and which is naturally liable to exaggeration, but any one whose experience in life is at all wide must have met many members of the class of women describable as genteel dependents. If we had here a familiar literature like the second-rate novels produced in such quantities in England, it would doubtless show, as those works do, that, owing to certain peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon society, we have a large class of "distressed gentlewomen," whose limits it would be difficult, of course, to fix, but within the limits of which is a good deal of real distress. The many women absolutely dependent upon the charity, willing or grudging, of relatives and friends, and the many others who have just enough to "keep them," and yet experience something more serious than discomfort for the want of "pin money," have found the Decorative Art Society a very benevolent institution. It gives them, by letter or directly, instruction which enables them, if they have any faculty for the work, not perhaps to support themselves, but to supply just the amount necessary to bridge the gulf between dependence and independence; and it sells their work for them after it is done. The number of letters expressing a grateful recognition of these services that has been received by the Society since its foundation is very large; and, properly edited, a selection from them would, we venture to suggest, make an instructive pamphlet. Additional phases

of the Society's work are to restore ornamental needle-work to the high place it formerly held among the decorative arts, and the instruction of professional needlewomen who might otherwise be obliged to enlist in the large army of "shop-girls," which, without implying any criticism of its members as a class, may be said to be, in the large cities at least, a peculiarly unfortunate body of working-women, owing to their long hours of work, their small pay, the hopelessness of bettering their condition, and other and different considerations. To



TIDY. IMITATION CRETONNE EMBROIDERY.

the women from whom this class is recruited, the Society offers both free instruction and employment. Employment, of course, can only be given to a comparatively small number, though this number is constantly increasing with the growth of the Society's work. This is becoming larger and more important all the time. Commissions from

entire decoration of rooms. To this end it has the aid of a Committee of Design, and, as consulting experts, some of the best American artists. To execute such large plans, trained workwomen are in increasing demand at the Society's rooms; they are as well paid as is possible in an institution which combines business enough to



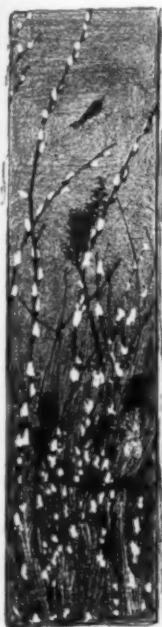
HENNETT AND VOLKMAR WARE.

architects and professional decorators for the execution of their designs for the various decorative objects that needle-work in its different departments furnishes, have been frequent and have shown an encouraging progression. The Society holds itself in readiness to show designs and furnish estimates for portières, curtains, table-covers, and smaller articles, and to fill orders for the

support it with its benevolence; and they are exceptionally well treated.

The instruction is, however, the main thing. This they could get nowhere else, and it is invaluable to them. There are regulations which make it possible for a pupil who displays special aptitude—and embroidery is an art in virtue of requiring a special aptitude—to take an extra course of

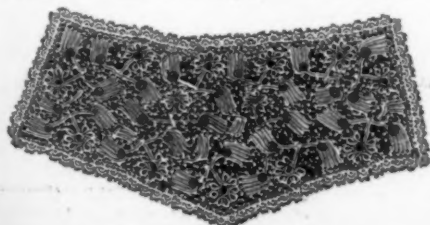




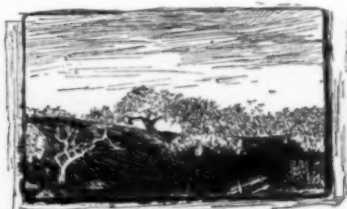
DEWEY

FUSSY WILLOWS.

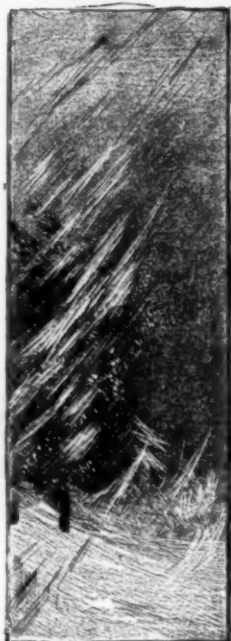
lessons and receive extra practice. Finally, being fully equipped, she is at the least a skilled artisan, whose work is always in demand. Often she becomes herself a teacher, and there are now in different parts of the country a large number of instructors in embroidery each of whom gained her own knowledge under Mrs. Pode at the Society's rooms; and in this way, it is clear, the Society's circle of influence is capable of indefinite



CUFF OF IRISH CROCHET LACE.

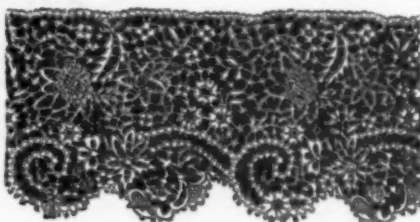


ORCHARD.



DRIFTING SNOW.

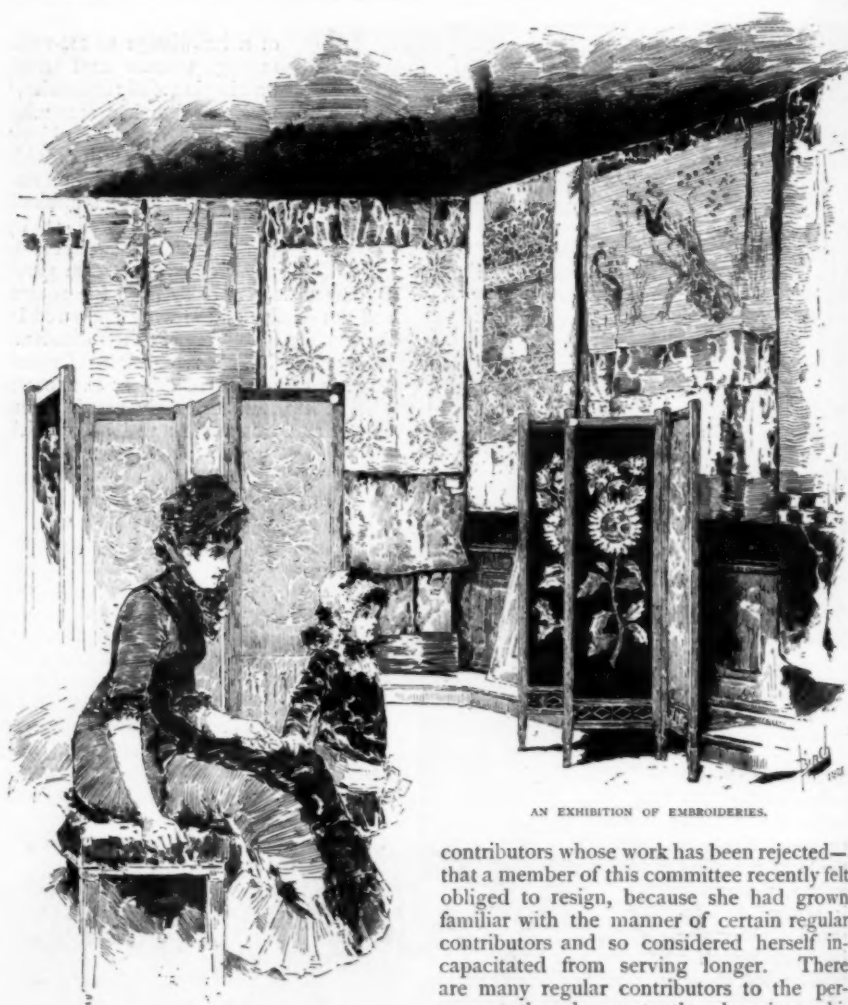
EMBROIDERIES BY MRS. OLIVER  
WENDELL HOLMES, JR.



CROCHET IRISH LACE.

widening, and "the diffusion of a knowledge of art-work among women and their training in artistic industries," which its circulars announce as one of its chief objects (the other being "to provide a place for the exhibition and sale of art-work"), is attained by indirect as well as by direct means. Probably in many cases the stream grows shallow as it gets away from the source, and the quality of the work approved by the Society deteriorates, to the disadvantage of the latter's reputation. Indeed, there is complaint of this at the rooms, where there is some sensitiveness in regard to the matter, the aims and accomplishment of the institution having failed to protect it against the criticism of irresponsible and disappointed persons who should certainly be rather co-workers with it. This trenches on gossip, and is mentioned here mainly because it is believed to proceed from the strict impartiality with which, in the preservation of a high standard, much work has been adjudged lacking. Nothing, one would say, could be of more importance than carefulness in this respect. The Society is in virtue of its position an authority, and to tolerate slipshod performances of any kind must in the end prove fatal to its good influence. In accordance with the object just mentioned, the Society's rooms have from the first been a kind of exchange, bringing

artists and buyers together and rendering possible the disposition of work, made in various homes from Maine to California, which might not, and in all probability would not, otherwise find a purchaser. To make of this exchange a curiosity-shop, or rather let us say a commonplace shop, receiving and attempting the sale of all sorts of women's handiwork, good, bad, and indifferent, would manifestly be for the



AN EXHIBITION OF EMBROIDERIES.

Society to enter into the business of brokerage. Such a place is in itself desirable, no doubt, and such a place "The Women's Exchange," in Twentieth street, is. But, of course, the stricter the standard of selection the Society can impose upon the "wares" it takes charge of, the better for the encouragement of excellence in such work. Every contribution that is sent here is examined by a committee of admission, who decide upon its merits without knowing the name of the author. To witness the impartiality of their decisions, it is related at the rooms—and the fact may be interesting to the hundreds of

contributors whose work has been rejected—that a member of this committee recently felt obliged to resign, because she had grown familiar with the manner of certain regular contributors and so considered herself incapacitated from serving longer. There are many regular contributors to the permanent though constantly changing exhibition at the rooms, and, indeed, the number of these is excellent evidence of the practical success of the institution in furnishing an occupation for women, or rather in rendering their turn for decorative art profitable.

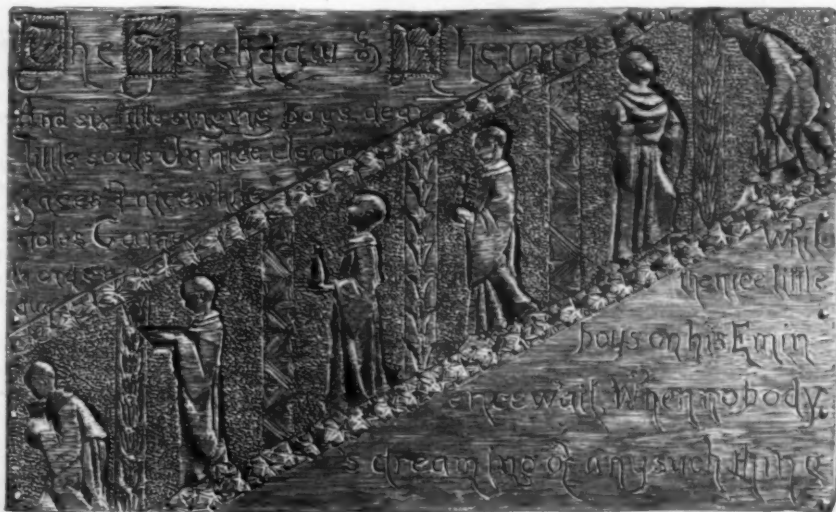
Needle-work, though the chief, and of a great variety, is of course by no means the only branch of decorative work taught and executed by the Society. Next in importance comes china-painting, in which, as in embroidery, there are both pay classes and free. Hitherto modeling and wood-carving have not proved practicable, though there was a persistent attempt made, some

time ago, to introduce the former, a competent teacher being engaged and every inducement offered to pupils to try to do something in a material which has undoubted decorative possibilities. The attempt failed, however, by reason of lack of interest, and though this is certainly to be regretted on many accounts, it is still to be said that any respectable degree of excellence in even the lighter kinds of sculpture demands a longer apprenticeship than the result would in most cases justify. Of wood-carving the same cannot be said, and the Society has more hope of getting something done in it. A great deal is done with it in Cincinnati, as is well known, and of what it is possible to do if one have a real feeling for what is artistic, the box by the Misses Eggleston, portions of which are here engraved, of itself furnishes a sufficient demonstration. It is an exceedingly pretty affair, and as well worth recognition as a work of art as expression in any material would be. The young lady who did the most important part of this work is a pupil of Mr. Wyatt Eaton, and, in the quiet sentiment here shown, apparently an apt one. The engraving is clever, but it could hardly be expected to exhibit fully the effect of the relief, which is extremely ingenious, the incisions be-



ONE END OF WOODEN BOX CARVED BY ALLEGRA AND  
BLANCHE EGGLESTON.

ing made to count with great nicety and preventing the whole from losing its appearance of a modulated plane surface, so to speak, in distracting inequalities of elevation. The design is also charming, and but for the lettering might be Renaissance work. Not that the lettering is awkward; on the contrary it is extremely graceful, and it has the main merit of an inscription, the essential prose basis of picturesque lettering—legibility, namely. But it is a little uncertain, and was probably a problem with the artists. Lacemaking is not taught, the examples herewith



TOP OF BOX CARVED BY ALLEGRA AND BLANCHE EGGLESTON.



MILKWEED. EMBROIDERY BY MRS. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

given being from Ireland, and simply consigned to the Society as a token of gratitude for American help during the Irish distress a year or two ago. When the library has been mentioned, which has heretofore been small but is now rapidly growing, and which is at the service of out-of-town correspondents upon payment of a small sum—indeed, a

nominal sum to other than the class chiefly benefited by the privilege—the scope of the Society's work has been fully enough indicated. It is worth adding, however, as illustrating this still more explicitly, that drawings and sketches in crayon, pen and ink, oil and water colors (unless applied as decorations to some useful article, and excepting original pictures of merit as works of art), wax flowers and fruit (heaven be praised!), feather flowers, leather work, and the dreary ruck of pin-cushions, needle-books, and so on, are not admitted to the salesrooms. They are, of course, not art, and should be excluded. Pottery, porcelain, and tiles, when painted in oil and varnished, come properly into the same category. The following is a list of what is received and sold: "Pottery, china, tiles, plaques, and embroideries; hangings or curtains for windows, book-cases, and cabinets; mantel and bracket lambrequins; decorated table and other house linen; panels for cabinet-work, painted upon wood, leather, etc.; paintings upon silk, for screens, panels, fans, etc.; decorated menus, dinner-cards, note-paper, and articles of a like description"—the Society being doubtless as anxious as any possible contributor to have the list expanded to the utmost, provided its character as a catalogue of decorative art is not sacrificed. The accompanying drawings disclose sufficiently the excellence attained by various persons in different branches of work of this kind. They are all made from articles exhibited, and in some instances manufactured, by the Society. And attention may be directed, in passing, to the fact that the salesrooms have at one time and another contained a great deal of the material which illustrates and enforces Mrs. Harrison's recent interesting volume on "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes."

Nothing these rooms have ever contained, however, has equaled in interest the embroidered landscapes of Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., displayed here last April. These are absolutely original, and have a very great artistic merit besides. The imitation of natural objects in embroidery is as old, of course, as the art of embroidery it-



self. A rather theatrical scene in which figured a bull, a man, and a precipice, may be remembered at the recent exhibition of the Society, and testifies to the extent to which this sort of thing can be carried by clever workmanship without reaching the point at which it becomes of any interest other than curiosity. Mrs. Holmes's landscapes have also the interest of curiosity; this is undoubtedly the first feeling they excite; and even after examination it is still a subject of marvel and admiration with the observer that she can contrive to express such effects so adequately with such material. Nothing could be further from her "handling," as one may say with propriety, than precision and system. Technically speaking, her method is probably incommunicable. It was not a little amusing to observe the scrutiny her works received from curious ladies desirous of discovering the secret of the stitch. Doubtless some of these, finding there was no method discoverable, and that as embroidery *per se* the landscapes had small pretensions, conceived for them the disesteem which technical expertness is wont to cherish for whatever falls short technically of its expectations. Mrs. Holmes's "stitches," it is true, have nothing recondite about them. They have in this respect none of the excellence which marks the better order of Japanese embroideries, in which needle-work exhibits subtle expedients in a measure that testifies to the maturity of a classic art. But this is not at all the artist's design. There is between her aim and treatment the same correspondence manifest between the conventionalized motives and the highly developed technic of the Japanese. The latter treat landscape in the way which we all know, and which is, perhaps, the most perfect example to be found of a treatment free and vivid, and at the same time conventional and logical. Mrs. Holmes, however, treats it as do our own landscape-painters—that is to say, the abler of them. She renders, as has been said, natural "effects." The circumstance that to this end she employs crewels and a needle, instead of a brush and pigments, does not in the least prevent one from perceiving that this is her point of view. One may take leave to hope that the popularity of her exhibition has called the attention of many of our amateur decorative artists to this, and that the lesson so forcibly presented there of centering



DAISY-FIELD. EMBROIDERY BY MRS. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

the interest of a decorative object in the art of it, instead of merely ornamenting an object otherwise undecorative, may be heeded. As soon as curiosity was satis-





FORMER ENTRANCE TO SOCIETY'S ROOMS, IN 19TH STREET.

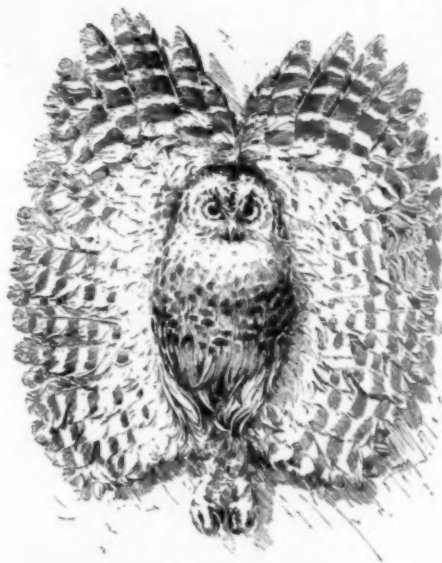
fied and these works judged simply as works of art, or, in other words, from their own point of view, no one could fail to find them delightful. Some of them were exceedingly beautiful—the orchard, for example, of which a faint reflection is given herewith, but which every one who saw it will remember. It witnessed in the fullest measure the fact that Mrs. Holmes is one of the most sensitive colorists among American artists. The pearl tones of the sky and the deep green of the sloping sward are divided, or rather bound together, by a mass of pinkish apple-blossoms, and the whole effect is exceedingly lovely. Opaline tints, which, as every one knows, are absolutely flat and meaningless when brutally managed, Mrs. Holmes seems especially successful with. But in power as well as in delicacy, her works are noteworthy. A very marked dramatic sense is shown in the upright “*Drifting Snow*.” And between these two instances there was a great variety of admirable work, which it is needless here to specify. Her delight in color is, perhaps, the most obvious of Mrs. Holmes’s qualities, but her composition is in nearly every case extremely agreeable, avoiding the commonplace without attracting attention to itself, and always being very happy in concealing from the observer the origin of the picture—whether, that is to say, it is as nearly as possible a transcript,

or is purely imaginative. Imaginative work, in the real sense of the epithet, hers is surely to be called, and her imaginativeness is clearly of a very poetic order. The sentiment of her landscapes is the first and last quality of them, considered as landscapes, that impresses one. All this being so, why does she not paint? is a question which has been asked, not a thousand miles away from the Decorative Art Rooms. And to people who are fond of pigeon-holing human effort in recognized categories, this question seems a perfectly natural one. Painting in oil is one thing, water-color painting is another, and surely embroidery is still another, they say, with complete justice. It is true that if Mrs. Holmes differs only from a painter of poetic sentiment and refined sense of color in the material she uses, one might say it mattered little what her medium was, but the logic by which other things stand and fall holds sway over fine-art, too, to some degree, and it would have to be acknowledged that there was something whimsical in her choice of crewels as a means of pictorial expression. But how can any one—save, of course, the experts in “stitches”—fail to recognize the very palpable charm of Mrs. Holmes’s handiwork as handiwork? It is individual and unique. Some analogy it undoubtedly bears to water-color painting, the satin background being, like the white

paper in this art, taken as a key of tone, as well as used pictorially in general. Analogy to painting in oil it has not. The "quality" of the work, its particular mode of impressionist representation, its very substance, give it a place by itself, and should stamp it as "legitimate" in the esteem of those who are careful about many things. One point of it is worth mentioning to many of our own landscape-painters, namely, its complete success in attaining illusion by gradations and oppositions of color without any light and shade; but doubtless such as need to heed such a lesson regard the work as mere amateur trifling from beginning to end.

However, this is in some sort a digression, though an excusable one. Besides the special exhibitions spoken of, the two important loan collections in aid of the Society, displayed at the National Academy of Design in 1878 and 1879, will be fresh in every one's mind, and particularly in that of readers of this magazine. With the funds thus obtained, augmented largely by gifts from private sources and subscriptions, the Society was enabled to provide new quarters for itself as soon as it outgrew its old ones. Its first removal was from its modest single apartment in Madison Avenue to No. 4 East Twentieth street (the rooms now occu-

pied by the New York Exchange for Women's Work), and its second to the house No. 34 East Nineteenth street, of which, as the place hitherto mainly associated with the institution, a view is herewith given. Last spring the larger house, No. 28 East Twenty-first street, was rented, and is now thoroughly equipped and decorated in admirable taste. On the ground floor at the rear are the salesrooms for materials (which the Society imports and selects for its patrons and *protégées*), and the room of the Committee on Admission; in front, on the right as you enter, is the committee room of the Board of Managers. On the second or main floor, the salesrooms proper run through from front to rear, the front hall room being the superintendent's office, and the rear one the library. The two front rooms on the third floor are devoted to china-painting and drawing, and those in the rear to stamping and the free classes in embroidery. The entire fourth floor is given over to embroidery. Every one who is familiar enough with the work of the Society to appreciate it must hope that ere long another house of the same size will be required for the adequate discharge of the beneficent engagements so generously undertaken, and hitherto so successfully carried out.



OWL MOUNTED AS SCREEN.

THE CONIFEROUS FORESTS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA. I.



VIEW IN THE SIERRA FOREST.

THE coniferous forests of the Sierra Nevada are the noblest and most beautiful on earth. So short a time, however, has elapsed since they were first discovered, and so few comprehensive explorations have been made, that they are as yet but little known. Thousands of appreciative travelers have beheld them in the distance, stretching darkly along the range, the snow-clad summits towering imposingly above them, the great central plain of California outspread beneath; and many have passed through the lower and middle zones on their way to Yosemite Valley, obtaining fine glimpses of the yellow and sugar pines and silver-firs along the edges of roads and trails; but few, indeed, have gone far enough, and remained long enough, to gain anything like a fair conception of the real grandeur

and significance of these glorious forests, as manifested in the harmonies of their distribution and varying aspects throughout the seasons, as they stand arrayed in their winter garb rejoicing in storms, putting forth their fresh leaves in the spring while steaming with resinous fragrance, or reposing heavy-laden with ripe cones in the rich sun-gold of autumn. For knowledge of this kind one must dwell with the trees and grow with them, without any reference to time in the mechanical sense.

The distribution of the general forest in zones is readily perceived. These extend, in regular order, from one extremity of the range to the other, a distance of nearly four hundred miles; and however dense and somber they may appear in general views, neither on the rocky heights nor down in

the leafiest hollows will you find anything to remind you of the dank, malarial selvas of the Amazon and Orinoco, with their boundless contiguity of shade, nor of the monotonous uniformity of the Deodar forests of the Himalaya. The giant pines, and firs, and sequoias hold their arms wide open to the sunlight, rising above one another on the mountain benches, marshaled in most imposing array, each species keeping its own appointed place, and giving forth the utmost expression of tree grandeur and beauty with inexhaustible variety and harmony.

The inviting openness of the Sierra woods is one of their most distinguishing characteristics. All the species stand more or less apart in groves or small, irregular groups, enabling one to find a way nearly everywhere, along sunny colonnades and through openings that have a smooth, park-like surface, strewn with brown needles and burs. Now you cross a wild garden, now a meadow, now a ferny, willowy stream; and ever and anon you emerge from all the groves and flowers upon some granite pavement or high, bare ridge, commanding glorious views above the waving sea of evergreens far and near.

One would experience but little difficulty in riding on horseback through the successive belts, all the way up to the storm-beaten fringes of the alps. The deep, precipitous cañons, however, that come down from the axis of the range, at intervals of eight or ten miles, cut the belts more or less completely into sections, and prevent the mounted traveler from tracing them lengthwise.

This simple arrangement in zones and sections brings the forest, as a whole, within the comprehension of every observer. The different species are ever found occupying the same relative positions to one another, as controlled by their various capabilities, soil, climate, etc.; and so appreciable are these relations, one need never be at a loss in determining, within a few hundred feet, the elevation above sea-level by the trees alone; for, notwithstanding some of the species range upward for several thousand feet, and all pass one another more or less, yet even those possessing the greatest vertical range are available in this connection, inasmuch as they take on new forms corresponding with the variations in altitude.

Crossing the level treeless plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin from the west, on reaching the Sierra foot-hills, you enter

the lower fringe of the forest, composed of small oaks and pines, planted so far apart that not one-twentieth of the surface of the ground is in shade at clear noon-day. After advancing fifteen or twenty miles, and making an ascent of from two to three thousand feet, you reach the lower margin of the main pine-belt, composed of the gigantic sugar-pine, yellow-pine, Douglas spruce, incense-cedar, and sequoia. Next you come to the magnificent silver-fir belt, and lastly to the upper pine belt, which sweeps up the rocky acclivities of the alps in a dwarfed, wavering fringe to a height of from ten to twelve thousand feet.

It appears, therefore, that the trees forming the upper and lower margins of the general forest are somewhat alike, dwarfed and scattered by snow and frost, drought and sun-fire, while colossal proportions are attained only in the middle regions, where both soil and climate are most favorable.

This general order of distribution, with reference to climate dependent on elevation, is perceived at once, but there are other harmonies, as far-reaching in this connection, that become manifest only after patient observation and study. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the arrangement of the forests in long, curving bands, braided together into lace-like patterns, and outspread in charming variety from one end of the range to the other. The key to this singularly beautiful harmony is the ancient glaciers; where they flowed the trees followed, tracing their wavering courses along cañons, over ridges, over high rolling plateaus. The cedars of Lebanon, says Hooker, are growing upon one of the moraines of an ancient glacier. All the forests of the Sierra are growing upon moraines. But moraines vanish like the glaciers that make them. Every storm that falls upon them wastes them, cutting gaps, disintegrating boulders, and carrying away their decaying material into new formations, until at length they are no longer recognizable by any save students, who trace their transitional forms down from the fresh moraines still in process of formation, through those that are more and more ancient, and more and more obscured by vegetation and all kinds of post-glacial weathering.

These studies invariably show that the soils on which the forests are growing were not produced by the slow erosion of the atmosphere, but by the direct mechanical action of glaciers, which crushed and ground them from the solid flank of the range, and,



EDGE OF THE TIMBER-LINE ON MOUNT SHASTA.

in their slow recession at the close of the ice-period, left them outspread in beds available for tree-growth. For, notwithstanding the many august implements employed by Nature as modifiers and reformers of soils, the glacier thus far has been the only great producer. But however great the quantity thus produced, had the ice-sheet that once covered all the range been melted simulta-

neously from the foot-hills to the summits, the flanks would have been left almost bare of moraine-matter, and these noble forests would as yet have had no existence. Numerous groves and thickets would undoubtedly have grown up on lake and avalanche beds, and many a fair flower and shrub would have found food and a dwelling place in weathered nooks and crevices, yet the range as a whole would seem a bare rock desert. The tattered alpine fringe of the present forest, composed of *Pinus albicaulis* and *P. aristata*, in many places extends above the upper limit of moraines upon lean, crumbling ledges; but, when they have the opportunity, these little trees show themselves keenly alive to the difference between rich mealy moraine-food and their ordinary meager fare.

The yellow pine is also a hardy tree, capable of living on sunshine and snow, but it assembles in forests, and attains noble dimensions only upon nutritious moraines or other soil-beds derived from them; while the sugar-pine and the two silver-firs, which form so important a part of the main forest belt, can hardly maintain life in any form upon bare ledges, no matter what the climate may be.



VIEW IN THE MAIN PINE-BELT OF THE SIERRA FOREST.





INDIANS GATHERING NUTS OF THE DIGGER-PINE.

It appears, therefore, that the Sierra forests in general indicate the extent and positions of the ancient moraines quite as clearly as they do lines of climate. For forests, properly speaking, cannot exist without soil; and, since the moraines have been deposited upon the solid rock, and only upon elected places, leaving a considerable portion of the old glacial surface bare, we find luxuriant forests of pine and fir abruptly terminated by scored and polished pavements on which not even a moss is growing, though soil alone is required to fit them for the growth of trees two hundred feet in height.

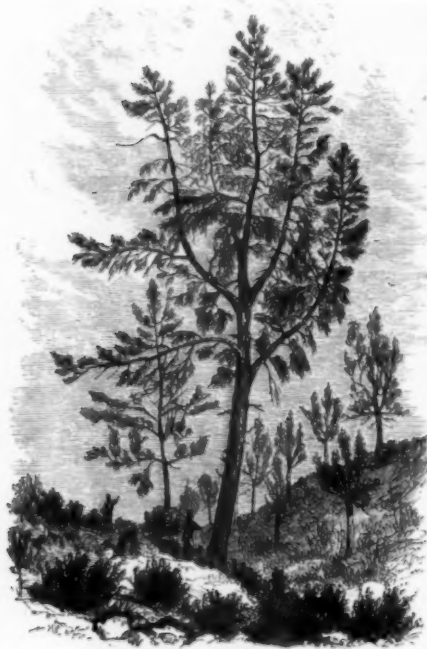
Having thus outlined the forest as a whole, I will now endeavor to sketch the species of which it is composed, excepting the sequoia, which will be presented in a separate chapter.

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## NUT-PINE. DIGGER-PINE.

(*Pinus Sabiniana.*)

THE first coniferous tree met by the traveler in ascending the range from the west is the nut-pine, remarkable for its loose, airy, tropical appearance, suggesting a region of palms rather than cool, resinous pine-woods. No one would take it at first sight to be a pine or conifer of any kind, it is so loose in habit, and widely branched, and its foliage is so thin and gray. Full-grown specimens are from forty to fifty feet in height, and from two to three in diameter. At a height of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, the trunk usually divides into three or four main branches, about equal in size, which, after bearing away

NUT-PINE (*PINUS SABINIANA*).

from one another, shoot straight up and form separate summits; while the crooked subordinate branches aspire, or radiate, or droop in loose ornamental sprays. The slender, grayish-green needles are from eight to twelve inches long, loosely tasseled, and inclined to droop in handsome

curves, contrasting with the stiff, dark-colored trunk and branches in a very striking manner. No other tree of my acquaintance, so substantial in body, is in its foliage so thin and so pervious to the light. The sunbeams sift through even the leafiest trees with scarce any interruption, and the weary, heated traveler finds but little protection in their shade.

It grows only on the torrid foot-hills, seeming to delight in the most ardent sun-heat, like a palm; springing up here and there singly, or in scattered groups of five or six, among scrubby white-oaks and thickets of ceanothus and manzanita; its extreme upper limit being about four thousand feet above the sea, its lower about from five hundred to eight hundred feet.

The generous crop of sweet, nutritious nuts which it yields, makes it a great favorite with Indians and with bears. The cones are truly magnificent, measuring from five to eight inches in length, and not much less in thickness, rich chocolate-brown in color, and protected by strong, down-curving hooks which terminate the scales. Nevertheless, the little Douglas squirrel can open them.

Indians gathering the ripe nuts make a striking picture. The men climb the trees like bears and beat off the cones with sticks, or recklessly cut off the more fruitful branches with hatchets, while the squaws gather them in heaps, and roast them until the scales open sufficiently to allow the hard-shelled seeds to be beaten out. Then, in the cool evenings, men, women, and children, with their capacity for dirt greatly



LOWER MARGIN OF THE MAIN PINE-BELT, SHOWING OPEN CHARACTER OF WOODS.

increased by the soft resin with which they are all bedraggled, form circles around their camp-fires on the bank of some stream and lie in easy independence, cracking nuts, and laughing and chatting, as heedless of the future as bears and squirrels.

twelve or fourteen inches in diameter. The cones are about four inches long, exceedingly hard, and covered with a sort of silicious varnish and gum, rendering them impervious to moisture, evidently with a view to the careful preservation of the seeds.

No other conifer in the range is so closely restricted to special localities. It is usually found apart, standing deep in chaparral on sunny hill and cañon sides where there is but little depth of soil, and, where found at all, it is quite plentiful; but the ordinary traveler, following carriage-

roads and trails, may ascend the range many times without meeting it.

While exploring the lower portion of the Merced Cañon I found a lonely miner, seeking his fortune in a quartz vein, on a wild mountain-side planted with this singular tree. He told me that he called it the hickory-pine, because of the whiteness and toughness of the wood. It is so little known, however, that it can hardly be said to have a common name. Most mountaineers refer to it as "that queer little pine-tree covered

all over with burs." In my studies of this species I find a very interesting and significant group of facts, whose relations will be seen almost as soon as stated.

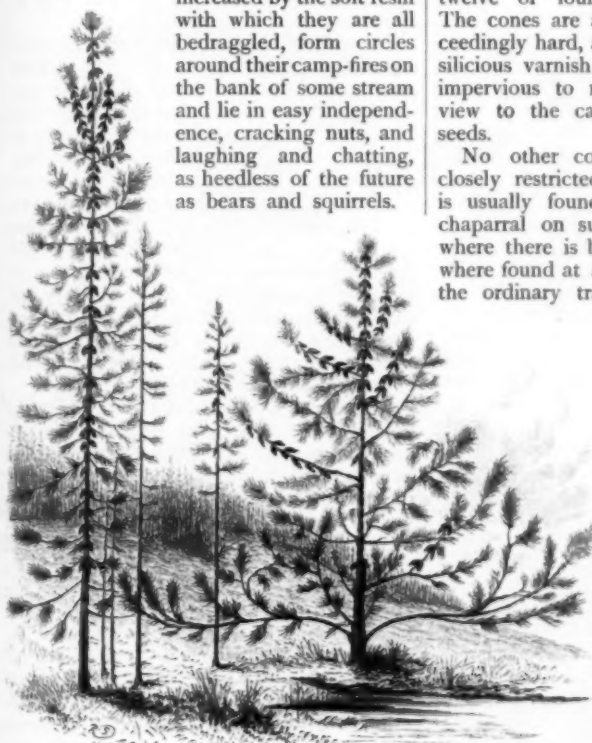
1st. All the trees in the groves I examined, however unequal in size, are of the same age.

2d. Those groves are all planted on dry hill-sides covered with chaparral, and therefore liable to be swept by fire.

3d. There are no seedlings or saplings in or about the living groves, but there is always a fine, hopeful crop springing up on the ground once occupied by any grove that has been destroyed by the burning of the chaparral.

4th. The cones, all of which are persistent through life, never discharge their seeds until the tree or branch to which they belong dies.

A full discussion of the bearing of these facts upon one another would perhaps be out of place here, but I would at least call



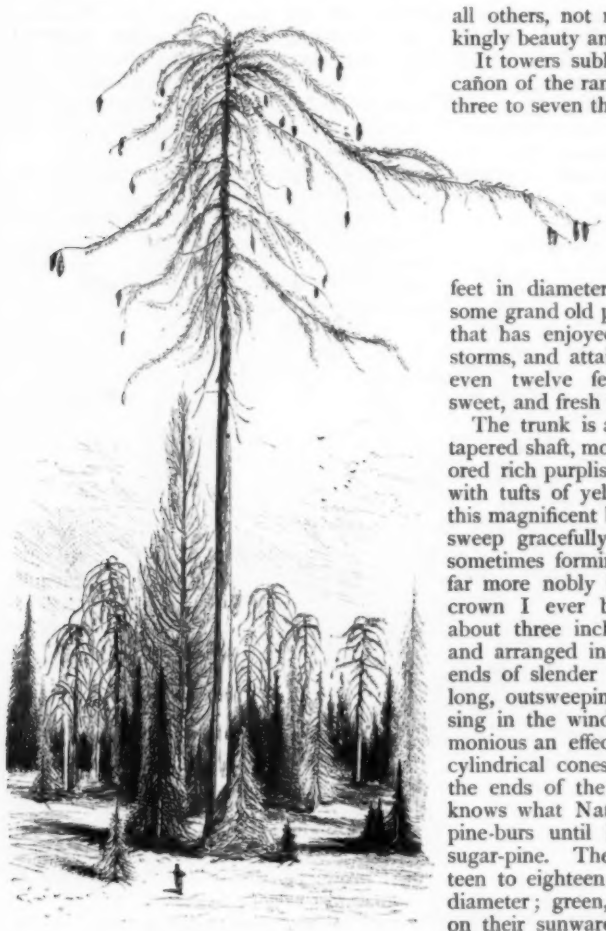
THE GROVE FORM.

THE ISOLATED FORM (PINUS TUBERCULATA).

### *Pinus tuberculata.*

This curious little pine is found at an elevation of from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet, growing in close, willowy groves. It is exceedingly slender and graceful in habit, although trees that chance to stand alone outside the groves sweep forth long, curved branches, producing a striking contrast to the ordinary grove form. The foliage is of the same peculiar gray-green color as that of the nut-pine, and is worn about as loosely, so that the body of the tree is scarce at all obscured by it.

At the age of seven or eight years it begins to bear cones, not on branches, but on the main axis, and, as they never fall off, the trunk is soon very picturesquely dotted with them. The branches also become fruitful after they attain sufficient size. The average size of the older trees is about thirty or forty feet in height, and



SUGAR-PINE 220 FEET HIGH.

attention to the admirable adaptation of the tree to the fire-swept regions where alone it is found. After a grove has been destroyed, the ground is at once sown lavishly with all the seeds ripened during its whole life, and which seem to have been carefully held in store with reference to such a calamity. Then a young grove immediately springs up out of the ashes—beauty for ashes.

## SUGAR-PINE.

( *Pinus Lambertiana*.)

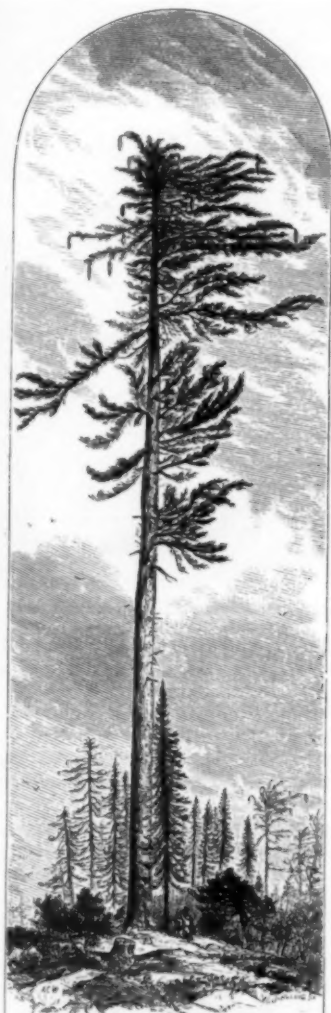
THIS is the noblest pine ever yet discovered in the forests of the world, surpassing

all others, not merely in size but also in kingly beauty and majesty.

It towers sublimely from every ridge and cañon of the range, at an elevation of from three to seven thousand feet above the sea, attaining most perfect development at a height of about five thousand feet.

Full-grown specimens are commonly about two hundred and twenty feet high, and from six to eight feet in diameter near the ground, though some grand old patriarch is occasionally met that has enjoyed five or six centuries of storms, and attained a thickness of ten or even twelve feet, living on—undecayed, sweet, and fresh in every fiber.

The trunk is a smooth, round, delicately tapered shaft, mostly without limbs, and colored rich purplish brown, usually enlivened with tufts of yellow lichen. At the top of this magnificent bole, long, curving branches sweep gracefully outward and downward, sometimes forming a palm-like crown, but far more nobly impressive than any palm crown I ever beheld. The needles are about three inches long, finely tempered, and arranged in rather close tassels at the ends of slender branchlets that clothe the long, outsweeping limbs. How well they sing in the wind, and how strikingly harmonious an effect is made by the immense cylindrical cones that depend loosely from the ends of the main branches! No one knows what Nature can do in the way of pine-burs until he has seen those of the sugar-pine. They are commonly from fifteen to eighteen inches long, and three in diameter; green, shaded with dark purple on their sunward sides. They are ripe in September and October. Then the flat scales open and the seeds take wing, but the empty cones become still more beautiful and effective, for their diameter is nearly doubled by the spreading of the scales, and their color changes to a warm yellowish-brown; while they remain swinging on the tree all the following winter and summer, and continue very effectively beautiful even on the ground many years after they fall. The wood is deliciously fragrant, and fine in grain and texture; it is of a rich cream-yellow, as if formed of condensed sunbeams. *Retinospora obtusa*, Siebold, the glory of Eastern forests, is called "Fu-si-no-ki" (tree of the sun) by the Japanese; the sugar-pine is the sun-tree of the Sierra. Unfortunately it is greatly prized by the lumbermen, and, in accessible places,



SUGAR-PINE ON EXPOSED RIDGE.

is always the first tree in the woods to feel their steel. But the regular lumbermen, with their saw-mills, have been less generally destructive thus far than the shingle-makers. The wood splits freely, and there is a constant demand for the shingles. And because an ax, and saw, and frow is all the capital required for the business, many of that drifting, unsteady class of men so large in California engage in it for a few months in the year. When prospectors, hunters, ranch hands, etc., touch their "bottom dollar" and find themselves out of

employment, they say, "Well, I can at least go to the sugar-pines and make shingles." A few posts are set in the ground, and a single length cut from the first tree felled, produces boards enough for the walls and roof of a cabin; all the rest he makes is for sale, and he is speedily independent. No gardener or hay-maker is more sweetly perfumed than these rough mountaineers while engaged in this business, but the havoc they make is most deplorable.

The sugar, from which the common name is derived, is to my taste the best of sweets—better than maple-sugar. It exudes from the heart-wood, where wounds have been made, either by forest fires or the ax, in the shape of irregular, crisp, candy-like kernels, which are crowded together in masses of considerable size, like clusters of resin-beads. When fresh, it is perfectly white and delicious, but, because most of the wounds on which it is found have been made by fire, the exuding sap is stained on the charred surface, and the hardened sugar becomes brown.

Indians are fond of it, but on account of its laxative properties only small quantities may be eaten. Bears, so fond of sweet things in general, seem never to taste it; at least I have failed to find any trace of their teeth in this connection.

No lover of trees will ever forget his first meeting with the sugar-pine. In most pine trees there is a sameness of expression, which, to most people, is apt to become monotonous; for the typical spiry form, however beautiful, affords but little scope for appreciable individual character. The sugar-pine is as free from conventionalities of form and motion as any oak. No two are alike, even to the most inattentive observer; and, notwithstanding they are ever tossing out their immense arms in what might seem most extravagant gestures, there is a majesty and repose about them that precludes all possibility of the grotesque, or even picturesque, in their general expression. The main branches are sometimes found to be forty feet in length, yet persistently simple, seldom dividing at all, excepting near the end; but anything like a bare cable appearance is prevented by the small, tasseled branchlets that extend all around them; and when these superb limbs sweep out symmetrically on all sides, a crown, sixty or seventy feet wide, is formed, which, gracefully poised on the summit of the noble shaft, and filled with sunshine, is one of the most glorious forest objects conceivable.



Commonly, however, there is a great preponderance of limbs toward the east, away from the direction of the prevailing winds.

No other pine seems to me so unfamiliar and self-contained. In approaching it, we feel as if in the presence of a superior being, and begin to walk with a light step, holding our breath. Then, perchance, while we gaze awe-stricken, along comes a merry squirrel, chattering and laughing, to break the spell, running up the trunk with no ceremony, and gnawing off the cones as if they were made only for him; while the carpenter-woodpecker hammers away at the bark, drilling holes in which to store his winter supply of acorns.

Although so wild and unconventional when full-grown, the sugar-pine is a remarkably proper tree in youth. The old is the most original and independent in appearance of all the Sierra evergreens; the young is the most regular,—a strict follower of coniferous fashions,—slim, erect, with leafy, supple branches kept exactly in place, each tapering in outline and terminating in a sharp, spiry point. The successive transitional forms presented between the cautious neatness of youth and bold freedom of maturity offer a delightful study. At the age of fifty or sixty years, the shy, fashionable form begins to be broken up. Specialized branches push out in the most unthought-of places, and bend with the great cones, at once marking individual character, which, being constantly augmented from year to



YOUNG SUGAR-PINE BEGINNING TO BEAR CONES.

year by the varying action of the sunlight, winds, snow-storms, etc., the tree is never again lost in the general forest.

The most constant companion of this species is the yellow-pine, and a worthy companion it is. The Douglas spruce, libocedrus, sequoia, and the white silver-fir



FOREST OF SEQUOIA, SUGAR-PINE, AND DOUGLAS SPRUCE.

are also more or less associated with it; but on many deep-soiled mountain-sides, at an elevation of about five thousand feet above the sea, it forms the bulk of the forest. The majestic crowns, approaching each other in bold curves, make a glorious canopy through which the tempered sunbeams pour, silvering the needles and gilding the massive boles and flowery, park-like ground into a scene of enchantment.

On the most sunny slopes the white-flowered fragrant chamoebatia is spread like a carpet, brightened during early summer with the crimson sarcodes, wild rose, and innumerable violets and gillias. Not even in the shadiest nooks will you find any rank, untidy weeds or unwholesome darkness. On the north sides of ridges the boles are more slender, and the ground is mostly occupied by an underbrush of hazel, ceanothus, and flowering dogwood, but never so densely as to prevent the traveler from sauntering where he will; while the crowning branches are never impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and never so interblended as to lose their individuality.

View the forest from beneath or from some commanding ridge-top; each tree presents a study in itself, and proclaims the surpassing grandeur of the species.

#### YELLOW-PINE. SILVER-PINE.

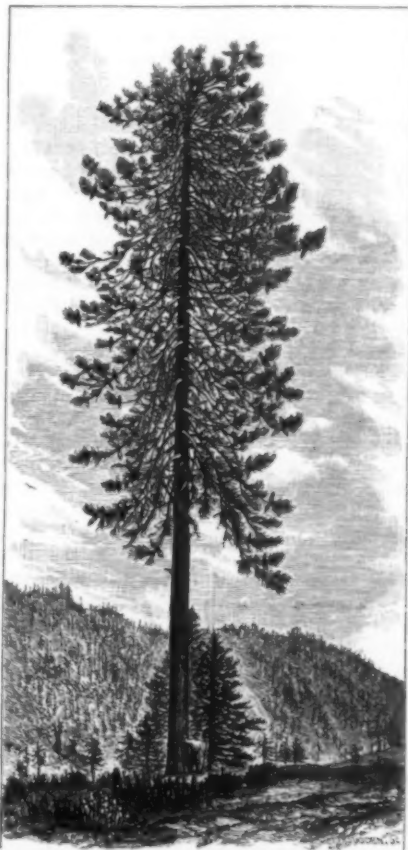
(*Pinus ponderosa*.)

THE silver or yellow pine, as it is commonly called, ranks second among the pines of the Sierra as a lumber tree, and almost rivals King Lambertiana in stature and nobleness of port. Because of its superior powers of enduring variations of climate and soil, it has a more extensive range than any other conifer growing on the Sierra. On the western slope it is first met at an elevation of about two thousand feet, and extends nearly to the upper limit of the timber line. Thence, crossing the range by the lowest passes, it descends to the eastern base, and pushes out for a considerable distance into the hot volcanic plains, growing bravely upon well-watered moraines, gravelly lake-basins, arctic ridges, and torrid lava-beds; planting itself upon the lips of craters, flourishing vigorously even there, and tossing ripe cones among the ashes and cinders.

The average size of full-grown trees on the western slope, where it is associated

with the sugar-pine, is a little less than two hundred feet in height and from five to six feet in diameter—though specimens may easily be found that are considerably larger. I measured one, growing at an elevation of four thousand feet in the valley of the Merced, that is a few inches over eight feet in diameter, and two hundred and twenty feet high.

Where there is plenty of free sunshine



PINUS PONDEROSA.

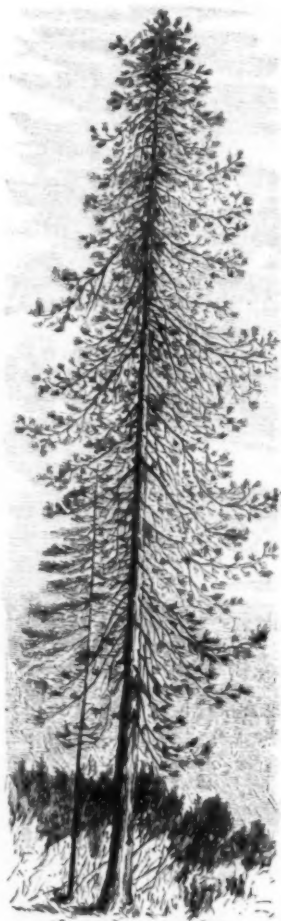
and other conditions are favorable, it presents a striking contrast in form to the sugar-pine, being a symmetrical spire, formed of a straight round trunk, clad with innumerable branches that are divided over and over again. About one-half of the trunk is commonly branchless, but where it grows at all close, three-fourths or more become naked; the tree presenting then a

more slender and elegant shaft than any other tree in the woods. The bark is mostly arranged in massive plates, some of them measuring four or five feet in length by eighteen inches in width, with a thickness of three or four inches, forming a quite marked and distinguishing feature. The needles are of a fine, warm, yellow-green color, six to eight inches long, firm and elastic, and crowded in handsome, radiant tassels on the upturning ends of the branches. The cones are about three or four inches long, and two and a half wide, growing in close, sessile clusters among the leaves.

The species attains its noblest form in filled-up lake-basins, especially in those of the older Yosemite, and so prominent a part does it form of their groves that it may well be called the Yosemite pine. Ripe specimens favorably situated are almost always two hundred feet or more in height, and the branches clothe the trunk nearly to the ground, as seen in the illustration.

The Jeffrey variety attains its finest development in the northern portion of the range, in the wide fountain basins of the McCloud and Pitt rivers, where it forms magnificent forests scarce at all invaded by any other tree. It differs from the ordinary form in size, being only about half as tall, and in its redder and more closely furrowed bark, grayish-green foliage, less divided branches, and larger cones; but intermediate forms come in which make a clear separation impossible, although some botanists regard it as a distinct species. It is this variety that climbs storm-swept ridges and wanders out among the volcanoes of the Great Basin. Whether exposed to extremes of heat or cold, it is dwarfed like every other tree, and becomes all knots and angles, wholly unlike the majestic forms we have been sketching. Old specimens, bearing cones about as big as pine-apples, may sometimes be found clinging to rifted rocks at an elevation of seven or eight thousand feet, whose highest branches scarce reach above one's shoulders.

I have oftentimes feasted on the beauty of these noble trees when they were towering in all their winter grandeur, laden with snow—one mass of bloom; in summer, too, when the brown, staminate clusters hang thick among the shimmering needles, and the big purple burs are ripening in the mellow light; but it is during cloudless wind-storms that these colossal pines are most impressively beautiful. Then they bow like wil-



SILVER PINE 210 FEET HIGH. (THE FORM GROWING IN YOSEMITE VALLEY.)

lows, their leaves streaming forward all in one direction, and, when the sun shines upon them at the required angle, entire groves glow as if every leaf were burnished silver. The fall of tropic light on the royal crown of a palm is a truly glorious spectacle. The fervid sun-flood breaks upon the glossy leaves in long lance rays, like mountain water among boulders. But to me there is something more impressive in the fall of light upon these silver-pines. It seems beaten to the finest dust, and is shed off in myriads of minute sparkles that seem to come from the very heart of the trees—as if, like rain falling upon fertile soil, it had

been absorbed, to re-appear in flowers of light.

This species also gives forth the finest music to the wind. After listening to it in all kinds of winds, night and day, season after season, I think I could approximate to my position on the mountains by this pine-music alone. If you would catch the tones of separate needles, climb a tree. They are well tempered, and give forth no uncertain sound, each standing out, with no interference excepting during heavy gales; then you may detect the click of one needle upon another, readily distinguishable from their free, wing-like hum. Some idea of their temper may be drawn from the fact that, notwithstanding they are so long, the vibrations that give rise to the peculiar shimmering of the light are made at the rate of about two hundred and fifty per minute.

When a sugar-pine and one of this species equal in size are observed together, the latter is seen to be far more simple in manners, more lithely graceful, and its beauty is of a kind more easily appreciated; but then, it is, on the other hand, much less dignified and original in demeanor. The silver-pine seems eager to shoot aloft. Even while it is drowsing in autumn sun-gold, you may still detect a skyward aspiration. But the sugar-pine seems too unconsciously noble, and too complete in every way, to leave room for even a heavenward care.

#### DOUGLAS SPRUCE.

(*Abies Douglasii*.)

This tree is the king of the spruces, as the sugar-pine is king of pines. It is by far the most majestic *abies* I ever beheld in any forest, one of the largest and longest-lived of the giants that flourish throughout the main pine zone, often attaining a height of nearly two hundred feet, and a diameter of six or seven. Where the growth is not too close, the strong, spreading branches come more than half-way down the trunk, and these are hung with innumerable slender, swaying sprays, that are handsomely feathered with the short leaves which radiate at right angles all around them. This vigorous spruce is ever beautiful, welcoming the mountain winds and the snow as well as the mellow summer light, and maintaining its youthful freshness undiminished from century to century through a thousand storms.

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OLD AND YOUNG SPECIMENS OF *Pinus ponderosa*.

It makes its finest appearance in the months of June and July. The rich brown buds, with which all its sprays are tipped, swell and break about this time, revealing the young leaves, which at first are bright yellow, making the tree appear as if covered with gay blossoms; while the pendulous bracted cones with their shell-like scales are a constant adornment.

The young trees are mostly gathered into beautiful family groups, each sapling exquisitely symmetrical. The primary branches



OLD INCENSE-CEDAR.

are whorled regularly around the axis, generally in fives, while each is draped with long, feathery sprays, that descend in curves as free and as finely drawn as those of falling water.

In Oregon and Washington Territory it grows in dense forests, growing tall and mast-like to a height, it is said, of three hundred feet, and is greatly prized as a lumber tree. But in the Sierra it is scattered sparsely among other trees, or forms small groves, seldom ascending higher than five thousand five hundred feet, and never making what would be called a forest. It is not particular in its choice of soil—wet or dry, smooth or rocky, it makes out to live well on them all. Two of the largest specimens I have measured are in Yosemite Valley, one of which surpasses eight feet in diameter, and is growing upon the terminal moraine of the residual glacier that occupied the South Fork Cañon; the other is nearly as large, growing upon angular blocks

of granite that have been shaken from the precipitous front of the Liberty Cap near the Nevada Fall. No other tree seems so capable of adapting itself to earthquake taluses, and many of these rough boulder-slopes are occupied by it almost exclusively, especially in Yosemite gorges moistened by the spray of water-falls.

## INCENSE-CEDAR.

(*Libocedrus decurrens*.)

THE incense-cedar is another of the giants quite generally distributed throughout this portion of the forest, without exclusively occupying any considerable area, or even



INCENSE-CEDAR IN ITS PRIME.



making extensive groves. It ascends to about five thousand feet on the warmer hill-sides, and reaches the climate most congenial to it at about from three thousand to four thousand feet, growing vigorously at this elevation on all kinds of soil, and in particular it is capable of enduring more moisture about its roots than any of its companions, excepting only the sequoia.

The largest specimens are about a hundred and fifty feet high, and seven feet in diameter. The bark is brown, of a singularly rich tone very attractive to artists, and the foliage is tinted with a warmer yellow than that of any other evergreen in the woods. Casting your eye over the general forest from some ridge-top, the color alone of its spiry summits is sufficient to identify it in any company.

In youth, say up to the age of seventy or eighty years, no other tree forms so strictly tapered a cone from top to bottom. The branches swoop outward and downward in bold curves, excepting the younger ones near the top, which aspire, while the lowest droop to the ground, and all spread out horizontally in flat, ferny plumes, beautifully fronded, and imbricated upon one another. As it becomes older, it grows strikingly

irregular and picturesque. Large special branches put out at right angles from the trunk, form big, stubborn elbows, and then shoot up parallel with the axis. Very old trees are usually dead at the top, the main axis protruding above ample masses of green plumes, gray and lichen-covered, and drilled full of acorn holes by the woodpeckers. The plumes are exceedingly beautiful. No waving fern-frond in shady dell is more unreservedly beautiful in form and texture, or half so inspiring in color and spicy fragrance. In its prime, the whole tree is thatched with them, so that they shed off rain and snow like a roof, making fine mansions for storm-bound birds and mountaineers. But if you would see the *Libocedrus* in all its glory, you must go to the woods in winter. Then it is laden with myriads of four-sided staminate cones about the size of wheat grains,—winter wheat,—producing a golden tinge, and forming a noble illustration of Nature's immortal vigor and virility. The fertile cones are about three-fourths of an inch long, borne on the outside of the plummy branchlets, where they serve to enrich still more the surpassing beauty of this grand winter-blooming golden-rod.

### THE PEOPLE'S PROBLEM. III.

#### HOW TO SECURE A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT.

LET us see where the argument thus far has brought us. It has been an examination into the disease of our body politic, and its remedy.

As to the disease, its main features are these:

1. The existing system of having the people, in form, elect many public officers, voting, in their own persons, through large districts, at frequent elections, has made our political life a series of election contests, has taken the choice of our public officials from the people and put it in the hands of professional election managers, has made our public officials serve the election organizations instead of serving the people,—has, in short, turned our government into an election machine.

2. The attempt to enforce the responsibility of public officials by terms of office and periodical elections, thereby making it

at all times necessary for our chief officials to carry the next election in order to keep their places, enforces responsibility to the election machine for election work, instead of to the people for the people's work.

3. The taking from executive officials the power of appointing and removing their subordinates has made them unable to give us good administration.

As to the remedy, its main features are so framed as to meet the precise disease which we find to exist:

1. The proposed system of having the people elect only their chief executive officials, and the members of the supervisory bodies which we call legislatures and common councils, by the votes of delegates, choosing those delegates at meetings of the citizens held in small election districts, where the citizens can meet and act as one body, electing only when there are vacancies, in-

stead of at fixed periods, will put the choice of our chief public officials really in the hands of the people themselves, and will make our public officials free to serve the people, instead of placing them under bonds to serve the election machine.

2. The simple and direct method of summary removal of the chief executive, as well as all subordinates, for a failure to do official work, not for a failure to carry an election, or for a failure to put a bill through the legislature (as in England), will enforce responsibility for official work instead of for election work or work in the legislature.

3. The giving to all executive officials the sole power of appointing and removing their immediate subordinates will put it in their power to give us efficient administration.

In short, we should have, under such a system, an organization where the selfish interests of each official would lead him to do the people's work instead of election work,—where the doing of the people's work, and not election work, would be the controlling purpose, where the will of the people, and not of the election managers, would be the controlling force. We should have, in short, a government, and not an election machine.

Let there be no misunderstanding. As has been said before, it is not meant that we have, under our present system, no good men in our service, or that the men in our service do no good work; but we have this powerful disturbing force, which operates at all times and with all men in the service,—especially with the men at the head on whom the efficiency of the service depends,—to defeat in a great measure the very ends for which the service has its existence. On the other hand, it is not expected that under the system here proposed we should never have bad men in the service, or that the men in the service would never use the powers of their offices for improper purposes. No system of government can be devised which will secure us to that extent. But the *influences* and *tendencies* of the system proposed would be in favor of good government, whereas the influences and tendencies of our present system are greatly against it.

So far as to the disease and the remedy.

But then comes the question: How is the remedy to be applied? How are we to secure the adoption by the people of this new system, or of any new system, of government? In order to give the argument more clearness, it will be well to state in

order the questions which need here to be answered. These questions are, as it seems to me, as follows:

1. How can the people be brought to an agreement, on this scheme, or on any scheme which involves so great constitutional changes?

2. How can the people be persuaded to surrender power—their right of voting in their own persons at frequent elections, for their own public officers?

3. How can the people be persuaded to make what will seem to them a rash experiment, of which no man can foresee the results?

4. Is it necessary, even if it is practicable, to make any radical constitutional change in our system of government?

5. Even if it be shown that a radical change is needed, and that the people will agree to it, how can the people overthrow the power of the election machine?

To answer these questions is the attempt in the present paper.

I. The first question is: How can the people be brought to agree on this scheme, or on any scheme which involves so great constitutional changes?

As will be seen later, the agreement by the people to the scheme of constitutional reform which is to be adopted will be the last thing to be done, and not the first. The first thing in order is to frame the system to which the people are to agree. This framing of the new system, the devising a comprehensive, rational scheme of thorough constitutional reform, we shall accomplish by using the people's own method—the national convention, the simple old method of one hundred years ago, in combination with the wonderful new forces of to-day.

When men speak of the difficulty, the impossibility, of getting the people to agree on a new scheme of government, they forget our own history; they lose sight of what we have already done—of the great results we wrought with the most slender means in the earliest days of our national existence, in the days when, in fact, we had no national existence, before we became, even in form, a people, while we were still in embryo. It will be well to make a short study of the introductory chapter of our national history, to see what we then accomplished—the result; and how we then accomplished it—the process.

As to the result:

The result was a creation, out of a political chaos, of a large, comprehensive system

of national government. When the Constitutional Convention of 1787, which framed our present national Constitution, met, such a thing as a national government had no existence. The old Confederation was nothing but a league on paper. It was not even an election machine. There was a legislature which could not pass a law. There was no executive to enforce a law, had any been passed. There was a body called Congress, which had power to appoint a commander-in-chief for an army which it could not raise, to spend money from a treasury which it could not fill, to create a debt which it could not pay, and to make requests for men and money which it could never enforce. The old Continental Congress was nothing but a debating society, which spent its time in moaning over evils which it had no power to heal, and in well-intentioned, mischievous interference with the commander of our armies, whom it had no power to help. But out of this state of things there came a government, a legislature which could make laws, a judiciary which could interpret them, and an executive which could enforce them; a power was created which could raise money and armies and navies, which could regulate with authority the common affairs in which the people of all the States had a common interest—leaving in existence and in full strength the State and local governments to regulate State and local affairs; and these different governments were to exist together, and have their distinct operation, each in its own sphere, each within its own limits, giving, however, to the common national organization (within its limits) a complete supremacy. The whole made a harmonious system, flexible yet firm.

This supreme national government was voluntarily adopted by the peoples of thirteen independent sovereign States. Of their own will they established a central authority over themselves.

This new national government was an organization of which, as far as I am aware, no human being had any conception before the sittings of the Constitutional Convention began. Single individuals did indeed have an idea of framing some system which should be a modification of the Articles of Confederation—which should be something in the nature of a general government. But they were very few. The members of the federal Convention had before them a new problem. That Convention had, as it were, to evolve out of its

own consciousness a free national government for a union of free States. The framing a government was a thing not originally intended when the Convention was called. The Convention was only to revise that thing of paper called the Articles of Confederation. The resolution for calling the Convention said, in so many words, that the Convention should meet "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation." The needs of the country were great, as many men were well aware. But few men had given careful thought to the practical measures which were required to meet those needs. And it is safe to say that no man had any clear idea of any system of government such as was finally adopted, such as was absolutely indispensable to cope with what seemed at the time to be a nearly hopeless state of affairs. Even after the Constitution was framed, the government which it was to create was an object of great fear and distrust to a very large proportion of the people who adopted it. There were probably very few individuals in the whole country who did not think that the establishment of this central national organization, with a power unlimited of raising money, of raising men, of keeping a standing army, was a step full of danger to the liberties of the people. Many men of that time had the fear that this establishment of a new government, superior to and independent of the State governments, was the first step toward the establishment of a new tyranny. This fear was wide-spread. It was held even by the members of the Convention itself. The expressions of that fear, as it then lay in the minds of very able men, now read almost like a burlesque. Mr. Yates and Mr. Lansing, two of the three New York delegates to the Convention, wrote of the new Constitution:

"Exclusive of our objections originating from the want of power, we entertained an opinion that the general government, however guarded by declarations of rights, or cautionary provisions, must unavoidably, in a short time, be productive of the destruction of the civil liberty of such citizens who could be effectually coerced by it, by reason of the extensive territory of the United States, the dispersed situation of its inhabitants, and the insuperable difficulty of controlling or counteracting the views of a set of men (however unconstitutional and oppressive their acts might be), possessed of all the powers of government, and who, from their remoteness from their constituents, could not be supposed to be uniformly actuated by an attention to their welfare and happiness; that, however wise and energetic the principles of the general government might

be, the extremities of the United States could not be kept in due submission and obedient to its laws, at the distance of many hundred miles from the seat of government; that if the general government was composed of so numerous a body of men as to represent the interests of all the inhabitants of the United States, in the usual and true ideas of representation, the expense of supporting it would become intolerably burdensome; and that if a few only were vested with the power of legislation, the interests of a great majority of the inhabitants of the United States must necessarily be unknown; or, if known, even in the first stages of the operations of a new government, unattended to."

George Mason, of Virginia, wrote:

"This government will commence in a moderate aristocracy; it is at present impossible to foresee whether it will, in its operations, produce a monarchy or a corrupt, oppressive aristocracy; it will most probably vibrate some years between the two, and then terminate in either the one or the other."

Of the fifty-five members who actually attended meetings of the Convention, sixteen (nearly one-third) were so strongly opposed to the Constitution, after its adoption by the Convention, that they refused to sign their names to it. Even the members who voted for its adoption did so in great doubt and anxiety as to the results which the new scheme of government would bring them. Franklin said:

"Thus I consent, sir, to this Constitution, *because I expect no better*, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. *The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good.* Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. \* \* \* On the whole, sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the Convention who may still have objections to it would with me, on this occasion, doubt a little of his own infallibility, and to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument."

Gouverneur Morris said

"that he, too, had objections, but considering the present plan as the *best that was to be obtained*, he should take it *with all its faults*. The majority had determined in its favor, and by that determination he should abide. The moment this plan goes forth, all other considerations will be laid aside, and the great question will be, Shall there be a national government or not? And this must take place, or a general anarchy will be the alternative."

Hamilton said:

"No man's ideas were more remote from the plan than his own were known to be; but is it possible to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion, on one side, and the *chance of good* [the italics are mine] to be expected from the plan, on the other?"

The letter to Congress which accompanied the Constitution said, among other things:

"That it will meet the full and entire approbation of every State is not, perhaps, to be expected. But each will, doubtless, consider that, had her interest alone been consulted, the consequences might have been particularly disagreeable and injurious to others. That it is liable to as few exceptions as could reasonably have been expected, we hope and believe; that it may promote the lasting welfare of that country so dear to us all, and secure her freedom and happiness, is our most ardent wish."

But the wonder of all was the space of time in which the work was done. Those men who met in that Convention were, no doubt, a body of very remarkable men. Such are always the men whom the people choose for their leaders, when the people make their own free choice. But the members of that Convention were not what we should now call men of learning; they were not, for the work they had in hand, men of experience. Yet they ushered in a new era of political history, created a new order of political existence, established a new law of political growth. Men say governments must grow. This national government, in its framing, was a growth of about four months. On the 25th of May the Convention had its first meeting. On the 15th of September the work of the Convention was finished. In less than a year, this new government was adopted by the peoples of nearly all the States. Here was the myth of ancient poets made true history of men; here was a new, living creation, not the toiling growth of centuries, but a thing struck, at a single blow, clad in complete steel, from the head of the people.

The result, then, was the creation out of a political chaos of a large, complex, comprehensive system, the voluntary adoption by the peoples of thirteen independent sovereign States of one supreme national government—a government the like of which had, so far as we now have any evidence, never before been seen on the earth; of which, so far as I am aware, no human being before had any conception; which was, at the time of its adoption, to a very large proportion of the people who adopted it, an object of great fear and distrust;—this new creation, this national government, was framed in its finished form in four months, and its adoption by the peoples of nearly all those thirteen independent States was brought about in little more than one year.

It has taken us one hundred years to grow up to it.

That was the result. What was the process? The process was the simple, direct, scientific process of agreement. It will be



well to examine it, and see what great results can come in a short space of time from the deliberations of a body of men who are laboring simply with one common honest purpose of serving the people.

The Convention was originally called for the 14th of May. It did not actually meet till the 25th of May, for the reason that a sufficient number of delegates were not at first in attendance. During that interval of time, however, there had evidently been a most speedy growth in the ideas of the members. Edmund Randolph has given us a statement of it in his own case:

"Before my departure for the Convention, I believed that the Confederation was not so eminently defective as it had been supposed. But after I had entered into a *free communication with those who were best informed* of the condition and interest of each State, after I had compared the intelligence derived from them with the properties which ought to characterize the government of our Union, I became persuaded that the Confederation was *destitute of every energy which a constitution of the United States ought to possess.*"

Although the original intention had been only to revise the Articles of Confederation, a resolution was passed by the Convention, on the very first day of its formal deliberations, in these words: "That a *national government* ought to be established, consisting of a supreme legislative executive and judiciary." This was on the 29th of May. That was the growth which came from the discussion of only fifteen days. In that time the members had reached an agreement, as to what should be the general scope of the new system. That was the main point to be accomplished. Agreement on details was a thing which required a longer time. It was reached in this way: Single articles and clauses were discussed singly, and were adopted singly. The men who formed the majority in favor of one clause were found in the minority opposed to another. At the end of their deliberations, each single provision had been adopted by a majority vote. But no one man was in favor of them all. Probably no single member had voted in favor of as many as two-thirds of the different articles and clauses of the whole instrument. The paper as a whole was not what any one individual wished. But when they had finished their action on the single parts, the Constitution which they had thus formed was the only thing on which they could hope to agree. They agreed, therefore, on that. As Franklin said, in the passage before cited: "Thus I con-

sent to this Constitution, because I expect no better."

When it came to procuring the adoption of the Constitution by the different State conventions, they had to go through the same process in each. In each State convention the common judgment was, in the beginning, thoroughly against the new Constitution. The opinions of individuals and the common opinion of each convention had to grow up to it. That growth was very quickly reached, under the same influence—that of common discussion. In the end, in each State convention, as had been the case in the national convention, men agreed to the new Constitution because it was the only thing on which they could agree. They took it, because they could get nothing else, with all its faults, with all their fears. Within one year, eleven States had adopted the Constitution. New York, the eleventh State, adopted it on the 26th of July, 1788. The adoption by Rhode Island, the last of the thirteen, was on the 16th of June, 1790.

The whole work—the appreciation of the existence of any need, the framing of a new national government to meet that need, and its adoption by the peoples of thirteen independent States—may be truly said to have been accomplished in the space of little more than five years. That there was any need of a national government was not learned, as we have seen, until the members of the Convention actually met, and had their common discussions. No doubt, during the war of the Revolution, many men were keenly alive to the difficulties of raising men and money. But those very difficulties were so great that no one had time to give thought to their cause. It was not till the war was over, in the year 1783, that men began to consider the defects of the Confederation, or the fact that any change in its organization was needed. And in less than six years from that time the work was done—the new government was framed, adopted, and in operation.

The whole process—the growth and adoption of the Constitution—was a process of selection, in its simplest, most natural form; but it was *selection by agreement*, not by a struggle. The members of the Convention were selected men, selected by an *agreement* of the people's voices. The work of the Convention was selected thought, selected by agreement, by the common judgment of the Convention, from the thought of individuals. As soon as the members of the



Convention began their discussions, the common presence stimulated individual thought, the common criticism made it change form and grow, and the common judgment selected from it what was wisest and best. The final result was the people's selected wisdom, wiser than the wisdom of its wisest man.

Where, then, is the difficulty in merely amending the Constitution, if the making of it was so quickly and easily accomplished? Let us examine the conditions of the existing problem.

Now, as was the case in 1787, men are not yet agreed as to the specific thing to be done. Nor is it necessary that they should be. That agreement can be reached only by a national convention, where discussion can be had by men from all parts of the country, representing all interests and all shades of thought. Thereby only shall we be able to get the common judgment of the people as to the cause of existing evils, and the nature of the remedy for them. Any remedy proposed by only one man would in all human probability be very incomplete, and in many points ill-fitted to accomplish its end.

But public opinion is now much farther advanced than it was in 1787. It has already reached a clear consciousness of the true nature of the evils under which we now suffer. Men generally are agreed that, under our present system of government, the people do not themselves select or control their public officials, but that their public officials are selected and controlled by a "machine," which, in its turn, is controlled by a "boss." The words are not pleasing words, but they mean things. Men, too, are generally agreed that what we now gain from an election is at most a new "machine," or a new "boss." The common use of these words means that the people are thoroughly aware that the things for which the words stand have an existence. When a people coins new words, or new meanings for old words, it signifies that new things have come into being, or at least that the people have gained a new consciousness of the things to which they give a name.

The work which is now to be done by the people is not nearly so great as that done in 1787. Then a new government was to be created out of nothing. All that we now have to do is to make modifications in a government which already exists.

The obstacles in the way of the constitutional changes now needed in our system,

compared with those which were in the way of the formation of our national government, are almost none. The jealousies and fears of the peoples of the different States in 1787 were almost insuperable. Those jealousies and fears have now hardly an existence. We are one people, with common thoughts, feelings, and interests. The changes now needed in our system of national government, whatever they may be, will affect the peoples of all the different States in precisely the same way. Nor is there any question of State rights involved. It is not here proposed to increase the powers of the general government, but only to distribute those powers among the different officials in a different manner, to change the method of election, and to make elections come at different times—only at the times when they are needed for their proper purposes.

But it is in the forces at our command that we have our great advantage over the men one hundred years ago—an advantage which cannot be estimated. The adoption of our national Constitution was accomplished at a time when there were no railroads, no telegraphs—when, we can almost say, we had no public press. Compare the conditions to-day. Thought now moves with much greater speed. It is lightning against the stage-coach. Not only is this American people a people of common interests, but its daily thoughts are the same. Mr. Webster said that the drum-beat of the British army circled around the world with each rising sun. But it was not the same drum-beat. To-day, however, it is the same thought, over the same events, over the same daily history of all the nations of the earth, which the whole American people thinks each day. In 1787, no one knew what the Constitutional Convention was doing until long after its work was done. If a national convention were now to be held, every village in the land would think with it and discuss with it. It would be, in a new sense, a people's convention. Its action would be known and approved, as soon as it was taken, in every State, county, city, and town.

How, then, can there be a doubt as to the possibility, the thorough ease, of making whatever constitutional changes we need in our national Constitution and in our State constitutions? There is no difficulty in inducing the people to amend constitutions, if there is any sound reason for doing so; the work we now have to do is not nearly so large as the work done in 1787; the

obstacles in its way are not so great; the forces at our command are much greater; public opinion is much farther advanced. Where is the difficulty? Here is a problem in the Rule of Three: If, in the eighteenth century, the peoples of thirteen independent States, who were held apart by strong local fears and jealousies, who had no railroads or telegraphs or daily press, made a new central government in five years, how long, in the nineteenth century, will one people, who have common feelings, thoughts, and interests, with their land a net-work of railroads and telegraphs, with newspapers by the thousand, require to make a trifling modification in their methods of appointing and controlling their public servants?

II. How can the people be persuaded to surrender their power—their right of voting in their own persons, at frequent elections, for their own public officers?

The system here proposed is one whereby the people are to regain power which they have lost, instead of losing power which they have. They will give up a form, in order to secure a substance.

If, however, it were conceded that the system here proposed involved a surrender of power by the people, what then? Cannot the American people be persuaded to surrender power? Again we forget our own history. The political life of the people of the United States has thus far been a succession of surrenders of power by the people. Elsewhere governments have been a slow and tedious growth, the result of conquest, followed by long years of tyranny, ending in a violent revolution. With us (for what we call the Revolutionary War was merely a dropping off from the parent plant, and the late Rebellion was only a severe local disease), government has been at each stage a creation by the people themselves—a formal framing of a constitution, of a scheme for the establishment of a power over the people's heads, to which they promise submission. And it has always been the free act of a people which was already free. Other nations have, with a great price, purchased their freedom, but we were free-born. It was of our own free-will that we put on the bonds of the law. It is this submission to the power of the law which has made us bear so long and so calmly the evils of our present system of government.

III. But how can the people be persuaded to make what will seem to them a rash experiment, of which no man can foresee the results?

What was the Constitution itself but an experiment? And who could foresee its results?

We have, however, the results of that one experiment, where our fathers had substantially nothing but conjecture. They were the original inventors of the political locomotive. We have been operating their invention for a hundred years, and time has developed defects. We have been increasing the power and speed of the engine, and the size of the driving-wheels, and we find it is now absolutely necessary to have an air-brake. We find, moreover, that it does not conduce to the orderly progress of the railway train if we stop the train once in four hours, and have a grand pitched battle, in which engineer, brakemen, and passengers all take part, for the purpose of seeing who shall drive the locomotive during the next stage of the journey. We have found that that plan is too exciting; it is costly; it diverts the attention of the engineer; and, on the whole, it does not conduce to the safety of the passengers.

The question with us now is, whether we shall make a new experiment, which may or may not prove a thorough success, or continue an old one which we know has failed.

It is an experiment for us to continue our present system of government without a change; for we have new conditions. Can it be that political science is the only thing which has stood still in the last hundred years, and that those men of 1787, without any experience at all, knew more than we do, with the experience of a century?

IV. Is it necessary, even if it is practicable, to make any radical constitutional change in our system of government?

Our great difficulty lies in the fact that our political life is a never-ending struggle for office. How bitter that struggle can be, we have just had a most striking proof. Assassination, which we have fancied was a prerogative of the hopeless victims of despotism, has now for the third time been attempted against the elected chief magistrate of a free people. Who can say that the attempt will not be often repeated? It is one fruit, not at all times a necessary fruit, of the never-ending struggle for office, and that struggle is the necessary result of our present system of government. The United States Senate and the New York State Legislature have now for months been engaged in a mere struggle for the spoils of an election campaign. If that struggle has been carried on by certain United States

Senators on the one side, the President of the United States has been, perhaps unwillingly, and undoubtedly in defense of his prerogatives under the Constitution, a party to it on the other side. In the warmth of our sympathy for the victim of a great crime, we cannot afford to make false studies of political phenomena. Statutes and rules for the appointment of the lower grades of officials in our executive administration may do great good, but they will never reach the roots of this disease. The difficulty is, that our members of Congress and of the State legislatures, our mayors, and governors, and presidents, are compelled always to keep on foot these great election armies, to recruit them from our public officials, and to pay them from the public purse. I find in one of the latest of our daily journals the following extract:

"The President to-day sent for the Commissioner of Pensions, and told him frankly that the *pressure for his removal* was such that *he could no longer resist the demands made*, yet, at the same time, assured him with equal frankness that against his administration of the Pension Bureau there was not a shadow of suspicion. The Commissioner returned to his office, and promptly wrote his resignation, and sent it to the President."

The statement contained in that extract has been repeated in most of the newspapers of the day, and no one has taken the trouble to contradict it. The statement may not be literally correct. But how many appointments to office are made, either by the President of the United States, or by the governor of any State, or by the mayor of any city, except in payment for election work? We say the appointments are made for "party considerations." That phrase, disguise it as we may, means nothing more nor less than that offices are given in payment for election work. And in what respect does that differ from selling votes or offices for money? We have, in the extract just given, the true statement of the true difficulty under our present system: "the pressure is such that *he can no longer resist the demands made*." Every officer, from the top to the bottom, is under this same "pressure." But it is with the men at the head that the difficulty mainly lies. We may have civil service rules and statutes without number. But it is in the enforcing of rules, rather than the making of them, that the difficulty lies. The enforcing of rules is, and always will be, in the hands of the men at the top. And those men must be relieved from the pressure under which we now keep them,

before they will enforce rules of any kind. The President of the United States would be glad to give us an efficient civil service, if he could. But human nature is not equal to resisting this pressure. We can, no doubt, somewhat improve our public service by competitive examinations for subordinates. But what kind of a service is it, that has only efficient subordinates? It is the captain of the ship to whom we look for safety. There can be no efficiency or security unless the men at the head are men of ability and experience, and unless they are free to manage the ship according to their best judgment, without being compelled to handle the vessel according to the needs of the election organizations.

V. Even if it be shown that a radical change is needed, and that the people will agree to it, how can the people overthrow the power of the election machine?

The men now in office, who now control the election organizations, will themselves destroy the election machine, if we will make it for their interest to do so. We can make it for their interest if we will only make them free from their dependence upon the machine. We must put the men whom we now have in office under a new system, instead of continually trying to get a new set of men under the old system. The men we now have will do well enough under a proper system. The system we now have will ruin any set of men. We must say to these men who are now in our employ: "We will give you a fair chance—we will put you under reasonable, common-sense conditions, such as the experience of the whole human race has found necessary for a successful use of men. We say to you now, you shall stay in our service all your lives, so long as you serve us well, and you shall leave our service, not at the end of four years, but at once, if you serve us ill. We will no longer require you to carry the next election as a condition of remaining in our employment, for we know that on that condition you will give your time to carrying elections. We are, on our part, heartily tired of government by election machine, and we know that you are so, too. Let us try a new method. We see that, outside of our affairs, you are honest men. You keep your word; you do what you think you ought in your private dealings with other private individuals. It may be that you would deal honestly with us in the duties of your public offices, if we did not compel you to depend for your success in

life on doing some other work than ours. Let us make the experiment."

The plan, then, here proposed has as its main features the responsibility of the chief executive, the abolition of the term system, and the abolition of large election districts.

It is proposed, also, to abolish this term system for the men who now fill our public offices, and to have them continue to hold their places so long as they are faithful.

The reasons in favor of this particular last proposition are as follows:

It is only justice to the men who are now in our public employment to keep them there until they fail us. We have put them in those places—that is, we have adopted their appointments by the election machine. Although it may be said that they took office on an understanding that they might be required to leave it at the end of a certain fixed term, yet it is the fairer course toward them to allow them to remain in our service until there is some failure on their part for which they should be discharged. By entering our service they have, at least for a time, incapacitated themselves for other occupations.

They are the best body of men with whom to begin an attempt to reform the administration of our public affairs. Many of them are very able men. They have, indeed, been selected on false tests and trained in a false school. But they have won their places in a struggle where it has required ability to win. These men now in office have now had a longer experience in their official duties than any equal number of men whom we could select. And they will be ready to serve us well, if we will only allow them to do so.

But the chief reason in favor of putting these very men, the present President of the United States, the present governors of States, the present mayors of cities, with their present subordinates, on a new tenure, on the common-sense human tenure, instead of the tenure by solar time, is that thereby we can secure the coöperation of the men who now hold the control of the election organizations in favor of the reform of our government. Some of these men are Republicans, some are Democrats—together they control the two organizations. They will be very glad to support any scheme which will secure to them the holding of their present places. It is matter of great doubt whether any plan of reform can be carried in the face of the combined opposition of the leaders of the great election organiza-

tions. Thus far, their opposition has been combined, and it has been successful. As things are now, regulations for the reform of the civil service will not be honestly carried out, even if they should be formally adopted. The leaders on both sides are opposed to it. They will continue to give us platforms without performance as long as the present system of government remains. The reason is that, under our present system, they are always under the "pressure" that has been mentioned. They will give us good appointments as soon as we make it for their interest to do so, and not before. As soon as we give them the power of appointing and removing their subordinates, and give them the chance of keeping their places and of making a reputation for themselves by efficient service, they will make good appointments. For, otherwise, they will destroy their own reputations. At least, that is the way human nature works outside of public office.

The reasons, then, for beginning the abolition of the term system now, with the men whom we now have in public places, are, that such a measure would be simple justice to the men themselves; they would be the best men with whom we could begin a reform of our public service; and thereby we could secure their coöperation in making the reform. This would be "reform within the machine." This would be reform within both machines at the same time.

The system of term elections never was anything but a reactionary system—a reaction against the system of irresponsible hereditary power. The evils of the irresponsible hereditary system are two: It selects men on the wrong principle, selecting them by the accident of birth, instead of for fitness; it provides no means of removing the sovereign for inefficiency or misconduct, no lawful method of enforcing his responsibility. The way to meet those two evils is to meet them directly and simply—that is, to have the people elect their chief magistrate, and to provide the means of enforcing his responsibility by removal in case he uses his power wrongly.

But, in nearly all attempts thus far made to avoid the evils of an irresponsible hereditary chief magistracy, it has been the leading feature to substitute, for the irresponsible life tenure, tenure by term election. There is also that other weird, fantastic device called constitutional royalty, which consists in surrounding the chief ruler with twenty heads of executive depart-

ments, and removing all those heads of departments whenever they fail on a vote in the legislature. All these systems, if we are to grace them with a name so ill-deserved, are merely different forms of government by election machine. It is hard to say which form is the most pernicious. But the experience of the last hundred years has clearly demonstrated that they are all constructed on false principles, and that they are not equal to the needs of the age. They served the purposes of their day. They were temporary revolutionary, or evolutionary, make-shifts. But this American people has outgrown them all. Their day for us is gone.

We have exhausted the possibilities of the system which was founded on distrust. All human private affairs are transacted from day to day on the basis of confidence in men. Public affairs must be transacted on the same basis. They can be so transacted with perfect safety. The large majority of men are, as a matter of simple habit and instinct, faithful to their trusts. It is not from fear or compulsion that the private work of the world is in the main well and honestly done. Men who enter public life do not change their nature. They remain men of honor, if they were so before. Our security for honest public service must always be, in the main, the character of the men whom we put there. If we have our chief rulers chosen by the real voice of the people, we shall be certain of one thing, and that is, we shall have at the head of our public affairs, almost without an exception, honest men. The men in our public service have aids to honest conduct, such as no private individuals can have, from the greater degree of publicity to which they are exposed. That alone, in a country which has a free press, will keep our public men pure, if we only take *time*, if we have time to hold men to their official responsibility. But, with these never-ceasing elections, an official is out of office before we can find out who is responsible for the

wrong working of public affairs. Public officials do not now fear exposure; they think it may not come till after the end of their term; if it comes, they think they can avoid its effects until the next election; and when the next election comes, it will be another grand carnival of banners, and platforms, and glorious old party principles.

Under the system which has been here set forth, we shall *trust men with power*. At the head of city and State and national affairs there will be a body of men, chosen by the people, whom the people will have to trust. Those men will have the power of voting the people's money, as they see fit. They will have the power of removing the people's chief magistrate, when they see fit.

Trusting men whom the people choose is entirely safe. We trust men now, under the system which we have. We are compelled to do so. We can trust these men more safely, if we leave them free, than we can if we compel them continually to do election work.

But if that be not so, if the people cannot be trusted to choose their own servants wisely, and if the servants whom the people choose cannot be trusted to serve the people truly, *then government by the people is a failure*—and we must go back to the methods of Constantinople and the dark ages.

The movement of the age is not in that direction. Government by the people has not failed. We have not, indeed, yet found its perfect form. The men of 1787 did not do their work for all time. In these hundred years, something has been learned in political, as well as physical, science. This first experiment in a people's government for a great nation has not been, in every respect, a thorough success, but it has been fruitful in great lessons. Something is still to be done. And it is time for the people to hold their Convention, to take counsel on the situation. We need not yet despair of the Republic.



## THE WHEEL AS A SYMBOL IN RELIGION.

AMONG the many strange developments of religion, or superstition, which I have traced in my wanderings in many lands, none appears to me so curious as that singular phase of mechanical devotion commonly called a prayer-wheel, which actually brings machinery to bear in multiplying the reiteration of certain formulas of invocation, or the recitation of sacred writings. It is, I believe, peculiar to those countries in which Buddha holds sway, in which he is worshiped as the Chakravarta Rajah, or King of the Wheel. It is not, however, found in all Buddhist countries, for during eighteen months' residence in Ceylon, where I carefully explored not only the principal temples now in use, but all the most ancient pre-Christian ruins, in the depths of the tropical forests, I failed to find any trace of its use.

It was not till we had traveled to the north of India, and had penetrated far into the mighty mountain-ranges of the Himalayas, approaching the borders of Chinese Tartary, that we observed men twirling little brass cylinders as they climbed the narrow, precipitous tracks by which we wound along those dizzy heights. What these toys were, we could not at first make out, till it was explained to us that the cylinders not only had sacred words embossed on the outside, but that the same mystic sentence was written again and again, perhaps many thousands of times, on strips of cloth or paper, which were wound around a spindle, the end of which formed the handle of the little machine. From the center hangs a small lump of metal, which whirls around and gives the necessary impetus, so that the little prayer-mill twirls with the slightest exertion, and goes on grinding any given number of meritorious acts of homage to Buddha, a tiny bell marking each revolution to remind the worshiper if he is unconsciously turning too fast. Of course, his mind ought to be all the time absorbed in meditation on the infinite perfections of Buddha, but as too much must not be expected from a busy working-man, it suffices if he repeat the sentence aloud at the beginning and end of his devotions, and between whiles continue to twirl slowly. There is one who speaks of prayer as that whereby

"the whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

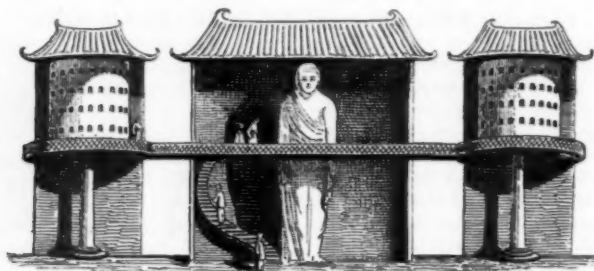


HAND PRAYER-WHEELS—THIBET.

But such material links as these gold, brass, or copper cylinders are, indeed, strange ties to bind earth to heaven!

But these are only little wheels, for the use of individuals who may be able to afford such luxuries. The devotions of the whole village—nay, the whole district—have to be provided for, and therefore prayer-mills must be prepared on a very large scale, to represent the worship of the whole people. Such an one we saw in the Lama temple at Rarung, where, beneath the shadow of the eternal snows, the village (resembling a cluster of Swiss *châlets*) stands perched on a crag overhanging the river Sutledge. We pitched our tiny white tents beneath the dark shade of grand *deodar*s (sacred cedars), and soon made friends with the old *bonze* (priest), who welcomed us cordially, and doubtless looked at us as curiously as we did at him—we being the first foreign women, with the exception of the wife of the Moravian missionary, who had found the way so far by this route.

Poor as was the little temple at Rarung, there was much gaudy drapery hung on every side, but it was neither clean nor fragrant. My companions beat a hasty retreat, but I stood my ground long enough to secure a sketch of what was to me an object of extreme interest, namely, a colossal prayer-wheel, resembling a very large barrel-organ, and turned by a great iron crank, which worked like a handle. It was a great cylinder, about twelve feet high and six or eight in diameter, painted in circular bands of gold and bright color, and on every band was inscribed the one oft-recurring Buddhist ascription, which usurps the place of all prayer—the ascrip-



SECTION OF LAMA TEMPLE.

tion of praise to the "Jewel on the Lotus." The cylinder was said to contain the same sentence written many thousand times, and as it slowly revolved on its axis, a most musical bell marked each revolution, and the worshiper was held to have laid up much treasure of heavenly praise.

As each man entered, he made a lowly obeisance to the head Lama, who laid his hand on the bowed head and pronounced words of blessing. Then the would-be worshiper sat on the ground before the great wheel, and turned the crank for his own benefit and that of all dear to him. Should many arrive simultaneously, the priest himself worked the machine, that all might share alike in this unspeakable benefit. It seemed really very hard work, yet we had no sooner arrived at Rarung than all our coolies, weary as they must have been with carrying us and our baggage over the steep mountain-tracks, repaired to the temple, where we found them grinding as diligently as if in very truth their hearts' desire was at stake. There was no prayer-wheel in the village where they lived, so they were making the most of their opportunities.

These wheels are believed to have been in use among the Buddhists for at least fourteen centuries, and originated in the idea of its being an act of merit to be continually reciting portions of the writings of Buddha. For the benefit of the unlearned, it came to be accounted sufficient to turn over the rolled manuscripts containing the precious precepts. This simple substitute was found to save so much trouble that the custom rapidly spread, and the action was further simplified by the invention of wheels, known as *tchu-chor*—great egg-shaped barrels full of prayers, with a cord attached to the base of the barrel, which, on being pulled, set the cylinder twirling. These

are set up in all public places in Thibet, so that the poor, who cannot afford little pocket-wheels of devotion, may not lose their chance of thus heaping up merit. They stand at the doors of the principal dwelling-houses, so that every man entering may give them a spin for the good of the house; while in the monasteries there are many rows of small cylinders, so arranged that the priest, or any passer-by, can set them all twirling at once by just drawing his hand along as he passes. Sometimes the cylinders are so placed as to be turned by wind or water power. The former are provided with wings on the windmill principle, while the latter (see page 737) are placed over streams, so that the running water shall turn them ceaselessly for the good of the village. A wooden bar passed through the cylinder is fastened to a horizontal wheel, having the cogs turned diagonally to the water, just as in the curious little corn-mills still in use in remote corners of Scotland. These wheels rotate with the action of the water and so turn the cylinder, which must invariably stand upright. Several of these are placed abreast across the stream, and a rough wooden shed is built over them to represent a temple.

At the Lama temple at Darjeeling, the wind is made use of in offering ceaseless prayers for the dead. Long, narrow flags inscribed with the same sacred formula are fastened to tall poles, from twenty to forty feet high, the flags not exceeding four feet in width. As these flutter in the breeze, they are supposed to be offering ceaseless adoration on behalf of the dead whose names they bear. Within the temple stands a large wheel, similar to those of the Northern Himalayas, and the priests carry similar small hand-wheels.

Wherever we find these wheels, they are invariably placed so as to turn from right

to left, following the course of the sun—that is to say, the right-hand must always be next to the pivot around which the object turns; to invert this order would not only involve ill-luck, but amount to a positive sin. This dread will be readily understood by any one who is versed in old Scottish lore, and remembers how the turn *widdershins* (that is to say, in a course contrary to that of the sun, or, as the Latins called it, *sinistrorum*, that is, with the left-hand toward the center) was only made when invoking a curse on some particular object or person, and so fully believed in, that malignant evil-doers were supposed invariably to begin their diabolic work by making so many turns from right to left instead of from left to right.

There was much delay before I succeeded in purchasing two of these, at a price which must have supplied the owners with new ones for every member of the family. One of these was procured for me by Mr. Pagell, the Moravian missionary at Poo,—a wild, desolate station far in the interior,—where he and his wife have for many years devoted their lives to the almost vain attempt to Christianize their neighbors, their labors being attended with the usual discouragement, and resulting in a very small handful of converts. Mr. Pagell told me that the mill he had procured for me contained a strip of paper, on which was written a short but very comprehensive prayer in Thibetan—a prayer for the six classes of living creatures, namely, the souls in heaven, the evil spirits in the air, man, animals, souls in purgatory, and souls in hell.

But, as a general rule, all worship begins, continues, and ends with one unvarying sentence, *Aum Mani Padmi Hoong*. These words are raised in embossed letters outside the cylinder, besides being written perhaps thousands of times on the strips of paper inside. They are engraved all over sacred places, on the face of the rocks, on the walls of the temples; in one great monastery in Ladakh the wall is literally covered with these words of sacred mystic import, ascribing perpetual adoration to Buddha as the jewel on the lotus, in reference to his lotus throne—that is to say, the pattern symbolical of the lotus or water-lily with which his throne is always adorned.

The literal meaning of the sentence is as follows: *Aum* or *Om*, equivalent to the Hebrew JAH, the holiest and most glorious title of the Almighty; *Mani*, the Jewel, one of Buddha's titles; *Padmi*, the Lotus; *Hoong*,

equivalent to Amen. This "sixteen-syllabled charm," as they call it, is the sovereign balm of every conceivable ill. Some Buddhists vary this magic sentence. The Fo-ists in China pin their faith to the words *Aum-mi-to-fuh*, which is also a title of Buddha, and which every devout Fo-ist desires to repeat at least three hundred thousand times in the course of his life. To this end, many of their priests shut themselves up in the temples for months together, with no other occupation than that of repeating these words over and over again, day and night. As the laity go about their daily business, the same words are forever on their lips. The devout and the aged carry strings of beads, whereon they instinctively count their reiterations of the spell, and while they speak to you or to one another, on all manner of secular subjects, between each sentence comes a low murmur, *Aum-mi-to-fuh*! Then, as they pass away down the street, you see their lips moving and you know that they are still whispering the unvarying ascription of praise to Buddha, *Aum-mi-to-fuh! Aum-mi-to-fuh!*

This title *Aum* or *Om* is not peculiar to the worshipers of Buddha. The Brahmins also esteem it so holy that they will not utter it aloud, while the Yains, laying the hand upon the mouth, whisper it in deepest reverence. We are told that the same word was used by the ancient Celts to express the holy and mystic name of God. It is somewhat singular that these two races, so widely separated by time and by distance, should not only have adored the Almighty under the same name, but also have symbolized their worship of Him by the use of figures representing the revolving sun, generally under the image of a wheel. And this is probably the key to the wheels and various ceremonies still in use by the Buddhists, and points to some remote age when these dead customs were all instinct with life, and were to the worshipers merely symbols of some grand reality, well known to them all. Hence, the intensely strong feeling in favor of always following the course of the sun—of which (under the term *deisul*) we find so many traces still lingering in all lands—even, as I have just stated, in our own Scottish Highlands, and which in India and Thibet forces itself on our notice at every turn. In Scotland, it was till quite recently the custom to walk three times sunwise around people, cattle, houses, chapels, to insure good luck to them or to the walker, and at ancient Highland funerals it



SCRIPTURE-WHEEL. (FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD JAPANESE WOOD-CUT.)

This wheel was invented about the year A. D. 900 by Fu Daishi (the priest Fu). His sons, Fu Sho and Fu Ken (Fu of the right and left), stand on either side of him. It contained Buddhist manuscripts.

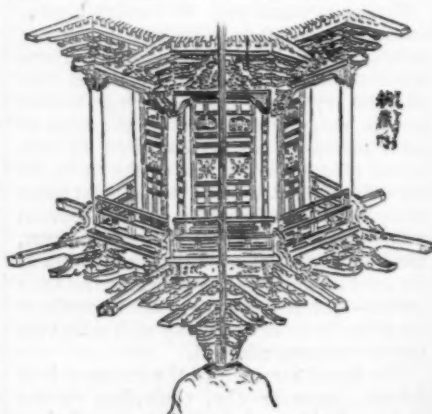
was usual to carry the bier thrice around the cross or chapel, a custom which must have been continued without a break from the old pagan days. For in the life of St. Columba it is recorded that, when he took possession of the Holy Isle of the Druids, every funeral procession that came to lay its dead in Iona halted at a mound called Eala, whereon the corpse was laid while the mourners marched thrice solemnly around the spot.

This is precisely the same ceremony described at ancient funerals of Gauls, Greeks, and Romans, when the mourners first marched in sad procession around the funeral pile, then, mounting their steeds, again made the same sad circuit three times, amid wails of sorrow. To the influence of old custom is doubtless due the sunwise course insensibly but invariably adopted in ecclesiastical processions even in Christian lands, notably in Russia and Abyssinia, where the officiating priests, bearing the cross and incense, thus march three times around the altar with slow and solemn step at the end of each part of the service, and where, at the conclusion of the marriage service, the young couple must follow the priest thrice sunwise around the altar. The devout Mohammedan completes his meritorious pilgrimage to Mecca by making the circuit of the Caaba seven times sunwise, and it is well known that our own pagan ancestors deemed it a necessary act of worship thus to walk around their holy places. At Stonehenge, we can still distinguish the

earthen path which the priests and people passed on their daily round outside the circle of great stones. Likewise we may see the followers of Buddha nowadays, whether in Thibet, Nepaul, Burmah, Japan, or Ceylon, heaping up merit by performing the sunwise turn around innumerable *dagobas* or relic-shrines, or other holy places, including the crater on the summit of Fuji-yama, the holy mountain of Japan. (See page 740.)

But by far the most singular instances on record are those in which these turns are mentioned in sacred writ—not as idle superstitions adopted by the Jews from their heathen neighbors (we are again and again told how they worshiped the sun and moon and all the host of heaven), but as having been performed by divine command. According to all laws of analogy, we may infer that the course taken by Joshua in the procession around the walls of Jericho was *widdershins* (that is, keeping his left-hand toward the city)—the direction followed when invoking a curse. To this day the Jews of many lands make the lucky turn *deisul* at various ceremonies—as when they march seven times around their newly confined dead, or when, at the marriage ceremony, the bride first makes three turns sunwise around the bridegroom, who then does likewise around her.

And yet there can be little doubt that this sunwise turn, like the use of a wheel as a symbol of faith, or of a rotating cylinder as an act of worship, sprang from the same original wide-spread reverence for the sun, the great wheel of light, or, as it is called in the Edda, the fair and shining wheel, of



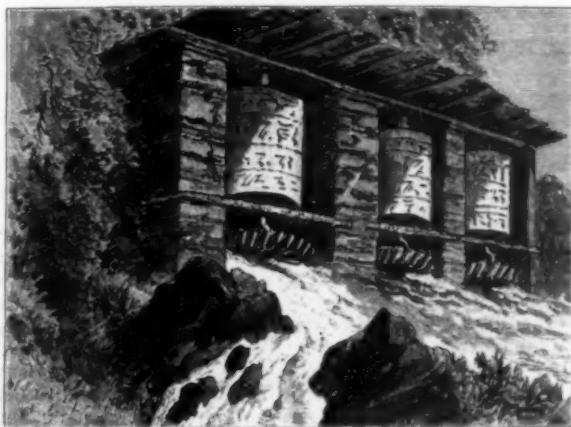
COPY OF DRAWING BY A JAPANESE ARTIST, REPRESENTING THE SCRIPTURE-WHEEL OR REVOLVING LIBRARY OF FU DAISHI (FU THE PRIEST).



PRAYER-WHEELS IN THE TEMPLE AT RARUNG, INDIA, BORDER OF CHINESE TARTARY.

whose ceaseless revolution these were considered suitable emblems. On the old Clog almanacs, Yule-tide was marked by a rude wheel, and traces still exist in Britain and various parts of Europe of sports peculiar to the old sun-festivals, and plainly suggestive of the wheeling of time. Thus, in the early part of this century (and probably it is so to the present day), it was the custom of the villagers of Konz, on the Moselle, and of Trier, to mark Midsummer's Eve by carrying a large wheel wrapped in straw to the top of a hill, where

it was set on fire and made to roll down, flaming all the way, and if it reached the Moselle before the flames were extinct, it betokened a good harvest and filled the people with gladness. In my own immediate neighborhood in Scotland we trace the same origin, when, at the Spring festival (still commonly called Beltane, from *Beil-teine*, which means Baal's fire, a poetic name familiar to every Highlander), the lads and lassies still assemble to dance sunwise around great bonfires. In certain districts they bake large circular cakes, which



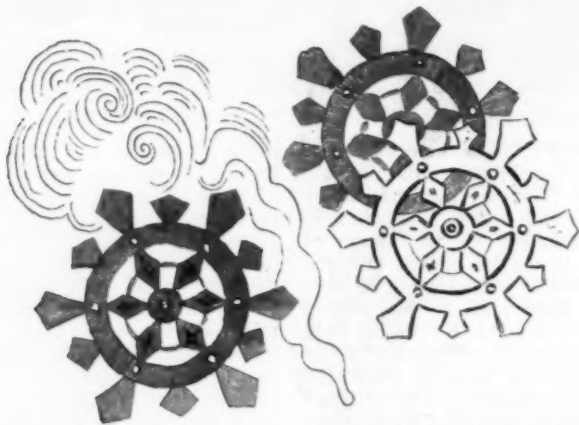
WATER PRAYER-WHEELS, THIBET.



must be very smooth and flat at the edge, like the tire of a wheel, so as to run smoothly. These they carry to the top of a grassy hill, whence they are rolled down. One well-known gathering-point is the Bannock Brae at Grantown, where, from time immemorial, the young folk of Strathspey have assembled on May morning to roll their bannocks and their hard-boiled eggs. Another town in my immediate neighborhood affords a very curious instance of the old custom of carrying fire in sunwise procession around any given object. At the good town of Burghead, on the Moray Firth, the fisher-folk and seamen never fail to celebrate Yule-night (reckoned according to old style) by the burning of the "clavie." They are alike ignorant of the

bring luck, and are carried home as a safeguard against all manner of evil.

It is curious to turn from these rude practices of the Western World, and to trace suggestions of kindred, if not identical, origin in the far East. Thus, in the Himalayas, the hill-men, of whatever creed, whether Hindu or Lama, all alike have *deisul* processions around their temples, lead their flocks sunwise around their villages, and dance sunwise around their idols. Not only must the prayer-mills be turned in the same course, but, in the case of those vast terraces built of hewn stone, on which the same holy words are engraved again and again in huge letters, a path is always made on each side, so that travelers may go to the left as they ascend the valley, and to



SYMBOLIC WHEEL AND CELESTIAL CLOUD WOVEN IN GOLD ON SILKEN HANGINGS OF BUDDHIST TEMPLES.

meaning of the word and of the origin of the custom, but they take half an old tar-barrel, fill it with dry wood saturated with tar, and fasten it to a strong pole. It must not be struck with a hammer or any tool of iron, nor may the fire be kindled with a lucifer match, but burning peat must be used. The clavie, thus prepared, is shouldered by one of the men, who, quite regardless of the streams of boiling tar which trickle down his back, starts to make the circuit of the old town, being, of-course, relieved at intervals by his friends. Formerly the clavie was carried around every ship in the harbor, but this part of the ceremony is now rarely observed. At the close of the procession, the clavie is thrown down the hill, and a general scramble ensues for the burning brands, which are supposed to

the right as they descend, thus always keeping their right hand next the terrace.

The same idea, in one form or another, may be observed in many of the ceremonies practiced by the Brahmins all over India, but it is more curious to trace it among such races as the Coles and Santhals—aboriginal tribes who sought refuge from the Aryan conquerors in the hills of Central India, and have there preserved unchanged the customs of their ancestors. Captain Sherwill, who was an eye-witness of their great Spring festival, tells us how a stage is erected, whereon sit the high chiefs, and this is, as it were, the axle of a wheel whence radiate living spokes—in other words, long strings of women, twenty to thirty in a line, each holding her neighbor by the waistband. In this way perhaps four

or five hundred women dance, chanting in measured time, while the men whirl wildly in a great outer circle, thus forming a huge living wheel which rotates on its own axis, slowly turning from left to right—that is, sunwise. That this dance is in some wise a symbol of the great wheel of light, may certainly be inferred from the fact that, at the beginning of the Santhal rebellion in 1855, the hill-tribes declared that their god had appeared to them as a flame of fire, in form like the wheel of a bullock-cart.

Many of the early races seem to have revered the revolving wheel of light as the most appropriate emblem of the Sun-god, for we are told that it was turned as an act of worship in the temples of the Greeks, who derived the custom from the ancient Egyptians—a fact which fully accounts for our finding the wheel carved on some of the gems of the Egyptian gnostics, and generally in connection with other recognized symbols of the sun. Sometimes a winged griffin is shown rolling the wheel of eternity, the griffin having the head of a cock and a coil of serpents forming his tail, the sacred horse sometimes appearing on the same gem.

The Scandinavians represent their god of time, "the Seater," as holding a wheel in one hand and flowers in the other. The image of the Saxon Sun-god has also a wheel of fire. The same idea is said to attach to the many great wheels of the car of Jagannáth and similar idol-cars common

throughout India, which every midsummer are drawn forth and perform a solemn circuit, symbolical of the course of the heavenly bodies. The great car rolls on sixteen wheels, each measuring thirteen feet in diameter, and we all know how, in days now happily gone by, multitudes were wont to throw themselves before the car, that they might secure a quick transition to the world of light. Jagannáth, I need hardly say, is only another name for Vishnu, the All-preserver, who, in another incarnation, is worshiped as Krishna, the Sun-god. The temples of Vishnu are almost invariably marked by a mystic wheel, generally crowning the spire, just as the temples of Siva are marked by the trident. It is supposed that the Vishnuites adopted the wheel and other symbols and customs, such as the establishment of great monasteries, from their Buddhist predecessors, Buddha having for many centuries been worshiped as the "King of the Wheel," "the Divine Wheel," "the Precious Wheel of Religion." Mr. Simpson found a sculpture in the Bilsah Tope, at least eighteen hundred years old, where Buddha is represented simply by a wheel, overshadowed by the mystic *chattah*, or golden umbrella, which is a common emblem of his power. He also found the sacred wheel frequently represented in the Jain and Buddhist sculptures in the caves of Ellora and Ajunta, in most cases projecting in front of Buddha's lotus throne. In one instance, an astronomical table is carved above the



BASS-RELIEF. "ADORATION OF THE WHEEL." PANEL FROM THE SMALL TOPE AT SANCHI, BHOPAL, CENTRAL INDIA. FIRST-CENTURY BUDDHISTS.



THE PILGRIMAGE TO FUJI-YAMA.

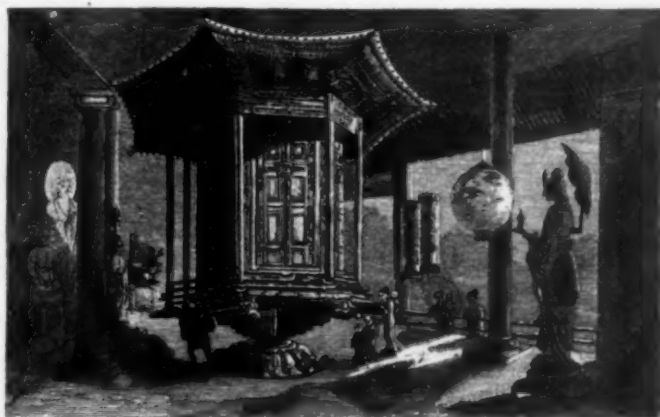
wheel. In another, it is supported on either side by a stag, supposed to represent the fleetness wherewith the sun runs his daily circuit. The ancient Buddhists (already degenerated from the purity of their founder's teaching) not only turned the wheel of the law, but also, when holding their great annual festival in honor of the Sacred Truth, placed it (whether represented by an image of Buddha or by the sacred books seems uncertain) on a huge wheeled car, and dragged it forth in sunwise circuit—a festival from which that of Jagannāth was undoubtedly copied, but which the Buddhists in their turn had probably adopted from the sun and nature worship of the aboriginal inhabitants.

When, therefore, it came to be accounted an act of merit merely to turn over the pages whereon holy words were inscribed, the adaptation of the already sacred wheel to this purpose might very naturally present itself, and the necessity of invariably turn-

ing it sunwise would follow as a matter of course.

Having been greatly interested by all we saw and heard on this subject while traveling in the Himalayas, on the borders of Thibet, and having, as I before said, vainly sought for any trace of this strange practice in Ceylon, either in the pre-Christian Buddhist cities or in the temples now in use, I naturally approached Japan with some curiosity as to whether I should find any proof of its having been adopted there. In no book of travels had I found any mention of the subject, and when, on first arriving, I made inquiries from several gentlemen, and all agreed in telling me that they believed nothing of the sort existed, I felt little hope of being able to trace any further link in that land.

Of the old sun-reverence there was abundant proof, Shintoism being the established religion of the empire, and turning chiefly on the worship of the deceased mikados



SCRIPTURE-WHEEL IN THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT ASAKUSA, TOKIO.

and their great ancestress, the Sun-goddess, whose image, in the form of a circular mirror of polished metal, is the only object of worship on the altar of a Shinto temple. The cock and the white horse, which in all ages and countries have been held sacred to the sun, are almost invariably found in connection with the Shinto worship. The former is generally carved on the temple drum, and carried in solemn processions, while a white pony, either a living animal or a wooden substitute, is generally stabled

in some sacred building belonging to the temple.

I succeeded in buying two very curious old pictures illustrative of Shinto mythology. One gives portraits of many mikados, descendants of a beautiful goddess, crowned with a great red sun, while above her are grouped all the hierarchy of heaven. The other represents the Shinto pantheon, with a winged sun and moon occupying the place of honor. The sun is in each case painted bright scarlet, as we so constantly see it represented on flags and lanterns at all national festivals—a scarlet circle on a white ground being the Japanese equivalent of the stars and stripes or the union-jack.

But the prayer-wheel was the special object of my quest, and the only chance of finding this was in the Buddhist temples, which besides, as representing the popular religion of the people, aroused my interest far more than did the cold, unemotional services of the Shintoists. So I quietly looked about me, peeping into all manner of dingy, neglected outhouses and small chapels attached to the great temples, where accumulations of dust and cobwebs, hiding the richly gilt and colored carvings, told of the evil days which have overtaken the Buddhist priests, in the forfeiture of their revenues and the establishment of Shintoism as the state religion. I had not long to search. From Yokohama, the foreign settlement where we first landed, one hour by railway (chief triumph of new Japan) brought us to Tokio, the great native capital, which



WHEEL SUPPORTED BY KNEELING ELEPHANTS. FROM THE PILLAR IN THE AMRAVATI TOPE, FOURTH OR FIFTH CENTURY.



TEMPLE BUILDINGS AT THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKIN.

In the central pavilion is a miniature pagoda of porcelain. Those on either side of the upright stone contain revolving cylinders, with a multitude of niches for sacred images. On the lake are the "Camel Hump" and great marble bridges.

was formerly called Yedo, but has changed its name since the Mikado removed the seat of government from Kyôto, the old capital of the South. Here we saw true Japanese life to our heart's content, among the thousands of happy, good-humored, gayly dressed people, who seemed to be keeping continual holiday, thronging the temples and the surrounding tea-houses. The temples are legion, but many of them stand as empty and neglected as many of our own churches, while others are crowded with an ever-moving stream of worshippers.

Chief among the popular temples ranks Asakusa, a noble building, albeit only of carved wood, with heavily thatched roof, the usual form of architecture whether for civil or ecclesiastical use. We approached it by a long street, where only foot-passengers may pass, and lined on either side by small open shops and booths, for the sale of all manner of pretty and odd things,—playthings for the countless happy children, artificial flowers, rosaries, sweet-meats,—all doing a brisk trade for infinitesimal gains. We passed under a great gate-way, with heavy, overhanging thatch and five large lanterns of open-work brass, and before us stood the great temple, to me most fascinating from its strange, barbaric decoration. Lacking the exquisite refinement of high Japanese art, such as we had

seen at the more aristocratic temples, we here beheld the true worship of the people—the shrines most highly esteemed, the votive offerings of many generations. From the rafters hang innumerable lamps; some are of beautiful brass-work, but those which add most to the general effect are enormous paper lanterns, of brilliant color and strange device, many of them from ten to twelve feet in depth. Huge bronze vessels, of diverse forms and uses, occupy conspicuous places, but the principal shrines and high altars to the great Buddha and his saints stand back in deep shadow, which lends gloom and mystery to the solemn ceremonial worship of the shaven priests, and of such of the congregation as have made offerings of sufficient value to entitle them to pass into the inner sanctum. Thence comes the sound of chanted litanies, and the fragrance of incense, and there one day for hours I watched the priests feeding quite a large bonfire of some special wood, before one of the idols, while chanting wild incantations. In this land of terrific conflagrations the proceeding appeared dangerous; I watched it with extreme interest, having seen the same ceremony in some of the Brahmin temples at Benares, where on one occasion I saw the worshippers leap through the flames, as was the custom of so many lands in the days of the old Baal worship.

But while the wealthier members of the



congregation kneel apart in the gloomy interior, the gay crowd moves ceaselessly in the outer court; groups of brilliantly dressed girls with glossy black hair, shuffling along on high wooden clogs, halt by turns before each shrine and rub their hands together as they repeat some little prayer, and then, casting their small offering of copper cash into the great coffer, pass on to enjoy the many strange shows always on exhibition within the picturesque temple grounds, or to buy a few measures of grain wherewith to feed the flocks of sacred pigeons which nestle on the thatch. The sick and sorrowful worship on bended knee, rubbing their foreheads in the dust, before the image of their chosen saint or god. That most in favor is a life-size image of Binzuro, the god of medicine, to whom come all afflicted with any manner of pain. They rub his head, feet, and stomach, and then their own, especially the suffering member. The image is of lacquered wood, but the extent to which the lacquer has been rubbed off tells plainly of the many generations of faithful believers who have sought his aid.

Among the many buildings connected with the temple, the most conspicuous is a tall, five-storied pagoda, of carved wood, painted red, with dark, projecting roofs. Within this is, of course, a shrine, not much in favor. Close by it stands a small temple, disused and neglected, generally locked. So far as I could learn, no foreigner had ever cared to inspect its interior. Yet, as I peered through the barred windows, I saw enough to convince me that, if prayer-wheels did exist in Japan, I had surely discovered one. The priest in charge of the building was absent, but after a while a younger one procured the key, and admitted us. There, beyond all doubt, was the object of my search—a very beautiful specimen of the rotating cylinder, about ten feet in diameter and twelve in height, resplendent with scarlet and gold lacquer. It rested on a stone throne or pedestal of carved lotus-leaves, which is invariably the distinctive mark of Buddha, "The Jewel on the Lotus." Long spikes projected around the base of the cylinder, as from a capstan, and by means of these the heavy machine was made to revolve on its own axis. Unlike the wheels of Thibet, this, and all others which I subsequently found in Japan and China, are not prayer-wheels, but libraries, containing all the sacred Buddhist scriptures. How far they may be complete we cannot say, since we know that these number eleven thousand

volumes; but at least each cylinder contains a great many books, and the devout worshiper accumulates the merit of reciting the whole every time he turns the so-called wheel.

But in these days of degenerate faith, where in all Japan shall we find this particular act earnestly practiced? In my own limited experience, I can safely say that, of all whom I have seen turning wheels in various parts of the country, I observed only one who seemed to be doing it in earnest—one who seemed weary and heavy laden, apparently too abstracted to remember that he already bore a somewhat weighty burden tied on his back, before he began the hard labor of turning the heavy wheel, and who evidently was working out his task with resolute purpose. I observed, too, that in this case the priests seemed quite aware that they had found a true believer, and affected the greatest solemnity, taking good care, also, that he should show his faith by the amount of his offerings.

But on the occasion of this our first visit, no such affectation was attempted. The young priest showed us the wheel as if it were some curious relic of an obsolete ignorance (the same sort of feeling with



REVOLVING BRONZE LANTERN—MIDDLE COURT, NIKKO.



THE SYMBOLIC WHEEL ON THE BRONZE PORTAL LEADING TO THE SHRINE OF TYEASU, AT NIKKO.

which the young sportsman, proud of his breech-loading rifle, looks at the old muzzle-loader of which his father was so proud), and on our asking him to show us how it was worked, he proceeded to turn it *wildershins* (i. e., against the sun)! This was a great shock to my carefully cultivated prejudices and preconceived ideas, so when the senior priest came in, my companion (a perfect Japanese scholar) questioned him on the subject. He admitted that it was against all rule, and, turning to his companion, remarked, "Well, you are a pretty fellow, to go and turn the wheel the wrong way." But they both laughed, and did not really care a bit.

In fact, with the exception of certain processions around the temples at Osaka, the only instance of the practice of the old sunwise turns that I saw being done quite in earnest, in any part of Japan, was the circuit of the crater on the summit of Fuji-yama, the holy mountain, an extinct volcano fourteen thousand feet in height, the form of which cannot fail to be familiar to the most casual observer of Japanese art, as it is lovingly represented on fans, porcelain, lacquer, in all native picture-books—in short, wherever it can possibly be introduced. Thousands of pilgrims annually flock thither on foot from every corner of the isles, and, halting to worship and present small offerings at many a Shinto shrine, they toil up

the steep ascent to the summit, where they find a night's shelter in the rudest little stone huts. Just before sunrise they kneel on the bare, cinder-like rock, and, gazing eastward over the limitless expanse of isles and sea, watch for the moment when the Sun-goddess shall appear. Then all join in hymns of praise and chanting of solemn litanies. Their orisons ended, they walk in procession around the summit—of course keeping the right-hand toward the crater. This is a circuit of three miles. As a good pilgrim, I, too, duly made this sunwise tour, and obtained a magnificent view, not only of the vast panorama outspread on every side below me, but also of the crater itself, with its great crags of many-colored lava rising in bold relief from the white morning-mists which lay cradled in its depths.

The majority of the pilgrims consider that they have now accumulated sufficient merit, but those who desire to lay up special stores of sanctity, or to atone for heavy debts of conscience, descend to the base of the cone, or, rather, as the mountain is one vast cone, I should say to the point where vegetation ceases, and whence the mountain-top appears but as a huge cinder-heap. Diverging from the downward track, the earnest pilgrim now commences his second turn sunwise, and a hard task he has before him; for the circumference of the mountain at this point must be upward of twelve

miles, and the way is over a loose, crumbling soil of small cinders and volcanic ash, where every step plunges the weary traveler at least ankle-deep. It is a toilsome pilgrimage, and one which forcibly recalled to my memory the multitudes of Hindu pilgrims whom I had often watched wearily making the five-mile circuit sunwise around the holy city of Benares. They, too, travel from afar to perform this act of faith—coming far greater distances and enduring greater hardships than these Japanese pilgrims ever have to face; and when at last they have reached this, the object of their hearts' longings, and have worshiped a multitude of gods in innumerable temples, and knelt on the shores of the sacred Ganges to adore the rising sun, and made sunwise tours around many a shrine, they have still to accomplish the great "*panch cosse*," or five-miles' pilgrimage—a sunwise turn which may nowhere exceed a distance of five miles from given points. Here, too, the truly earnest pilgrims are readily discerned. The careless and easy-going take a simple and dry path within the boundary of the city, but the truly conscientious pass outside, and make their five-mile circuit wearily and painfully, men and women alike often wading up to the knees in the deep mud of the holy river.

The discovery of the great scripture-wheel at the temple of Asakusa having satisfactorily proved the existence in Japan of this singular form of worship, I continued my researches with renewed interest, and, after exploring many of the temples least visited by foreigners, I was one day attracted by the pleasant, shady grounds of an old temple near the Saido Bashi. The whole place appeared neglected, and I saw only one poor old priest, looking as dilapidated as the buildings themselves. But in a small temple standing a little apart was a large scripture-wheel. Worshipers there were none, and the wheel was fast going to decay.

The next place to which I directed my search was the temple of Ikegami, picturesquely situated on a wooded hill a few miles from the city of Tokio. It is a place of note, as the resting-place of the ashes of the sainted Nichiren, founder of a large Buddhist sect. Its votaries assemble here at stated times to hold high festival, and I was fortunate enough to witness one of these most fascinating *matsuris*. They are religious fairs, to which the people come from long distances, in their very prettiest dresses,

quite as much intent on pleasure as on religion. For miles before we reached the spot, we were in the stream of holiday-makers, and of the large class of peddlers who hope to find a ready sale for a certain class of wares—food and sweetmeats, of course, but in this place they deal chiefly in all kinds of ornamental straw-work, very beautifully made. They also sell rosaries, for the use of the Nichiren sect, which, in some respects, differ from those of other Buddhists. These, I think, have only one hundred beads, and a different arrangement of large ones. The disciples of Nichiren have one hundred and eight beads, to represent one hundred and eight holy persons; four beads stand for saints or apostles, and two short strings of five beads recall the ten Buddhist commandments. Two very large beads represent the sun and moon, or dual principle. For prayer, the Buddhists do not tell their beads, but rub the rosary between their hands and twist it so as to form a Chinese character signifying success, which they reverently kiss. The quality of the rosary of course varies with its price, some wood being much more expensive than others. A dark, polished wood seemed most in request, but sandal-wood is sometimes used, and the principal balls are often of polished agate, or even more precious stones. I met a lady in this temple whose rosary evidently represented the family diamonds, so rich was it both in material and workmanship. She seemed much gratified at my evident admiration, and handed it to me for closer inspection. Of course we met and parted with a profusion of low bows.

One cannot imagine a prettier scene than that in which we found ourselves. The picturesque group of temple buildings stands on a hill crowned with dark pine-trees. The ascent is by a long flight of stone steps, up and down which came trooping crowds of brilliantly dressed women and children, and more soberly clothed men, all alike wearing heavy wooden clogs, which clattered as they walked. Brilliantly colored paper lanterns hung in festoons, ready for the evening festival. We passed through a long row of booths, where graceful Japanese girls were bargaining for artificial flowers and hair-pins, or buying sweetmeats for the happy little ones. Then we toiled up the long flight of stairs, passing rows of most miserable beggars suggesting rather than demanding alms, and receiving gifts of infinitesimal cash with profuse thanks and low bows.

They were all dressed in rags of blue material, blue being always the preponderant color in every assemblage of the poor, whether in China or Japan, on account of the cheapness of the dye. On reaching the summit, we found a group of temples and tombs all thronged with the devout, keeping holiday. Over all, towering even above the dark pines, rose the tall, five-storied pagoda of dark red carved wood, with heavy, overhanging roofs, whence dangle musical bells which tinkle with every breath of air.

Near the principal temple we found a great array of priests in many-colored robes and stoles,—some primrose, some lilac, some straw-color, some sky-blue, and some purple,—denoting their various grades and colleges. They were waiting for the high priest, who shortly appeared, followed by two black-robed priests. Over his head his attendants held the large scarlet umbrella, similar to that of a Romish cardinal, which occupies so important a place in all Buddhist ceremonies. All the clergy now formed in procession and followed the high priest to the temple, where a grand special service was held in commemoration of Nichiren, the founder of the sect. The high altar was decked with offerings to him, including not only pillars and pyramids of pink and white rice-cakes, resting on pedestals of sweet-potatoes, but also very handsome new brass lamps. Solemn litanies were chanted and hymns of praise were sung.

Then we passed on to the tomb of the saint—a simple stone monument, beneath the shadow of the pines, and here many worshipers knelt in devout adoration; but a far larger number were assembled around the *dagoba*, or relic-shrine (*Okotsudo*), within which, in a smaller shrine of brass, exactly similar in form to the great stone building itself, are stored the ashes of the saint and one of his sacred teeth. This last scene was very picturesque, and we sat for half an hour on a tomb, watching the groups of fresh worshipers continually arriving.

Returning by the great temple, curiosity led me to explore the minor buildings, which seemed to offer no attraction to the people. One of these seemed as if it must have been built to contain one of the great prayer-cylinders; and here, sure enough, I found one—a large, handsome wheel, similar in general form to that at Asakusa—that is to say, a huge barrel standing upright and turning on a pivot, by means of long spokes, projecting as from the tire of a wheel. But whereas the cylinder at Asakusa is gor-

geous with scarlet and gold and many-colored lacquer, and contains the sacred books in the form of upright scrolls, this at Ikegami is of plain, uncolored wood, very handsome in its simplicity, and divided into a multitude of small drawers, in which are stored the Buddhist scriptures, in the form of limp, stitched books.

This was the third of these strange objects which I had discovered. A fourth soon suggested itself while I was reading a translation of an old native account of the solemn ceremonies formerly enacted at Nikko, the finest group of tombs and temples in Japan, where art has exhausted itself in devising beauty of detail to enhance that of the most lovely natural scenery.

Once on the scent of these libraries for facilitating vain repetitions, the scripture-wheel was the first object of my search on reaching the beautiful mountain, where, in the deep shade of dark *Cryptomeria* forest, nestle shrines and temples almost without number, varying only in the beauty of their detail and of the exquisite wood-carving with which even the outer courts are adorned. No description can give the slightest idea of the marvelous panels representing every variety of bird and flower, carved not merely in relief, but, like transparent lace-work, so as to be equally perfect seen from either side. Within one of the chapels are immense pictures done in mosaic of different-colored woods—five representing groups of eagles and five of birds of paradise.

We climbed a succession of long flights of steep stone stairs, and, passing by a tall red pagoda with the usual series of dark roofs, and beneath the great *torii* (the quaint gate-way which marks every Shinto temple, and which Shinto rulers have erected near many of the Buddhist shrines now impressed into the service of the Government religion), we found ourselves in a large open court, surrounded by many buildings for sacred uses,—one of which precisely resembled those in which I had already found the scripture-wheels. Peering in through the gilded fretwork which acted the part of windows, I could faintly discern a massive piece, resplendent in scarlet and gold lacquer. Being now convinced that I had solved the mystery of those many thousand repetitions of the sacred canon, I asked to have the door opened, and after some delay the priest was found who had charge of the key; he soon came, and courteously did the honors of the wheel, though



without a particle of reverence for it. It resembled that at Asakusa, being, like it, a gorgeous piece of lacquer-work in richest colors, resting on a stone pedestal of lotus-leaves, and containing the holy books in the form of upright scrolls.

In the center of the court is another development of the wheel—namely, a very large bronze candlestick inclosed in a great bronze lantern, which revolves on its own axis. I noticed many persons turn this, with some difficulty, as it is very heavy, but with no apparent reverence, though they invariably made the turn sunwise. Evidently this phase of superstition has lost its hold on the people, and the priests make no effort to retain a form which they, too, have discovered to be but a hollow sham. I noticed the wheel in its simplest form as the symbolic decoration on the bronze gate-ways leading to the magnificent tomb of one of the Shoguns.

The next place at which I found a scripture-wheel was Fuji Sawa, near the sacred isle of Enoshima. Here there is a large temple, in excellent repair and frequented by crowds of worshippers. The great wheel, as usual, occupies a separate building, and is utterly neglected. I spent several days at this place, living in a charming little tea-house opposite the temple, and often watching the devout passing in and out; but I doubt if any entered the wheel-temple, except such as came to have a quiet look at me while I was sketching it, and who, of course, pretended to have come in on purpose to "turn the wheel of the law."

My next expedition was to Kyôto, the ancient capital of the Mikados—a city crowded with fine old temples. The very first of these which I entered was one called Choin, to which we were attracted by the beautiful tone of its great bell. It was the hour of service, and a multitude of priests were chanting "*Namu amida Butsu*" (which means either Glory be to Buddha, or Save us, O Buddha), the oft-reiterated prayer which everywhere meets the ear. They accompanied the words by striking small gongs with little hammers, and producing a deafening noise. Then the great solemn bell was struck repeatedly, each time followed by an invocation like a roar, after which the service proceeded more peacefully. We passed on to examine the other buildings, and in the very next we entered was a wheel as large as that at Nikko, and of brightly colored lacquer, but divided into innumerable small drawers, ticketed, not with the

names of the Buddhist scriptures, but with such words as "water," "fortune," "fire." This wheel does not rest on the usual stone lotus-blossom, but on a broad base, the lower part of which is decorated with the images of divers gods.

We then passed on to the Honguangi, two huge Buddhist temples in another part of the city. Here I found another large scripture-wheel, similar to that at Choin.

A few days later, I was on the shores of beautiful Lake Biwa, which lies embosomed in mountains, in whose green, richly wooded valleys, as well as on many rocky ridges, cluster temples great and small. We halted at Midera, where some very old Shinto nuns, dressed entirely in white, came and gazed curiously at me, as I doubtless did at them. In the temple here I found a very large octagon wheel, with fifty-one small drawers in each of the eight sides. It was the first I had seen of this form.

At Ishiyamadera ("the stone-mountain temple"), a most picturesque group of temples nearer the lake, I noticed small wheels, like miniature capstans, inserted into the wooden pillars in the temple itself. I had noticed similar wheels in the gate-ways of other temples, as at the Temple of the Moon on the summit of a mountain at Kobe, and also at Tenoji, in Osaka, where they bear an inscription which I was told was in Sanskrit character.\* Miss Bird relates that she observed sixteen of these wheels in the gate-way leading into the cemetery at Hakodate, each inscribed with the name of some god, and the people who entered the cemetery turned all the wheels. My companion asked the priest at Ishiyamadera why they did so, and he replied that only weak and delicate persons did so, who had not strength to pull the bell which hangs over the entrance,—the invariable preliminary of prayer,—and took this easier method of calling the attention of the deity they wished to invoke. Probably in this matter, as in many other details of religious ceremonial, our informant was equally ignorant and careless concerning any deeper meaning which the action may in former times have conveyed.

Passing the gate-way with the little wheels at Tenoji, in Osaka, we came to a very fine five-storied pagoda, the roofs of which are

\* They are fastened to the upright spoke by the tire, are from one to two feet in diameter, are generally of metal, and have three spokes. On each spoke are several loose rings of metal, which jingle as they revolve, and so attract the attention of the gods to the number of rotations made in their honor.



supported by a multitude of dragon's-heads. Just beyond it is a large scripture-wheel, standing on a broad base, instead of the usual lotus throne. Here, as, I think, in every other case, an image of a Chinese saint sits near the wheel, with two attendants standing by him. At several temples here I observed many persons practicing the old *deisul*, and learned that it is accounted an act of merit to walk a hundred times sunwise around certain sacred inclosures. Each person so engaged carried in his hand a bunch of one hundred short pieces of string, which he told off one by one, and so kept count of the number of his meritorious turns. Strange to say, however, even among these people, who were evidently doing this tedious work as a religious action, the usual carelessness was evident as to the direction in which they moved, and I saw many, who could not be suspected of malevolent intentions to their neighbors, making the accursed turn *widdershins*, and none of the priests interfered to correct an error which to their brethren of Thibet and elsewhere would be abhorrent.

I saw large scripture-wheels at several other temples in Osaka. The beautiful Hongangi temples, the eastern and the western, possess each one, though, as in other places, they have fallen into disuse.

In my wanderings in southern China I found no trace of it, but at Pekin, in several dusty, neglected corners, I again noticed the old wheels. The most important instance is at the great Lama temple, which is the home of one thousand three hundred monks, having a living Buddha at their head. They are intensely jealous of foreigners, and so offensive and insolent that many visitors fail to gain admittance, even by the help of liberal bribery. I owed the privilege of admission to the great influence and strong determination of the gentleman who escorted me, and who, after much difficulty, so pacified the rude monks that they allowed us to inspect all their temples and chapels, and even pointed out some objects of interest, including a stair by which we might ascend to a gallery on a level with the head of the huge bronzed image of Buddha. I had the pleasure of discovering for myself what I be-

lieve no one else had hitherto noticed, that from this gallery there is access to two circular buildings, one on either side, each containing large rotating cylinders, which apparently were neither prayer-wheels nor sacred libraries, but divided into a multitude of niches, each containing an image. Probably one turn of these wheels offered adoration to the whole Chinese pantheon.

A few days later, while exploring the ruins of the emperor's summer palace, I came on a cluster of small temples perched among boulders of gray rock, and overlooking the lovely lake with its marble bridges. The temples, though sadly mutilated, still bear traces of their former beauty, in the days when they were probably reserved for the private devotions of the imperial family. Many colored china tiles lie broken on every side, but the roofs of brilliant green porcelain still gleam in the sunlight. Of what has apparently been the chief temple, nothing remains save a vast mound of bright-colored tiles, heaped in broken fragments on a great platform, which is approached by zigzag stairs. Near this, a small, very beautiful pagoda of porcelain stands within a temple, on either side of which are circular buildings containing the ruins of cylinders, which evidently have been just like those in the Lama temple, only on a miniature scale. There are the same niches, which evidently once contained many images, all of which have been carried off, either in the first ruthless pillage by the soldiers of the French and English army, or in the subsequent raids of relic-hunters, either Chinese or foreign. The whole place presents a pitiable scene of destruction. I duly made the circuit so often trodden in by-gone years by reverent feet, albeit of alien race and alien creed. Then, bidding farewell to Pekin, I turned my face to the east, with my right hand to the south, and so, crossing the great Pacific Ocean and the broad continent of America, and the stormy Atlantic, I performed the *deisul* circuit of half the world, and ended my travels by being wrecked on the shores of Old England, which says very little for the good luck which should have attended so exemplary a course of well-doing!

## PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.\* XI.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### THE WORK OF SIX YEARS. 1712-1717.

FOR six years after the affair of the Pruth, the attention of Peter was chiefly occupied in trying to obtain peace either by diplomacy or by force of arms. The Swedish people were weary of the war, but King Charles, first from his imprisonment in Turkey, and afterward, when he had suddenly appeared at Stralsund one December morning in 1714, refused to listen to propositions of peace.

Some nobles of Mecklenburg, who were in the service of Hanover and Denmark, tried to create a belief that Peter had ambitious designs in Germany and on the southern coast of the Baltic. The Elector of Hanover, who had now become George I. of England, grew so suspicious that he worked on the Danes to prevent the expedition against Scania in 1716, and even wished the English Admiral Norris to take the Tsar's fleet, seize his person, and thus compel the retirement of the Russian troops. These fears and suspicions were all groundless. The Tsar had not the slightest idea of any permanent occupation in Germany. His only desire was for peace, and his greatest solicitude was how to keep for himself the province of Livonia, which was claimed by King Augustus, and the annexation of which to Russia was opposed by England and Holland. Finland, which had been entirely conquered in two campaigns of 1713 and 1714, he was ready to give back to the Swedes if he could keep Livonia. In the second of these campaigns the Tsar had won a great victory over the Swedish fleet at Hangö-Udd, on which he prided himself even more than on the battle of Poltava.

During much of these years the Tsar was absent from his dominions. His shattered health required frequent visits to Carlsbad, to Pyrmont, and to Spa. His person and his character became well known at the courts of Northern Germany; the prejudices against him gradually disappeared, and many absurd stories about his manners and habits were seen to be without foundation. During 1716 he spent the winter in Danzig, most of the summer at Copenhagen, and then

went to Holland, where he staid until late in 1717. During the summer of this year he visited Paris, more for diplomatic reasons and in the hopes of a French alliance than from motives of curiosity. None the less did Peter inspect everything that was curious and instructive. Everywhere he was received with respect and consideration. His history, his character, his achievements, his exact knowledge in so many directions, and his interest in everything that was scientific and technical, made a deep impression. A solemn reception was given to him at the Sorbonne. A medal was struck in his presence and in his honor at the Louvre. Rigaud and Largillière painted his portrait. The boy king, Louis XV., and the regent did all they could to make his stay agreeable. The Duchess of Orleans called him her "hero" and expatiated at length in her letters on his accomplishments. St. Simon thus describes him:

"He was a very tall man, well made, not too stout, with a roundish face, a high forehead, and fine eyebrows, a short nose—but not too short—large at the end; his lips were rather thick; his complexion a ruddy brown; fine black eyes, large, lively, piercing, and well apart; a majestic and gracious look when he wished, otherwise severe and stern, with a twitching, which did not often return, but which disturbed his look and his whole expression and inspired fear. That lasted but a moment, with a wild and terrible look, and passed away as quickly. His whole air showed his intellect, his reflection, and his greatness, and did not lack a certain grace. He wore only a linen collar, a round brown peruke without powder, which did not touch his shoulders, a brown tight-fitting coat, plain, with gold buttons, a waistcoat, breeches, stockings, no gloves nor cuffs; the star of his order on his coat and the ribbon underneath; his coat often quite unbuttoned, his hat on a table and never on his head, even out-of-doors. With all this simplicity, and in whatever bad carriage or company he might be, one could not fail to perceive the air of greatness that was natural to him."

The visit had its effect, and in the following August a treaty was made at Amsterdam between France, Russia, and Prussia.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### THE TSARÉVITCH ALEXIS. HIS EDUCATION AND MARRIAGE.

ALEXIS was still in his ninth year when the Tsaritsa Eudoxia was sent to the con-

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vent at Suzdal, and he was confided to his Aunt Natalia. But already at the age of six he had been given a teacher, Nikifor Viázemsky, to instruct him in the elements. Viázemsky gave to Alexis that love for Biblical and religious reading which distinguished him afterward, but he was not a man of sufficiently strong character to control him. Peter, after his return from abroad, thought to send his son to Dresden under the care of the Polish General Carlovitch, to be educated together with young Henry Lefort, but the death of Carlovitch in the attack on Dünamünde, in March, 1700, put an end to this plan. Carlovitch had recommended as teacher a certain Martin Neugebauer, from Danzig, who had been for some years in the Saxon service, and who had accompanied him to Russia. During the years that he had charge of the education of Alexis, Neugebauer performed his duties conscientiously enough, but with more zeal than discretion. He speedily came into conflict with the Russians, and his own hot temper and rough manners rendered it impossible for him to keep his position. He was succeeded by Huyssen, who had been brought into the Russian service by Patkul. Huyssen drew up a plan of education—which was approved by the Tsar—suitable for the education of the heir of a great empire, according to which Alexis was to devote much time to French, mathematics, history, and geography, as well as politics. He was to study Fénelon's "Télémaque," and the works of Puffendorf, to read the foreign newspapers, to be informed as to the duties and history of princes, especially of absolute monarchs, and finally to wind up with a course of artillery and engineering. He was, besides this, daily to read the Bible so that in a given time he would finish the Old Testament once and the New Testament twice. In his hours of leisure he was to look at atlases and globes, practice with mathematical instruments, and exercise himself in fencing, dancing, and riding, as well as in different games, especially ball-playing. Under Huyssen the studies of the young Prince made much progress, and his tutor seems to have been satisfied with his capabilities and his desire to learn. The reports made to the Tsar were generally favorable, and writing to Leibnitz, Huyssen says:

"The Prince lacks neither capacity nor quickness of mind. His ambition is moderated by reason, by sound judgment, and by a great desire to distinguish himself and to gain everything which is fitting for a

great prince. He is of a studious and pliant nature, and wishes by assiduity to supply what has been neglected in his education. I notice in him a great inclination to piety, justice, uprightness, and purity of morals. He loves mathematics and foreign languages, and shows a great desire to visit foreign countries. He wishes to acquire thoroughly the French and German languages, and has already begun to receive instruction in dancing and military exercises, which give him great pleasure. The Tsar has allowed him not to be strict in the observance of the fasts for fear of harming his health and his bodily development, but out of piety he refuses any indulgence in this respect."

In Moscow, Alexis was thrown much into the company of those who preferred the old order of things and hated the innovations of the Tsar. The dislike to reforms and novelties was as strong among the upper classes, and even in the palace itself, as among the common people. There were step-sisters of Peter still living who in secret sympathized with Sophia, who died in 1704, and with Martha, who died only in 1707, in her convent cell at Alexandrovo. There were brothers of the repudiated Eudoxia, there were the great-uncles of Alexis, the Naryshkins, who confirmed Alexis in his distaste for carrying out the commands of his father. But most of all Alexis associated with the clergy, and his confessor, Jacob Ignátief, had as much influence of a similar kind as Nikon had at one time upon the Tsar Alexis.

The impression was made upon the common people that the Tsarévitch was opposed to his father, and he was looked upon as the only hope in the future. Ignátief came from Suzdal, and Alexis was, therefore, the more easily brought into communication with his mother, then in a convent at Suzdal. In 1706, he was taken to visit her. The Tsar received information of this journey from his sister Natalia, and immediately sent for Alexis to come to Zolkiew, where he reprimanded him sharply. After this Alexis was detained for several months in Smolensk, where he was charged by his father with the collection and provisioning of the troops. He returned to Moscow in the autumn of 1707, and found new duties imposed upon him in the defense of the city against a possible attack by the Swedes. Alexis returned for a while to his studies, but in the beginning of 1709 he abandoned them again to conduct a party of five thousand recruits to the Ukraine, where he had a dangerous fit of illness.

After the battle of Poltava, it was resolved that Alexis should go to Dresden for his further education. Soon after arriving in

Dresden he went on to Carlsbad, and in the neighboring little town of Schlackenwerth he met for the first time the Princess Charlotte of Wolfenbüttel, whom it had been arranged that he should marry.

The house of Brunswick, one branch of which sat on the throne of Hanover, was connected with most of the reigning families of Europe. The Princess Charlotte, granddaughter of the reigning Duke Anton Ulrich, was sister of the wife of the Austrian Archduke Charles, then a claimant to the Spanish throne, and in 1711 Emperor of Germany. She was educated at the Saxon court by her aunt, the Queen of Poland. Although negotiations for this marriage had been going on for some years, Alexis had never been told by his father what he was expected to do. He knew well enough that he was to marry a foreigner, and he had hints from others of the person destined for him.

The interview at Schlackenwerth passed off pleasantly, and both Alexis and Charlotte seemed to be favorably impressed with each other. In a letter written soon after this, to his confessor, Alexis tells of the circumstances, and says that his father had written to him to know how she pleased him. "So now I know that he wishes to marry me, not to a Russian, but to one of those people, according to my choice. I wrote to him that, if it is his will that I should marry a foreigner, I will marry this princess, whom I have seen, and who pleases me, and who is a good fellow, and better than whom I cannot find. I beg you to pray for me if it is the will of God that this be accomplished, if not that it may be hindered, for my hope is in Him. What He wishes will happen." In the autumn of 1710 Alexis went twice to Torgau, and at last formally demanded the hand of the princess from the Queen of Poland. The marriage was deferred, and Alexis went back to his studies and his lonely life at Dresden. He was greatly troubled that he had no priest with him, and wrote to Ignátief to find one capable of keeping a secret. "He must be young, unmarried, and unknown to every one. Tell him to come to me in great secrecy, to lay aside all marks of his condition, to shave his beard and his hair, and to wear a wig and German clothes."

After the campaign on the Pruth, Peter, as we remember, hastened to Carlsbad, and, after his cure, went to Torgau, where, on the 25th of October, 1711, the marriage of Alexis and Charlotte was celebrated in the

castle of the Queen of Poland. Four days after the ceremony, Alexis was ordered to go to Thorn and see to the forwarding of provisions for the Russian troops in Pomerania. A little respite was given, for he was allowed to visit Wolfenbüttel with his bride. With the spring, Alexis was obliged to go to the army in Pomerania, while the Crown Princess had to move to Elbing. Here she received frequent and regular letters from her husband, as well as a visit from the Tsar and Catherine, both of whom were most kind. She adds, in writing to her mother, that her joy was diminished by seeing how little the Tsar loved the Tsarévitch, and she begged Catherine to interfere in her husband's behalf. In October, the Crown Princess received orders from the Tsar to go to St. Petersburg. From all that she had heard, and from much that she had seen, she had fear of the Russians, and disliked to go alone to St. Petersburg. Then, too, certain things which had been said to her threw her into despair. She imagined that her husband never had loved her and that Catherine hated her. In this frame of mind, instead of going to Russia, she made a visit to her family at Wolfenbüttel, so that when Alexis passed through Elbing he did not find her. It was not until the spring of 1713 that she arrived in St. Petersburg, but her husband was then with the Tsar on an expedition in Finland, and did not return until late in the summer. The meeting of husband and wife after this absence of over a year was cordial and affectionate, and at first everything went well. Soon there came difficulties, a coolness with Catherine and with the Tsar's sister Natalia, troubles on account of the bad composition of the little court, and especially on account of want of money. Although Alexis was a good manager, yet he had not income enough to keep his household in the state in which he needed to live. To this we must add the love of the Tsarévitch for strong drink, his carouses with his friends, and his frequent fits of drunkenness, in which he not only treated his wife brutally, but spoke of her in terms of contempt to his servants. The health of Alexis failed, his physicians thought that he had consumption and that his condition was a serious one, and they advised him to go to Carlsbad. His wife was the last to know of his resolution, and it was only when everything was ready, and he was about to take his seat in the carriage, that he bade her good-bye

with "Adieu! I am going to Carlsbad." This was on the 15th of June, 1714. There were indeed reasons for reticence, because the country through which he had to pass was not without danger, and he wished to keep his departure a secret from the foreign ministers. He traveled in the guise of a simple officer. But the coldness and indifference affected Charlotte, and during the six months of his absence he never wrote her a word. On the 23d of July she gave birth to a daughter, Natalia, but Alexis did not seem to trouble himself about the matter. At the end of December Alexis returned to St. Petersburg. At first his conduct was exemplary. He was affectionate to his wife, and was delighted with his little daughter. A little later, Charlotte wrote to her family that he conducted himself as before, with the only difference that she saw him less frequently. He had fallen in love with Afrosinia, a Finn, and serf of his teacher Viázemsky, brought her to his house, and continued in relations with her during the rest of his life. Foreigners noticed that, in society, Alexis never spoke to his wife, and said that he scarcely saw her once a week. Nevertheless there were occasional glimpses of happiness—Alexis was fond of his child, and every mark of love soothed the heart of the mother. On the 23d of October, 1715, a son was born, who subsequently became the Emperor Peter II. Four days afterward the state of the mother took a turn for the worse, a fever set in, and toward midnight on the 1st of November she died. Alexis had not left her bedside during the last days, had fainted three times, and seemed inconsolable at her death. He took the children in his arms and carried them to his own room.

The day after the funeral, Catherine gave birth to a boy. The long smoldering conflict between father and son now broke forth.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

#### FATHER AND SON.

THE opposition between Peter and his son was passive—was an opposition of character rather than of action. Peter was active, curious, and energetic. Alexis was contemplative and reflective. He was not without intellectual ability, but he liked a quiet life. He preferred reading and thinking. While it sometimes seemed as if Peter was born too soon for the age,

Alexis was born too late. He belonged to the past generation. Not only did he take no interest in the work and plans of his father, but he gradually came to dislike and hate them.

With this opposition of temperament and character, with the lack of tenderness which Peter had always shown in his relations to his son, with the great fear which he inspired in him, it was not unnatural that Alexis always felt uncomfortable when he was with his father, hated to hear of his coming, and was glad to be away from him. Once he admitted to his confessor that he had frequently wished his father's death, and Ignátief replied: "God will forgive you. We all wish for his death, because the people have to bear such heavy burdens."

All who were discontented with the existing state of things naturally turned their eyes toward Alexis, and, without assuming such a position, he became the nucleus of the opposition to reform. Among the nobility, and even among those distinguished by the Tsar, many showed privately their sympathy with Alexis. Prince Jacob Dolgorúky, the senator, said: "Do not visit me, for they watch me to see who comes." And General Basil Dolgorúky once said to him: "You are wiser than your father. Your father is wise, but he has no knowledge of men. You will have more knowledge of men." This was an evident expression of the hope that, when Alexis came to the throne, the old families would be much more favored, and upstarts like Menshikóf and Golófskin would no longer hold the first places in the empire. The Galítsyns were friends of his, and even Field-Marshal Boris Sheremétief advised him to have some one always near the Tsar who could be intimate with his friends and inform him of what was going on. Prince Boris Kurákin, the diplomatist, asked Alexis in Pomerania whether his step-mother treated him well, and when Alexis said that their relations were most cordial, added: "As long as she has no son she will be good to you; but as soon as she has a son it will be quite otherwise."

Although Alexis was in thorough sympathy with the discontented, and showed them plainly that if he ever came to the throne things would not go on as then, that no active policy would be pursued, and that in all probability St. Petersburg would be abandoned, yet there was no conspiracy, no attempt to thwart the plans of the Tsar. The policy of all was to wait,





THE TSAREVITCH ALEXIS AND THE CROWN PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

and to hope for Peter's death. The Tsar's health had been so shaken for some years that it seemed as if this might occur soon.

On the day of the funeral of the Crown Princess Charlotte, the 7th of November, 1715, when the mourners, according to the customs of the country, had assembled again in the house of the Tsarévitch, Peter handed his son a letter, dated the 22d of October. It was written in strong and decisive terms, and contained an ultimatum. After speaking of the Swedish war, and how affairs had taken such a turn that the Swedes now trembled before the Russians, the Tsar continued:

"When I consider this joy come of God to our father-land, and look then on the line of my successors, a deep grief comes over me, because I consider you unfit to carry on the business of the Government. God is not at fault, for he has not deprived you of a sound mind, nor taken entirely away from you bodily strength; for although you are not of a strong nature, still you are not very weak. But you do not wish to hear anything about military affairs, although by this we have come from darkness into light, and those who knew nothing of us before now respect us. I do not demand that you should be desirous of making war without lawful reasons, but I expect you to appreciate military affairs and learn all that is most necessary in them, for this is one of the two necessary things for government, order, and defense. \* \* \* You have no desire at all to learn anything. You know nothing of military affairs. \* \* \* You excuse yourself by saying that your weak health prevents you from taking

part in the fatigues of a campaign. But this is no reason. I do not wish bodily fatigue from you, but only the desire for the thing, and this can be weakened by no illness."

Then making a comparison with his own brother Theodore and Louis XIV., who himself took no part in campaigns, he continues:

"When I represent to myself all this and turn again to my first thought, I must say to myself, I am a man—I can die. To whom then shall I leave that which I have by God's help planted and increased? To him who is like the idle servant in the Gospel, that buried his talent in the ground? I think, besides, what a bad and obstinate character you have. How much have I scolded you for it, and not merely scolded but beaten you for it! How many years have I not spoken with you! Nothing has been of help; nothing has borne fruit; it has all been in vain; my words have been carried off by the wind. You wish to do nothing except to sit at home and to delight yourself if everything goes contrary. \* \* \* Seeing, therefore, that I can turn you to nothing good, I have thought best to write you this last testament, and still wait a little to see whether, in truth and without hypocrisy, you change. If not, then know that I deprive you of your right to the throne, and cut you off like a blasted limb. And do not think that you are my only son, and that I write this only to frighten you. In very truth, by the will of God, I will fulfill it, for, as I have not spared my life for my country and my subjects, how can I spare you, who are unfit? Better a deserving stranger than an unworthy son."

When, the next day, Alexis heard of the

birth of his step-brother, he was much cast down, but he gradually came to a resolution, and three days afterward wrote to his father, saying that if it was his will to cut him off from the succession, he begged him to do so. "I see myself unsuitable and unfit for this business, for I am quite devoid of memory, without which it is impossible to do anything, am weak and do not possess all my intellectual and bodily powers, and have become unsuited to the government of such a people, for which it is necessary to have a man not so rotten as I. Therefore, to the Russian succession after you (God give you health for many years) I lay no claim, and in future shall make no claim (even if I had no brother, and now, thank God, I have a brother, to whom may God give health). I confide my children to your will, and as for myself, beg for support until my death." After receiving this letter, Peter had a conversation with Prince Basil Dolgorúky, on which the latter came to the Tsarévitch, read carefully through the Tsar's letter of the 22d of October, and said: "I have had a word with your father. I think he will cut you off from the succession. It appears that he is content with your letter. I have saved you from the scaffold. You can now

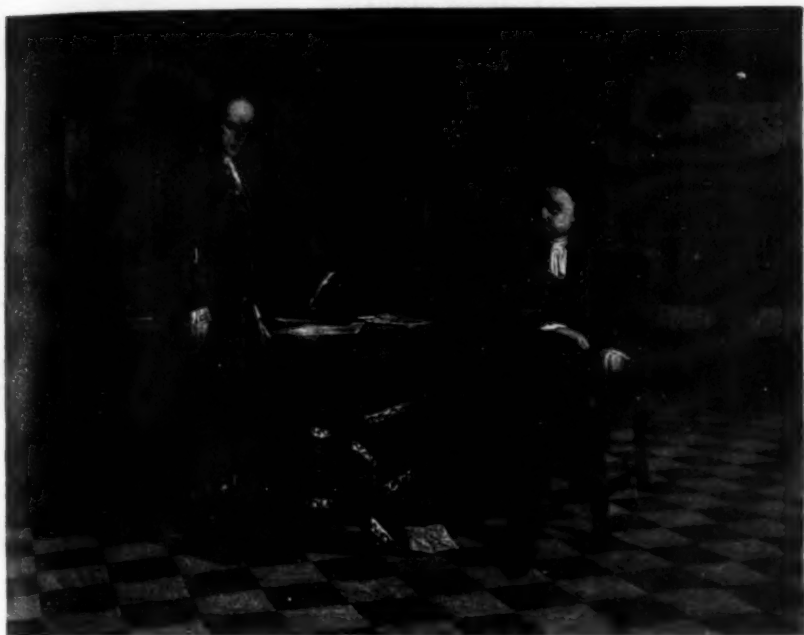
rejoice, and need trouble yourself about nothing more." The expression of Dolgorúky about the scaffold shows with what excitement the Tsar had spoken about his son. There seems, however, no reason to believe that Peter was at any time satisfied with what Alexis had written. In the state of things at that time in Russia, renunciation of the succession was scarcely sufficient. It was necessary to determine on something beyond this, and at this step Peter hesitated.

For a whole month the Tsar kept silent, then, after a drinking bout at Apráxin's, he became so dangerously ill that during two nights the senators and ministers remained in the palace. On the 13th of December he was so weak that the last sacrament was administered to him, but after this the attack passed, he began to mend, and three weeks later, was able to go to church, looking better than had been expected, but pale and shrunken. During this time Kikin warned Alexis to be cautious, maintaining that the Tsar was feigning illness to see how he would behave, and had received the sacrament only for the purpose of creating a belief that his end was near.

On the 30th of January, 1716, Alexis



RELINQUENT UNDER CHARLES XII. FROM A PAINTING BY G. CEDERSTRÖM. (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIÉ & CO.)



INTERVIEW BETWEEN PETER AND ALEXIS.

received a second and still more threatening letter from his father. The Tsar found fault with him for mentioning only the question of succession and his physical weakness, while silent with regard to his father's anger and discontent.\*

"This leads me to write more decidedly, for if you do not fear me now, how will you follow my testament? I cannot believe your oath on account of your hardness of heart. David has already said that all men are liars, so that if you really wished to keep it you could be dissuaded by the long beards, who on account of their laziness are not now in favor, but to whom you are greatly devoted. And what gratitude have you shown to your father? Do you help me in my sorrows and troubles, so hard to be borne, although you have already reached ripe age? No, not in the least. It is known to every one that you hate my deeds, which I do for the people of this nation, not sparing my health, and after my death you will destroy them. For that reason, to stay as you would like to be, neither fish nor flesh, is impossible. Therefore, either change your character, and without hypocrisy be my worthy successor, or become a monk, for without this my soul will not be at peace, especially that I am now so ill. Therefore, on receiving this, give me immediately an answer, either in writing or in words; and if you do not do this, I will treat you as a criminal."

\* Peter's excitement is evident, for he overlooked the fact that Alexis in his letter had expressly mentioned his intellectual disqualifications.

The friends of Alexis advised him to become a monk. Kikin, who had before counseled this, now said: "A monk's cowl is not nailed on a man. It can be laid aside again." Viázemsky urged him to send first for a confessor and say to him that the step he took was compulsory, so that he could inform the metropolitan of Riazan, and it should not be thought that he had been put into a monastery as a punishment for some fault. This advice he followed, and in three lines wrote to his father, excusing himself for not writing more explicitly on account of illness, but saying that he wished to go into a monastery, and begging his permission for this step; signing himself, "Your slave and unworthy son, Alexis."

Two days before Peter's departure for Danzig and the West, he visited his son, whom he found ill in bed, and asked him what he was resolved to do. Alexis called God to witness that he wished nothing else than to go into a monastery. Peter replied: "That is not easy for a young man. Think a little about it. Do not hurry. Then write to me what you wish to do. You had better turn about to the straight road rather than become a monk. I will wait for half



A FINNISH SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

a year." Peter could hardly have expected any important change in his son, but it was hard for him to come to a decision. The willingness of Alexis to comply with his demands disarmed him, and at the same time made him uneasy. This respite gave Alexis heart. He postponed the matter indefinitely, and began to think of flight, and of concealing himself somewhere abroad until the death of his father. Shortly after the Tsar's departure, his step-sister, the Princess Maria Alexéievna, went to Carlsbad, and Kikin, who belonged to her court, in bidding good-bye to Alexis, said: "Wait, I will find a refuge for you." Kikin is said further to have informed Alexis that it was the design of his father not to put him into a monastery, because there he might live a long time, but to wear him out by the fatigues of long journeys and hard work. On the 29th of June, 1716, the Princess Natalia died. Although Alexis's confidants told him that all his misfortunes had come from her, yet it is said that the Princess on her death-bed called for her nephew, and said to him: "As long as I lived, I have kept my brother from carrying out hostile designs against you. But now I am dying, and it is time for you yourself to think about your safety. The best thing would be that, on the first opportunity, you should put yourself under

the protection of the Emperor." A speedy decision of some kind was indeed necessary. The half-year given for consideration had expired, and in October Alexis received a letter from his father, then at Copenhagen, asking for his decision, demanding either that he should tell the name of the monastery which he desired to enter, and the time when he would take the vows, or, if he had chosen to comply with his father's desires, that a week after the receipt of the letter he should start for the seat of war, and take part in the military operations—in any case to send a reply by the same courier, "for I see that you only pass your time in your usual idleness." Alexis had during these months written to his father, but had said nothing of his plans.

Alexis left St. Petersburg on the 7th of October, nominally to go to his father. He took leave of the Senate, begging one or two of his friends to continue faithful to him and look after his interests. His real purpose the Tsarévitch told to but two of his adherents. His intention was to go either to Vienna or to Rome, ask the protection of the Emperor or the Pope, and there live until the death of his father. He hoped that this would occur shortly, and he then expected, with the aid of his friends, to return to Russia and become regent dur-

ing the minority of his step-brother. He had resigned his claims to the crown, and he does not seem to have thought of renewing them. A few miles from Libau, he met his aunt, the Princess Maria, returning from Carlsbad. He sat for a while in her carriage and had a long conversation, broken with weeping. He told her that he was going to his father with great fear as to how he would be received, but admitted that he would be glad to conceal himself somewhere. She advised him to live in hope, and to talk with Kikin, who was still at Libau. With Kikin he had a confidential conversation, and on his advice resolved to go to Vienna, and ask the protection of the Emperor. Proceeding to Danzig, he disguised himself as a Russian officer, took the name of Kochánsky, and went by the way of Breslau, Neisse, and Prague to Vienna.

The vice-chancellor, Count Schönborn, late one evening, after he had retired, was surprised by a visit from the son of the Russian Tsar. He tried to excuse himself, but the occasion was announced to be urgent, and Alexis burst into the room before he had time to complete his toilet. The Tsarévitch, who was in a high state of excitement, at last succeeded in telling his story, and in explaining how his life was sought for by his father, by Catherine, and by Men-shikóf, and begged for the protection of his brother-in-law, the Emperor. Schönborn promised to do what he could, and after a few days Alexis was sent, in disguise and under guard, first to Weierberg, near Vienna, and then to the castle of Ehrenberg, in the Tyrol, a region then little visited. After remaining here for nearly five months, he was transferred to the castle of St. Elmo, at Naples.

Meanwhile, from the time of his leaving Danzig, nothing had been heard of him by his father or his friends, who began to be seriously alarmed for his safety. Inquiries were set on foot, but nothing could be ascertained. At last, Veselófsky, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, discovered his flight to that city under the name of Kochánsky, but here all trace was lost. Tolstói, the former ambassador at Constantinople, and Rumiántsof were sent by the Tsar to assist Veselófsky. They traced Alexis to Ehrenberg, and stationed themselves in the vicinity to intercept him. They followed him through Italy, and finally, after many menacing letters on the part of the Tsar, Tolstói succeeded in procuring an interview with him at St. Elmo. The Emperor Charles VI.,

while wishing to protect him personally, felt disinclined to begin a struggle with Russia on his account, and Peter made vague threats of the invasion of Silesia. Tolstói frightened the Tsarévitch, partly with the withdrawal of the Austrian protection in consequence of a war with Russia, and partly with a journey of the Tsar himself to Italy, when he would not be able to avoid an interview. He guaranteed that, if Alexis returned to Russia, he would be allowed to lead a quiet life on his estates. This promise was subsequently confirmed by a letter of Peter himself. Finally Tolstói succeeded in persuading Alexis to proceed at once to Russia. At last, on the 10th of February, 1718, Alexis arrived at Moscow. On the 14th of that month there was a solemn assembly in the palace of the Krémelin, in which the Tsarévitch appeared without his sword, and formally renounced his rights to the throne. On the same day a manifesto was published, in which the whole series of facts and the conduct of the Tsarévitch were recounted, and it was stated that by them he had deserved death, but that he had been pardoned by the Tsar. At the same time, the son of Catherine, Peter Petróvitch, was proclaimed heir to the throne. During three days the people were called upon to take oath in the cathedral to the new Tsarévitch. Some refused, and a certain Dokúkin, a former official, dared to hand to the Tsar in the church his protest against the act of disinheritment.

The conditions of the pardon were that Alexis should immediately declare who were his advisers and accomplices, and should conceal not even the least circumstance of what had happened. In reply to the list of questions which were given him, Alexis presented a rambling narrative of his life during the last few years, mentioning a large number of persons with whom he had had conversations about his fate, and who were privy to his flight. The Princess Maria Alexéievna, Kikin, Viázemsky, Basil Dolgorúky, Ignátief, the servant Athanasief, and many others, were arrested. Peter himself, with great coolness, conducted the whole proceedings, was present at the inquisitions, and sometimes at the tortures. As the investigation went on, new persons were daily arrested, and the trial took great dimensions. Finally there appeared among the accused, Peter's repudiated wife, Eudoxia. She was arrested on account of her intercourse with Alexis, but



it soon became apparent that she had in no way conformed to the rules of the convent in which she was immured as the nun Helena, had assumed a secular habit and the state of a princess, and had had for a long time an amorous intrigue with a Major Gliébof. Eudoxia and Gliébof confessed their intimacy, and the former Tsaritsa begged for pardon in a letter in which she said: "I throw myself at your feet. I ask your pardon for my crime. Do not make me die before my time. Let me return to a convent, where I shall pray to God for you till my last day. Your former wife, Eudoxia." The Tsar seemed to lay more stress on the political bearing, and what he thought a conspiracy, than on the offense to his honor. The Bishop of Rostóf, Dositheus, then in great repute, was accused of having prophesied the death of the Tsar within a year and of having publicly prayed in church for Eudoxia. While being degraded before being tortured, he said to his brother bishops: "Am I, then, the only guilty one in this affair? Look into your own hearts, all of you. What do you find there? Listen to what is spoken among the people—a name I will not pronounce." Torture, however, drew nothing from him except the vague acknowledgment of expressions of sympathy. No act of open rebellion could be proved. The council of ministers, constituted as a high court of justice, rendered a decision in the last days of March, 1718. Kikin, Gliébof, and the Bishop Dositheus were condemned to cruel death, some to death, and many others, after being publicly whipped, to forced labor and to exile in Siberia. Some women were sent to the convents of the White Sea; others were publicly whipped. The Tsaritsa Eudoxia was sent to a convent at Old Ládoga, near Schlüsselburg, where she lived till the accession of her grandson, Peter II.\* The Princess Maria was imprisoned in Schlüsselburg until 1721, when she was allowed to return to her house in St. Petersburg, where she died in 1723. Gliébof, after having been tortured by the knout, by red-hot irons, by heated weights, was fastened for three days upon a plank with wooden spikes, and, as he confessed nothing, was impaled on the 29th of March, and died the next day. The Bishop of Rostóf was broken on

the wheel and beheaded; his body was burned and his head fixed on a stake. Alexander Kikin was treated in the same way. He was tortured slowly, at intervals, so that he might suffer more. The second day the Tsar passed by him. Kikin was still living on the wheel, and begged the Tsar to pardon him and allow him to become a monk. His head was at once cut off and exposed on a stake. Dokúkin, who had protested against the oath of allegiance to the Tsarévitch Peter, died the death of a martyr; he was tortured three times and afterward broken on the wheel, constantly declaring that he was willing to suffer all for the word of Christ.

Peter returned to St. Petersburg in a gloomy frame of mind. The results of the trial had not appeased his feelings as a father nor dispelled the suspicions which haunted him as a sovereign. Nothing treasonable was proved, nothing which connected his son with a conspiracy. Alexis was given apparent liberty, and was installed in a house next to the palace. In the middle of May, Peter made an excursion to his new country residence of Peterhof, on the shore of the Gulf of Finland. He took Alexis with him, for he could not leave him out of his sight, and Afrosinia was conveyed thither in a covered bark. Here both of them were examined and cross-examined by the Tsar in person. Afrosinia was not tortured. Even without that, she confessed all that she knew, recounted all the particulars of the daily life of her lover during the whole time that they had lived together, especially during their stay abroad—all his expressions of discontent, every word or act that might be deemed treasonable and that was calculated to excite still further the suspicion of the Tsar. Her revelations were deemed sufficient. She was confronted with Alexis, and in face of what she had said, the Tsarévitch could do nothing but confess. She received the reward of her service. She, alone, of all who were implicated in the affair, was released without torture or further difficulty, and lived the rest of her life quietly in St. Petersburg, where she married an officer of the guard.

The case was now strong enough. The Tsar issued a manifesto, drawn up by his own hand, in which he recited the certainties which had been arrived at during the investigation, the deception practiced by his son in his previous depositions, and concluded that, as the pardon promised him had been on condition only of a full and

\* On the accession of Alexis's son, Peter II., the Tsaritsa Eudoxia was released, and lived at the Maidens' Convent, at Moscow, occasionally appearing at court. She died in 1731, in the reign of the Empress Anne.

sincere confession, it was no longer valid. The bishops and clergy were called upon to indicate to a father what he ought to do with regard to the criminal violation of all laws, and he asked the ecclesiastic tribunals to take his place, in judging this Absalom. The bishops endeavored to evade the question, and in their reply brought many examples, from both the Old and the New Testament, to show that such a case should be judged by the secular, and not the ecclesiastical, courts. They showed that, if the Tsar wished to punish his son, he had authority from the Bible; and, if he deigned to pardon him, he had the example and precepts of Christ, especially as set forth in the parable of the Prodigal Son. A second manifesto was then issued to the Senate and the civil functionaries, ordering them to judge his son without feebleness, as well as without flattery. On the 28th of June, the high court of justice assembled, composed of one hundred and twenty-seven members, senators, ministers, officers of the guard, and most of those who were personally devoted to the Tsar. On the 30th, the torture was applied in the usual way to the Tsarévitch, and he received twenty-five blows of the knout. On the 2d of July, he was required to write answers to some further questions proposed by his father. Tolstói, the terrible Tolstói, who had overcome him at Naples, was charged with the whole investigation; and this time Alexis gave answers which were so apparently sincere that, had Peter taken advantage of the favorable moment, he might, perhaps, have brought his son to obedience. On the 5th of July, torture was again applied, and the Tsarévitch received fifteen blows. But he was exhausted, and little or nothing more could be obtained from him. That same evening the high court assembled, and declared the Tsarévitch culpable of having deposed falsely; of having concealed his attempts premeditated long before against the throne, and even against the life of his father; of having put his hope in the populace; of having desired the death of his sovereign, and plotted the ruin of his country, of his lord and father, with the aid of foreign arms. Unanimously, and without discussion, it condemned him to death. Peter was in great perplexity. He could not bring himself to sign the sentence, and, at the same time, he believed that his plans and the work of his life would be ruined if his son ever came to the throne. In spite of the sentence of death, Alexis was again interrogated. The next morning

he was asked whether the extracts which he had made from Baronius were intended to be distributed among the people. To this he replied that he had made them only as memoranda for himself. The 7th of July there was a new interrogatory, attended by torture, in the presence of the Tsar and most of the members of the court, which lasted for three hours. Alexis was taken back to his cell very weak. In the afternoon his feebleness increased, and at six o'clock he expired, before his father, who had already received intelligence that he was dying, was able to reach him.\*

It would appear to us that propriety, if not decency, demanded that a proper respect should have been paid by Peter to his dead son, even were he criminal. The day after the death of Alexis was the anniversary of the battle of Poltava. The festivity was not postponed, but the day was celebrated in the usual manner, in the presence of the Tsar. That evening, the body of the Tsarévitch was transferred from the cell where he died to the house of the Governor, and on the next day to the Church of the Trinity, where it was exposed to public view. The subsequent day, the 10th of July, was the birthday of the Tsar. A new vessel, the *Forester*, designed by him, was launched at the Admiralty. Peter assisted at the ceremony, with all his ministers. There was a merry banquet, and the drinking was kept up until two o'clock in the morning. On the next evening, the 11th of July, the body of the Tsarévitch was buried by the side of his wife, in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the fortress, with the usual pomp, in the presence of the Tsar, the Tsaritsa, and of the ministers and high officers of state.

The people, however, refused to believe in his death, and for many years pretenders to the name of Alexis appeared in various parts of Russia.

The little Prince Peter, the step-brother of Alexis, who succeeded to his rights, survived him but a year.

\* There can scarcely be a question that the death of Alexis occurred as a consequence of the torture inflicted upon him. Many versions, however, immediately became current, and it has been believed by many that the sentence of death was actually executed. Others have said that, in order to avoid it, the Tsarévitch was poisoned. Bruce and Rumiánssof both claimed to have been ocular witnesses, and to have taken part in the murder of Alexis; but their stories are utterly at variance, both as to the manner and the circumstances of his death, and it is impossible to give them credence.

## THE HUMMING-BIRD.



WITH here and there a hover,  
Blush-rose and lily lover;  
Darting, sparkling treasure,  
Air-Arab, pinioned pleasure,  
Ethereal thinker's notion  
To prove perpetual motion,—  
What may the muses say,  
Bird-beam of summer day?  
Tell, dainty, dainty sprite,  
Tell, rainbow of delight,  
Incarnate gem,  
Live diadem:  
What shall the burden be,  
Thou heart of brilliancy?  
I charge thee, bright-eyed top,  
Plaything of baby flow'rs,  
Make answer as ye hop  
On backs of drowsy hours.

Flown—vanished—gone his way.  
A star in open day!  
Some deathless aim doth sorely tease  
That gentlest enemy to ease:  
The rarest rose that bares her breast  
Invites him vainly to its rest.  
Why should he scorn to fold his  
wings  
With loveliest of lovely things?  
Was being never yet so small  
That we could see and know it  
all?  
Perchance he was a dazzling thought  
In gleams of highest rapture wrought—  
A glance from eyes of beauty flown  
To flash their passion in mine own—  
Resplendent herald of desire  
In plumes of azure and of fire.

## QUEEN TITANIA.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," etc.

### VIII.

DURING the remainder of February and all the month of March, Quintus kept up a hypocritical show of activity, always starting at the accustomed hour for the office, and spending the day in *cafés* and reading-rooms, and in aimless wanderings about the city. He once even fell asleep on one of the benches in the Union Square park, and on being awakened by a policeman, had much difficulty in persuading him that he was neither drunk nor a vagrant. Often he was seen trudging on through the dismal, chilly rain which New York rarely escapes during March, having apparently some serious purpose in view; but being utterly oblivious of the state of his clothes and the direction his feet were taking, he would sometimes find himself in the most dangerous and disreputable districts of the city. He attracted, however, no special attention. His tall hat looked shabby and weather-beaten, his coat was dripping wet, and he was shivering from head to foot—the normal condition of the inhabitants of these neighborhoods. He would have much preferred to remain at home, seated in his easy-chair in his comfortable library, but in that case Tita would have drawn her inference, and an explanation would have been inevitable.

Tita, in the meanwhile, was not blind to the striking change in Quintus's appearance and temperament. She noticed with increased apprehension the daily deepening of the lines about his mouth and eyes, the listless stoop in his shoulders, and the look of extreme weariness in his whole countenance. She dared no longer coax and question him in her playful manner, for she suspected that the cause of his grief was too serious to be dismissed with a playful retort. Moreover, he showed a disposition to irritability, which, in so amiable a man as he, was quite alarming, and Tita, with the superior knowledge of her sixteen years, began to prescribe for him, as for a moral invalid, substituting cocoa for coffee at breakfast, and fruit for pastries at dessert, and making various other dietary changes, in which Quintus, without a suspicion of their cause, unrummuringly acquiesced. Tita, however,

failed to observe any beneficial effects from her remedies, and as Quintus continued to grow thinner and more hollow-cheeked she grew more and more anxious, and finally resolved upon a daring enterprise which she had long vaguely meditated. That Quintus was in love, there could be no reason to doubt. From the few novels she had read, she had learned that the symptoms of this ailment were very alarming and extraordinary. And further, as Quint knew no other ladies than herself and Miss Dimpleton, and whereas, if he were in love with herself, he would undoubtedly have told her so, there was no escape from the conclusion that he must be in love with Miss Dimpleton. Moreover, his melancholy had dated from the evening when the Homeric readings had ceased. What more probable, then, than that Miss Dimpleton had refused him that very night? Of course, after such an occurrence it would be embarrassing to continue the acquaintance. Thus reasoned the sage little Tita. And although in an obscure corner of her heart there had lurked a hope that Quint would some day love her as dearly as she loved him, she was resolved to be heroic and to do all in her power to restore his happiness. If Miss Dimpleton were aware what a noble fellow Quint was, she surely would not persist in her refusal to marry him. But, of course, she could not know; she did not know him as well as Tita did. Therefore, Tita concluded that it was her duty to go to Miss Dimpleton and enlighten her. She would, of course, have to choose a morning when Quint, as she supposed, would be at the office.

In this adventurous mood, Tita donned her walking costume and tripped demurely down toward the ferry-boat. She took a street-car up-town, and arrived without any mishap at the door of one of those great, featureless masses of brown stone in which the fashionable New-Yorker loves to dwell. She rang the bell, and was promptly admitted by the colored brigadier in blue and yellow, who, as Tita presently reflected, had been gotten up to match the furniture. She sent up her card, upon which she had written, with much trepidation at her own daring,

"Miss Hulbert," and in a few minutes Miss Dimpleton descended, held out her hand hesitatingly, and, with an interrogatory smile on her lips, said:

"Excuse me, but I do not remember having had the pleasure——"

"No, Miss Dimpleton," said Tita, as Miss Dimpleton showed no disposition to continue, "you have never met me before, but—but—please allow me to sit down and collect my thoughts a little, Miss Dimpleton."

She felt an alarming inclination to burst into tears; she was puzzled and frightened at the rashness of her undertaking. Miss Dimpleton seemed very formidable, too, with her clear gray eyes, and her smooth hair, and her rich and stately attire. She stood looking at poor Tita, as if she were deciphering her very soul.

"Yes, certainly, do sit down," she was saying, gazing with sudden intentness at Tita's card, which she was yet holding in her hand. "Your name, it appears, is Miss Hulbert. May I ask, were you not the lady whom I saw with Mr. Bodill in the theater about six or seven weeks ago?"

"Yes, probably I was."

"Then pardon me if I ask you embarrassing questions; but it is of some importance to me to know. Ought not your name to be Miss Bodill?"

"You mean that I ought to marry Quint?" exclaimed Tita, in hypocritical astonishment, while the tears trembled through her words. "Oh, not at all, I assure you. Of course, I love Quint very much, because he is so good and kind and lovely—oh, you don't know how good Quint is, Miss Dimpleton."

Somehow, there was something very touching to her, just then, in Quint's goodness, and the tears refused to be held in check any longer, but coursed down her cheeks, while she yet bravely gazed into her rival's eye.

"I have no doubt Mr. Bodill is very good to *you*," replied Miss Dimpleton, a little stiffly, although she had to admit to herself that the impulsive and child-like manner of this young girl was very winning. Evidently, Mr. Bodill had kept her in ignorance of his true relation to her, and under such circumstances it would hardly be kind to burden her with a knowledge which would necessarily give her pain. "But," she added, "pardon my frankness—but how does Mr. Bodill's goodness concern me?"

"It concerns you very much indeed, Miss Dimpleton, if you only knew it," said Tita,

resolved, however embarrassing it might be, to speak plainly. "Quint has been very ill of late, ever since the evening when you gave up your Homeric studies. I know that something must then have happened to him, although he has never told me what it was. Yet I know that it is you who must have done something to him that has wounded him very deeply. And, Miss Dimpleton, it was this I came to tell you, that if there ever was a man in this world who is thoroughly noble, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, that man is Quintus Bodill. It is a great pity that he should care so much for your company that it should make him ill and wretched not to see you. For, though you are very beautiful, you are not as beautiful as Quint; nor are you so good as he is, since you like to wound and grieve those who are fond of you."

Miss Dimpleton, instead of smiling at this intrepid arraignment, delivered in a tear-choked voice, grew suddenly very serious, and sat gazing with a look of earnest scrutiny into Tita's face.

"Listen to me, Miss Hulbert," she said, half unconsciously seizing Tita's hand. "You think I am cold and cruel, and that Mr. Bodill is a saint. Supposing it was I who was cruelly wounded, and that it was Mr. Bodill who had inflicted the wound. Unfortunately, I cannot make you understand what I mean. But when a man creates an ideal of purity and nobleness in a woman's mind, and then carefully conceals the fact that he is himself far from worshiping at the altar which he erects for her; then—then"—Miss Dimpleton groped for a moment for the proper phrase—"there is no forgiveness for that man—and in all likelihood he would not even care to be forgiven. Suppose, too, that a woman had held aloof from society, and refused to squander her strength and blunt her sensibilities in fashionable dissipations; suppose she had hungered for a life of nobler aims and loftier interests, and fancied that this man held the key to the Eden she had dreamed of, and imagine then her indignation when she discovered that he, too, had soiled his hands in the moral filth in which the baser crowd of humanity grovel. Can you, with your sixteen years, imagine the bitterness which such an experience leaves behind it, and the dreariness and hopelessness which must follow?"

Tita, who, without precisely understanding the nature of Miss Dimpleton's grievance,



vaguely felt that Quintus's honor was being assailed, bristled all over with eagerness to rush to his defense. Her interlocutor, however, although she observed her impatience, was resolved to finish her indictment—not because she would condescend to demand sympathy, but merely to give vent to the righteous wrath and scorn which had accumulated within her. Now, at last, came Tita's chance to retort.

"Well, madam," she broke forth, forgetting entirely her benevolent purposes, "if you mean to insinuate that Quintus Bodill is the kind of man you have just been describing,—I understand what you mean, and you needn't look pityingly at me,—then I can only say that—that you don't know him, and that you are unworthy of the honor of knowing him."

And, with a disdainful bow, Tita swept out of the room, whereupon the formidable blue-and-yellow negro opened the door. As she descended the steps, she met an elderly gentleman, who had just emerged from his *coupé*, and was running up the steps with an eagerness quite out of keeping with his years. She could not look him in the face for her tears; but as she heard his latch-key in the door, Tita sagely concluded that it must be Mr. Dimpleton.

IX.

"TELL Miss Jessie I want to see her, as soon as possible," said Mr. Dimpleton, to the servant.

"Miss Dimpleton is in the pa'lo', sah," was the reply.

The publisher, with a look of suppressed excitement, entered the room, and, without any preliminary, handed his daughter an opened letter. Miss Jessie, who was too absorbed with her own reflections to notice her father's manner, received the letter rather listlessly, and, supposing it to be an invitation, put it into her pocket.

"Why, my dear, I wish you to read it at once," said he; "it is a matter of great importance."

She sank into an easy-chair, unfolded the paper, and had hardly read the words, when she started up again, and stared hard at her father.

"Where, where did this —" she cried.

"Read it, read it," he demanded, "and then tell me what we ought to do. Of course we owe him reparation."

The letter read as follows:

"Messrs. J. C. DIMPLETON & Co.

"GENTLEMEN: We have been informed that you have in your employ a gentleman, about thirty years of age, named Quintus Bodill. A young man of that name crossed in one of our steamers about twelve years ago, and made himself the voluntary guardian of a little girl, then four years old, whose mother had died during the voyage. We made careful inquiries at the time, in the hope of discovering some friend or relative of the deceased, but all our efforts were in vain. As in all probability Mr. Bodill would have informed us of the child's death, and we have received no intelligence to that effect, we conclude that she must be alive, and yet under Mr. Bodill's protection.

"The occasion for our troubling you with this affair is the fact that a sum of \$455 was collected among the passengers for the benefit of the orphaned girl, which sum was deposited with us, and invested in United States six per cent. bonds. Capital and interest are at Mr. Bodill's disposal whenever he will present himself, with proper identification, at our office. A messenger, whom we sent to your place of business to inquire for him, failed to find him, and we therefore beg of you to have the kindness to communicate to him the contents of this letter. We have the honor to remain, gentlemen,

"Very respectfully yours,

"BALLARD, RUSH & Co.,

"Agents for — Transatlantic Steam-ship Co."

"If he had only not been so deucedly proud," said Mr. Dimpleton, in a dispirited sort of fashion—"if he had only deigned to offer me an explanation, all this trouble might have been avoided."

"How could he, father?" retorted Miss Jessie, passionately, letting the letter drop into her lap. "After what you said to him, there was but one thing for a man of honor to do, and that was exactly what he did."

"And who was it that prompted me to act so rashly as I did on such very slight premises?" asked he, with a remote approach to indignation.

"It was I, father, and I ought to suffer for it. But oh, if I had only known five minutes ago what I know now, I might, at all events, have avoided adding insult to injury. The young lady you met on the steps was the orphan referred to in this letter, and she came, evidently without his knowledge, to upbraid me, as I deserve to be upbraided, for my hasty condemnation, and for my whole ignoble conduct toward him."

Miss Jessie was in the contrite mood when there was a satisfaction in feeling the cut of the lash, and she would have bowed her head humbly under the application of the severest adjectives. And yet, through all this luxurious humility, there thrilled a sense of triumph at the thought that she had, after all, not bestowed her admiration, and perhaps something even more precious,

upon one who was unworthy. She need no longer blush at her own want of insight and discrimination, and she need no longer writhe under the degradation of having opened the inner chambers of her soul to profane eyes. It will be seen that she was occupied chiefly with herself. She felt vaguely sorry for the suffering she had caused him, but her uppermost feeling was joy at being rehabilitated in her own sight. There was some satisfaction, however, in knowing that Bodill had taken her displeasure to heart, although, of course, she could not ascertain how much of his wretchedness was due to the loss of his position.

"Well, my dear," said her father, who was ever ready to do his daughter's bidding, "what do you propose to do now?"

"Order the carriage for me at four, please," she answered, after a moment's hesitation, "and we will both make Mr. Bodill a call and offer him our apologies. I believe he lives somewhere on the Jersey side?"

"Yes, we have his address at the office."

x.

TITA glanced with some uneasiness toward the door, and hastily secreted about a square foot of embroidery in a drawer, the key of which she put, with a triumphant little nod, into her pocket. She was making Quint an elaborate Turkish smoking-cap to go with his dressing-gown and slippers, so that, while indulging in the oriental luxury of smoking, he might be in character, as it were—entirely *à la Turque*. But it was, of course, of the utmost importance that Quint should have no suspicion of her deep design until April 5th, when he would be thirty-two years old. On his birthday she was, moreover, in the habit of making him presents of all the things which she conceived that he was in need of; and the bills were, of course, duly presented, one by one, with many days' interval, at times when he was incapable of being anything but amiable.

Hearing heavy footsteps, Tita imagined that it was Quint, who was returning from the office a little earlier than usual. Presently there was a knock at the door, accompanied by an ominous rustle of silk. Tita, with her heart in her throat, seized hold of the knob, and, without a thought of her toilet, turned it. It had never yet happened that any one had called upon her, and she

naturally supposed that some one was making a mistake. When she beheld the stately forms of Miss Dimpleton and her father, she cast an anxious glance about the room (which, very likely, to feminine eyes, presented a disorderly appearance), then made a distant and dignified bow, and requested the visitors to be seated.

"The weather has been extremely capricious of late," remarked Mr. Dimpleton, gazing with a profound interest at the cornice of one of the tall book-cases which covered two walls of the room.

"Yes, I believe it has," said Tita, blushing to the edge of her hair, and feeling strangely agitated. She could not get rid of the impression that Mr. and Miss Dimpleton had come here on some errand of revenge, possibly to punish her for her insolence during the morning. In the next moment, however, she felt ashamed of these suspicions, and with an energetic effort set herself to the task of entertaining her guests. But unhappily she feared that she knew but little of social etiquette, and she had never felt so completely at sea with any one as with these two grave and apparently critical strangers.

"Mr. Bodill seems to be a good deal of a scholar," began Mr. Dimpleton again, just as Tita was meditating her first tentative remark.

"Yes, sir," she hastened to answer; "he takes great pleasure in his books, and he has some very rare ones, too. I am so sorry that he has not yet returned from the office, but he rarely returns until half-past five or six."

"The office?" repeated Mr. Dimpleton, in an interrogatory tone. "Is Mr. Bodill in business again?"

"He has never been out of business, as far as I know," retorted Tita; then, with a sudden clearance of vision, and anxiety in her voice, she added: "I supposed he was in business with you, sir. At all events, I never heard that he had separated from you."

"We—we are no longer together," replied Mr. Dimpleton, in a good deal of confusion. "We separated about six weeks ago."

"Six weeks ago!" exclaimed Tita; "and he has been going to the office every morning, and has returned every night at the usual hour."

"He has not been with me, I can assure you," asserted the publisher, severely. He was not finely enough organized to divine

the motive for such a prolonged deception, and was inclined to judge Bodill by his own standard.

"Mr. Bodill evidently wished to spare you the pain of knowing that he was out of employment," said his daughter, whom Tita's mournful face had moved to compassion. Tita was having the most horrible compunctions in regard to a blue parasol with a lizard carved on its ivory handle; she had bought it with Quint's permission, but she well remembered the expression of his face when she told him the price.

Miss Dimpleton, too, by the way, had been indulging a remorseful reverie, and had, like Tita, arrived at the most uncomplimentary conclusions regarding herself. This plainly furnished room, with the long, serious rows of books along the walls, and the great, well-worn dictionaries on the revolving shelves at the writing-desk, was an eloquent commentary on the life of the man whom she had misjudged. She felt here the spirit of the man, and she felt that it was a noble spirit. Her own splendid upholstery, upon which she had spent so much time and study, was, for the moment, almost repugnant to her, and she would willingly (on a certain condition) have exchanged her luxury and ease for the moderate prosperity and scholarly interests to which these books and engravings bore witness. Mr. Bodill's tender regard for the feelings of his ward (not to speak of Tita's extravagant eulogies) also gave her a new clew to his character, and as the picture grew toward completeness at every fresh touch which her memory furnished, her own conduct appeared to grow blacker in proportion as his grew more noble.

While the two ladies were thus tormenting themselves, and while Mr. Dimpleton was examining Webster's Unabridged, which was lying open on the writing-desk, with an air of curious interest, as if it were the latest literary novelty, footsteps were heard in the hall, and Bodill entered. He looked worn and weary; the lines of his face indicated suffering; and the loving eyes of Tita read at once in these lines the painful history of his generous deception. The twilight, however, had imperceptibly been creeping into the room, so that Miss Dimpleton, who was less skilled in this kind of psychological divination, saw nothing but a tall, handsome man, who seemed to be very tired.

"Mr. Bodill," she said, rising and advancing to meet him, "we have come ——"

"Miss Dimpleton!" he exclaimed, starting back in surprise.

"Yes, it is I, Mr. Bodill," she answered, in her clear, calm voice. "My father and I have come to beg your forgiveness for a grievous wrong we have done you."

"Yes. The fact is, Mr. Bodill," interposed Mr. Dimpleton, in a hurried and embarrassed way,—"the fact is, it was a sad mistake—a very sad mistake, sir."

"It was more than that," insisted the daughter; "it was a cruel injustice and a grievous wrong."

Quintus, instead of answering, glanced with anxious tenderness toward Tita, who stood with mouth, eyes, and ears intent upon discoveries.

"Couldn't you please go down, Pussy dear, and tell Mrs. Hanson to postpone our supper until half-past?" he said, with visible uneasiness. "Tell her we have visitors."

When Tita, with a look of intelligent sympathy and yet with evident reluctance, had left the room, he said:

"Now, Miss Dimpleton, I am at your and your father's disposal. Do, pray, be seated. The subject to which you refer is to me a very painful one, and, as it appears to me, it is of no use to tear open a healing wound."

"We have very weighty reasons for doing what we do," said Miss Dimpleton. "We owe it to ourselves as well as to you. I need hardly say that my father has come to offer you the only reparation which you can accept and he offer with justice to himself and to you. He begs you, as a favor, to resume your former relations with the firm."

"Yes, Mr. Bodill, we are anxious to have you resume your former relations with us," echoed Mr. Dimpleton, whose conversation in his daughter's presence was but a slightly modified version of her remarks. "We can do nothing less, in justice to ourselves and to you. I hope, sir, that that will be satisfactory to you."

"It is not a favor we offer," explained the young lady, with much earnestness, as Quintus sat leaning his head on his hand in meditative silence; "it is a favor we beg you to confer."

"It is very kind of you to put it in that way," answered Bodill, without looking up. "Nevertheless, I cannot quite dismiss the thought that, if Mr. Dimpleton had valued me highly as a member of the firm, he would not have accepted my resignation so promptly, and listened so readily to rumors affecting my character."

"You force me to be explicit," replied she, with a little touch of excitement. "I shall be obliged to tell you, then, that it was not my father, but it was I, who accepted your resignation—that it was I who, if you choose, expelled you from the firm. My father had and has the highest appreciation of your ability, and has sincerely regretted your loss, and is now only anxious to have you accept our apologies."

It evidently did not occur to her that she was humiliating her father by this frank avowal, nor did it appear to embarrass Mr. Dimpleton in the least to have his daughter thus openly declare his dependence upon her. That she should rule and he obey, was part of the inscrutable order of things, which could not be remedied without a domestic revolution. And, as his yoke had been very gradually assumed, and had never been very hard to bear, the revolutionary spirit had long ago died out of him. On Quintus, however, Miss Dimpleton's frankness made an unpleasant impression; and although he could not conquer his admiration of her beauty and her clear intellect, he began from this moment to discern the alloy of baser metal in her character. And it is marvelous how quickly the first questioning of a friend's motive, the first hint of censure, is followed by a host of critical suggestions which, in a short time, entirely transform our friend's character. Thus, in Bodill's case, the illusion was broken, and Miss Dimpleton swiftly descended from the ideal heavens whither she had flown with the strong wing-beats of Homer's verse, and became an ordinary mortal—though, as such, a very beautiful and interesting one.

While thoughts like these had been, more or less consciously, occupying Bodill's brain, Miss Dimpleton had risen, and her face had assumed that vaguely abstracted air which, in a lady visitor, indicates that she is on the watch for a favorable opportunity to take her leave. Her sire, to whom Bodill's silence was perhaps a little vexatious, was once more absorbed in Webster. He could not comprehend why a young fellow should not jump at the chance of becoming once more a partner in a business so remunerative and so securely founded as his. The daughter, too, who had anticipated no difficulties in the path of reconciliation, was beginning to feel a little impatient with his scruples, but, being intent upon her purpose, determined to make one more attempt.

"I had one other errand in coming here,"

she said, meeting Quintus's eye with her candid gaze. "I have taken a great fancy to your ward, Miss Hulbert, and I beg you to lend her to me for one year. I wish to bring her out in society, and to complete her social education, as far as you and she will allow me. I promise you I shall not spoil her, and, if you wish it, I will return her to you at the end of the year, as pure and sweet and beautiful as she is now. But, as you are undoubtedly aware, a man is not the best educator for a young girl of her age; she needs some attentions that only a woman can bestow. Now, what do you say? I know the precious value of what I ask, and I shall treasure it as a faithful steward."

The praise of Tita, and the delicate retraction of all charges against him indicated by this request, touched the Norseman deeply. And yet, though he had long plotted a brilliant social career for Tita, he felt as if his heart was being wrung at the thought of losing her.

"I thank you—I thank you sincerely," he stammered, quite overcome with emotion, "but do not press me to-night. I do not refuse your offer, but I need time for reflection. To-morrow, if you will permit me, I will call upon you, and reply to both your kind propositions."

"And remember, please," said Miss Dimpleton, as she shook his hand at the head of the stairs, "that my admiration of your ward is no passing fancy. You know this is the third time I have seen her."

"The third time?"

"Yes. The first time was at Booth's Theater. The second time was this morning, when she made me a call, which you see I have been very prompt in returning."

## XI.

WHAT to do without Tita—that was a serious problem. And yet—thus reasoned the wise and conscientious Quint—what to do with Tita might in time become a still more serious one. She was growing up into womanhood, and all her affections had centered on him, only because they had had no one else upon whom they could center. Was it fair, then, and generous to keep her thus perpetually in ignorance of the world? No; he would give her full liberty of choice (he had an idea that Tita merely needed to look at a man to have him fall a victim at her feet), he would allow her to enjoy the triumphs to which her mind and

her beauty entitled her, and if, then, after a moderate experience of the world, she returned, with an unwavering heart, to him—so much the better; he would not possess himself of the love of a woman surreptitiously, nor would he bestow even wealth and happiness upon her except by her own free and enlightened choice.

Being, in the meanwhile, convinced of the sincerity of the Dimpletons, and their mortification at the injustice they had done him, he also determined to accept their offer to reënter the firm. He would thus be able to give her the social advantages, such as they might be, of a winter in New York. It was evident Quint had a weak spot in his otherwise sound composition. He desired for Tita distinctions of whose worthlessness he was himself fully convinced. He reasoned that it would be cruel to have his prejudices in any way interfere with Tita's pleasures.

It was a considerable surprise to him when he found that Tita was not a party to his speculations—that, in fact, she was violently opposed to all his ambitious projects. She had grown up among his book-cases, and she was determined to remain there. If he was going to marry Miss Dimpleton and become Mr. Dimpleton (Tita thought this a dexterous thrust), why, then, of course she would have to give her consent and, in the end, condone the offense by continuing to reside under their roof; but her blessing she would withhold, unless it proved entirely indispensable to their happiness. When Tita was in her bantering mood, Quintus always sat beaming with paternal admiration, and thus frequently forgot his argument. And the little rogue, who was well acquainted with her protector's weaknesses, had no scruples in employing this method of escape from disagreeable topics. The evil day, however, was merely postponed. Quintus was really, this time, in earnest, and Tita divined from his persistence in argument that his mind was made up, and that her dilatory tactics were of no avail. She then yielded a graceful acquiescence, and, without further remonstrance, allowed herself to be transferred to the residence on Madison Avenue. It was on the day of separation, when they were seated together in the carriage, that he came near asking her the object of her former visit to Miss Dimpleton, to which he had never before alluded; but, being a great master in the mental arithmetic of affection, he was subject to sudden revela-

tions, and, in this instance, at least, he knew that he had no need of asking.

## XII.

Two months after Tita's arrival, the Dimpletons broke up for the summer and went to Newport, where they owned a villa. Tita, of course, was removed with the rest of the baggage, and Miss Dimpleton, who counted much on the pleasure of bringing out a new and striking-looking young lady, had naturally taken pains to provide her with a sufficient number of effective costumes. All the dresses which had been manufactured by Mrs. Hanson with the aid of the "Bazar," and even those which were the work of "fashionable dress-makers" who dealt in "*Modes de Paris*," were ruthlessly cashiered; in their places, marvelous compositions of laces and flowers and satins were devised by persons who had seriously studied the art of hiding defects and emphasizing beauties, and harmoniously arranging all the multifarious details of a young lady's appearance. It was singular enough that the Homeric Miss Dimpleton, who never aimed at elaborate effects in her own toilet, should have expended so much time and thought on trivialities in her guest's behalf. She had, however, a dimly defined purpose, which, though unacknowledged at first, gradually began to be countenanced, and at last dominated all her actions. It had risen for the first time, consciously, in her mind when she made Bodill the proposal to attend to Tita's social education; but she had then been ashamed of it, and had persuaded herself that she had much more laudable motives in assuming this responsible charge. Crudely stated, she recognized in Tita a rival, and she wished to make her harmless. And the simplest way to accomplish this would be to marry her to another man. She did not doubt that such an arrangement would conduce to Tita's happiness as well as to her own; at any rate, Tita must take her chances in the matrimonial lottery as other women did, and not foolishly aspire to an exceptional and ideal happiness, which was only reserved for very exceptional persons like herself. Of course, that was not the way she formulated her argument, but it was nevertheless the inevitable inference from her mode of reasoning.

Since her discovery of her mistake in regard to Tita's birth, and especially since



her visit in his library, Bodill had become a moral hero to Miss Dimpleton. She was not madly and romantically in love with him, but she regarded him as a highly developed and exceptional specimen of the human race, and as peculiarly fitted for a life-long companionship with her. He was supremely desirable to her in every legitimate relation in which a man could come to a woman, and she could see nothing undignified or unwomanly in her exerting herself to become equally desirable to him. If a little extra maneuvering was needed, she excused herself with the reflection that men were naturally a little obtuse and less clear-sighted than women, and would be more likely to yield to an impulse of tenderness or of pity rather than weigh rationally their chances of happiness with two differently endowed women.

Tita more than justified Miss Dimpleton's expectations in regard to her social success. She made a sensation the first morning she appeared on the beach. Within a short time she "became the rage," to use the favorite phrase of her admirers. Her toilets were studied by hundreds of envious eyes, and reported by the local correspondents of the New York papers. Wherever Tita went (always under Miss Dimpleton's protecting wing), gentlemen appeared at her side as if by magic. During an hour in the morning, she held court from her phaeton on the beach, and astonished her protectress by the ease with which she adapted herself to the conversational tone of every one who came up to address her. In the afternoons, when, during the fashionable hour, she lolled at Miss Dimpleton's side in their carriage and returned, with a queenly air, the salutations of the passing equestrians, there was probably not a person the whole length of the Avenue who called forth more exclamations of wonder and admiration, or concerning whom more inquiries were made. Miss Dimpleton congratulated herself on Tita's receptivity for frivolous impressions, and reflected, with half-suppressed satisfaction, that, without much effort on her part, the charming little recluse of Jersey City was being transformed into an accomplished worldling. She had evidently needed only the opportunity. Miss Jessie did not know, however, what a superior and wholly philosophical view this absurd little Tita was taking of the dazzling Vanity Fair at which she was expected to "assist" in a more active capacity than that of a

spectator. Nor was she aware that Tita spent an hour every night, no matter how late she returned home, in describing to Quintus the doings of the day. Her daily bulletins were, to the unprejudiced eyes of their recipient, the wittiest and most brilliant specimens of epistolary writing that had appeared in any literature. He read them aloud to Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, who somehow failed to appreciate any of the good points, and was even tempted to take Mr. Dimpleton into his confidence, merely to show him what a wonderful creature Tita was. Many and many a lonely hour did he beguile in reading and re-reading the funny little back-handed epistles (for Tita's penmanship was her weak point, though her spelling was irreproachable), gloating over the multitude of affectionate absurdities which were prefixed to his name, and rejoicing in the fresh and pure spirit which seemed to exhale from every word and syllable. Of course he missed her sorely, but the generosity of his love did not allow him to pine, and far less to urge her return. She was having a useful experience of life, and he—well, he was passing through a necessary discipline.

Among Tita's many adorers, all of whom were encouraged by the diplomatic Miss Dimpleton, there were especially two whose attentions toward the middle of the season grew sufficiently pronounced to cause the usual rumors of engagements and refusals and reconciliations, and whatever other contingencies may occur in a man's pre-matrimonial career. The one was Count von Markenstein, a former attaché of the German legation at Washington, and the other Mr. Horace Dibble, a very harmless young gentleman who had had the misfortune to inherit a million. The Count was a tall and superbly built man of thirty, with a beautiful blonde beard, and hands which would have been no less remarkable if he had taken less pains to exhibit them to advantage. He was indefatigable in arranging sailing parties, to which he invited thirty ladies for the sake of concealing his preference for one; he trotted and cantered at all hours past the Dimpleton villa, with a view to showing his elegant horsemanship; and he bore with unflinching good-humor Tita's caprices, and her often very pointed rebuffs. Young ladies must be expected to be enigmatical, he reasoned, and they should be allowed a certain latitude in their caprices, previous to marriage. But he was acquainted with a course of post-matrimo-

nial discipline which would soon correct all little irregularities of conduct, sentiments, and opinions. The Count was an officer in the German army, and had great faith in the efficacy of discipline. Tita was far too fearless and independent, he thought, but as she was otherwise so wholly adorable, her minor failings might readily be forgiven until the time came for correcting them.

Poor Tita had not the remotest suspicion of the sinister designs which Count von Markenstein was harboring in his bosom. To her he was merely a ponderous young man who waltzed delightfully, spoke indifferent English, and was inclined to be didactic. It was therefore a genuine surprise to her when, one evening, without a word of warning, he flung himself at her feet in the old operatic style, and made some preposterous requests which she never could think of granting. She fled in dismay into the library, where Miss Dimpleton was sitting deeply absorbed in Buckle's "History of Civilization," and declared that she was afraid the Count was ill. Miss Dimpleton, who supposed he had fainted, rushed into the parlor with a bottle of *eau de Cologne* in one hand and a decanter of water in the other, but saw nothing at all ludicrous in the situation when she discovered her mistake.

When Miss Jessie returned, Tita observed that she had that strained expression about her mouth which always indicated that she was angry.

"Tita," she said, in a severe tone, "I am greatly shocked to think that you could behave so rudely to a man of Count von Markenstein's importance. Why, any girl in Newport would be proud to receive his addresses."

"Then the Count has been making you a confession," said the undaunted Tita.

"The Count told me enough to give me the clew to the situation. And I was obliged to apologize for you."

"I am very sorry you took that trouble, for it was the Count who ought to have apologized to me for behaving so ridiculously. Now, tell me what would you have done if a man, whom you supposed to be sane, suddenly flung himself at your feet, and proceeded to recite what appeared to be

a piece from 'Robert le Diable,' or some other lurid opera?"

"I would have raised him up, and told him that we could converse to better advantage standing or sitting."

"Well, that might have been better, I admit. And I will do that, next time a man loses his reason in my presence."

"Perhaps this may have been your last opportunity," observed Miss Dimpleton, primly.

"So much the better. I always find men more agreeable before they have taken leave of their senses."

"And they would undoubtedly find you more agreeable if you would control that unruly tongue of yours, which wags very thoughtlessly, and often makes witty but ill-advised remarks. Men, my child, are not attracted by young ladies who have an eye for their weaknesses, and who are capable of taking a humorous view of them."

"And, tell me, why should I be so anxious to attract men? I never cared a straw for any man but Quint, and he always laughs at my funny remarks, and kisses me, and says, 'Naughty Queen Titania!' and then I always feel encouraged to go on."

"Mr. Bodill, I am afraid, has systematically spoiled you. He ought to have extracted the sting in your tongue while it was yet small, and not allowed it to grow until it is capable of doing you harm. You know that it is only the unmarriageable bees that sting, and they have to spend their lives working for the married queen and her children. But the married gentleman bees, who failed to detect their charms, they dispatch into eternity by way of revenge."

"What an admirable arrangement! I approve of that highly, although I should be sorry to see Quint fall a victim to a vindictive spinster when he finally makes his choice. I shall put him on his guard, however, and tell him to be sure not to fail to discover anybody's charms."

Miss Dimpleton looked up seriously from Buckle, whom she had all the while made a pretense of reading, and scrutinized Tita's face with an uneasy glance. But Tita looked so gay and innocent, it was impossible to believe her guilty of a malicious intention.

(To be continued.)

## THE DAUGHTER OF HENRY SAGE RITTENHOUSE.

### A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

#### III.

TWENTY-FOUR hours, which she painfully counted, elapsed without her seeing him.

It was frequently said by one apparently approving Philadelphia lady to another apparently approving Philadelphia lady, that Anne Rittenhouse did not need chaperoning; and her mother, whose habits were indolent, acceded to the extent of letting almost any one perform that duty; but for a few days after Slade's visit she resumed herself a function now grown important.

Almost to her disappointment, however, she filled but a passive post. At the hop, which both ladies attended, slightly overdressed,—the one attractively, in a short white silk, and the other with a richness and blackness calculated to inspire respect in a vulgar breast,—the object of their solicitude merely looked for a moment in the window, then disappeared.

"He wont venture," said Mrs. Rittenhouse. "I couldn't have him ask you to dance before all these people."

"Well, he didn't," exclaimed the girl, her cheek colored the deepest rose, her eyes fixed upon the whirling figures.

Again at the beach he passed them in dripping garments, and Mrs. Rittenhouse turned her shoulder without speaking to him.

"I see that man is still around," she observed.

Anne said nothing, her face again suffused, partly from her mother's snub and partly from Slade's strange appearance.

Having occasion to return to the bathing-houses for something forgotten, they saw him again that same morning. He was sitting on A. Riggoletti's partially inclosed veranda. A small table, covered with a red-and-white cloth, was by his side, and Barney, with one hand deep in his trousers-pocket, was apparently paying for the refreshments indicated by a number of empty tumblers. Miss Markham was at the same table, and a lady whose name Anne had not heard. They wore costumes of the latest fashion, and their black braids were still wet from the surf. They were eating bits of lemon. They seemed very merry,—too merry, Anne admitted,—and as they smiled upon Slade, showing their white

teeth, she partially lost, for the first time, her conception of him.

The loss made her miserable; and, compared with her present depression, the lament of the sandpipers was a skylarking song.

So long as her mother's surveillance continued, Slade continued to be unseen, except by flashes. Anne afterward learned that he spent the time fishing. Then the surveillance ceased, and as nothing is done or left undone without affecting the whole system of created things, the sensitive cod ceased to find his bait attractive.

He did not, however, at once return to Anne's unprotected side, but contented himself with pacing up and down at a distance, in the society of the friend who shadowed him, or whom he shadowed. They had taken their bath, and, as they sunned themselves on the beach, Barney occasionally paused, and making little holes in the sand with the end of his stick, continued a somewhat irritated conversation, which Slade tried to soothe. He himself seemed imperturbable, and even hopeful. Each time he approached, Anne's sensations were those of a timid surf-bather, who watches the in-rolling wave; and at the end of half an hour they were those of a person who had been too long in the water. It began to seem probable that his honorable regard for her mother's disfavor would overrule his interest in herself; and she waited, with growing suspense, the result of the contest between the temptation her presence afforded and the scruples his honor opposed.

Meanwhile, all the bathers and idlers upon the beach were beginning to return to the hotels. She longed to tell him how groundless were her mother's objections, and how foolish were prejudices that were merely intuitive; to tell him that the difference between the noble and the spurious, the clever and the cunning, the cautious and the cowardly, the liberal and the loose, was often a mere matter of opinion, depending upon a chance point of view; and that her mother's point of view she knew to be movable. As she groped after these ideas, Slade removed her embarrassment by stopping, as he passed, and speaking to her as if nothing had interrupted their intercourse for days which had seemed like weeks. He remarked, with a

glance around them, that she seemed to be enjoying herself without assistance.

"None too well," said Anne.

She was seated on the sand, under a blue-and-white awning, from whose shelter the children of one of her Philadelphia friends had but recently departed with their nurse, and, at her invitation, Slade assumed a half-recumbent attitude by her side. The awning was over them, and their respective sun-umbrellas, outspread upon the sand, concealed them from loiterers at the bath-houses in the rear. Only the soon deserted beach was left open to their view, and they, likewise, were only to be seen through spy-glasses from chance vessels at sea. Anne still struggled with the idea of some explanation; but Slade did not mention her mother or his call upon her, and the superiority of this treatment shortly commended itself to the young girl's sense. The thought which had caused her the next greatest amount of anxiety appeared in her question as to how long he should remain.

"I came for ten days, or thereabouts," he replied; "but my time is subject to extension. I know of nothing just now to call me back. I can't tell."

"And we came for the season," said Anne, "which is liable to contraction. It depends upon many things."

"With me it depends, not upon many things, but upon one thing," he affirmed.

Miss Rittenhouse laughed slightly.

"Then I should think," she said, "that your chances for remaining were even better than ours."

"There is less danger in a number of remote contingencies than in a single probable miscarriage," he observed.

And, as soon as she was able, Anne said she guessed neither of them would go for the present. "Mother threatens to go," she declared, "but I don't know where she would go to. Our house is shut up. Mother isn't fond of strangers, but in the long run she is very reasonable,—she is slow and sure. The society here she thinks rather disorganized;—and there isn't much besides the society. Yesterday Madame Connelly was here from New York with a great many new costumes, and we all went over. She liked that."

"Did you get a new dress?" he idly inquired.

"I got two, and mother one."

Slade was at that time near the hem of a most exquisite garment, over which some of the sand had scattered. He ventured to brush it off.

"She can't go very well, if she wants to, till father comes," continued the girl.

"When will that be?"

"We don't know. He can't tell himself. He waits till there is a moment when he hasn't so much to do, then rushes on at a moment's notice."

"I have great respect for your father," Slade said. "I had heard of him before I met you."

"Very likely," said Anne.

"He holds a good deal of stock in one of the great lines West."

Anne thought this likely, also; but her knowledge of her father's affairs was not so accurate at that instant as a few minutes later, when Slade had enumerated a number of his other excellent investments.

"Everything he touches," he added, "goes up."

"Then he ought to touch a good many more things," suggested the girl, with which Slade coincided.

"Is your business," she ventured to ask, "the same as father's?"

"I have a variety of interests," he replied. "In that regard, at least, they are alike. You can't expect, however, that they have yet reached the dimensions of your father's affairs."

That was indeed more than she expected. She would rather he had announced himself a professional man, so personal had her preferences regarding him become; but the better she knew him, the more consistent seemed his temperament with the control of a variety of interests, which in her mind meant the owning of a railroad here, and a steam line there, the direction of a bank on the corner, a vague project in South America, and the collection of many rents.

"What did Corbin tell you?" he asked, as if he suspected the real intentness of her question.

And she answered, truthfully enough, though with an appearance of pleasantry:

"He told me your name was Mr. Slade."

"Thus far our accounts will hang together," he replied, in the same tone. "What else?"

"He said you smoked good cigars."

"He didn't leave much out."

"He said you wished to be introduced to me."

"What a well-informed young man!"

"He said he didn't think you were a college graduate."

"True, too true."

"He said you were with some young

ladies, who were trying to make it pleasant for you."

"With great success."

"He said you had knocked about."

"Long ago."

Anne discontinued the catalogue of his attributes, and looked out over the gray old sea, by whose side she sat so new and frail.

"I may add," he went on, "that my name is Richard Slade; that I was born in '48, and that I am much obliged to him."

In hurrying toward the zenith, the sun had shifted the shadows in which they sat, and Slade moved with them, drawing up closer under the awning by Anne's side. It had grown warm, and her shoulder, exposed to a ray, reddened under the insertions of lace drawn across it, and still she slipped the sand through her hands as through an hour-glass. In learning that his name was Richard, she felt she had made a stride.

These small facts, projected like points of light from out the deepest shade, would finally irradiate the whole area of his existence. It was as if some slow, erratic lamp-lighter crept about a dusky city, climbing here and there an isolated post and leaving within a lonely flame. She liked to watch the process, to wait for its completion; and she enjoyed an interest in that city such as she had never hoped to feel, save in the great celestial abode.

"I am afraid," continued Richard Slade, still lightly, "that Corbin did not do his duty. I shall have to get some one—some lady like your mother—to vouch for me,—to give a few more details. I don't think of any one just now who is here. Perhaps some one will come."

"It is getting a trifle late for that," Anne returned. "I fear I shall have to take your word for it." And as he removed his hat in acknowledgment of her confidence, she was impressed afresh by the ridiculous side of the implication that she might have doubts of him. She, in fact, had none, but she had still a large store of unsatisfied interest.

"You might give a few more details yourself," she suggested.

"I wear number seven and a half shoes," said Slade, looking down at those articles. "Didn't Corbin tell you that?"

"He forgot it," said Anne.

"I like them to cover a good deal of ground."

"Indeed!" she repeated, as if hearing great news.

"They have their ups and downs,—their long ways up and their short ways down."

"Can it be!"

"They have had their course down, and I trust they are now on their way up; but they are still some distance from the goal of the fortunate."

"Incredible!" cried the girl.

"I may say that I hope to reach it;—also that I mean to reach it."

"Impossible!" she exclaimed, and this time her intention was distinctly humorous.

"Nevertheless, I shall attempt it," he boldly responded. "It isn't always amiss to essay the impossible."

Anne's lip still trembled with a smile suppressed, but it seemed necessary to rescue the conversation from its pleasant vagueness.

"What do you call the goal of the fortunate?" she asked.

Slade thought a moment. Then:

"The goal where I now look for fortune," he affirmed, "lies in the line of a copper-furnace. I am interested in a furnace for the smelting of copper."

For an instant, Anne was slightly disappointed. Her pleasure in this discovery was but secondary to that she had found in the vagueness of less practical sentiments. She would rather he had placed his sight upon a more ideal region, where wealth, in part at least, consisted in fond relations, in affections and devotions, in mutual accord.

"One might think," she said, "that fortune meant only so many hundred thousand dollars."

Slade's smile deepened.

"One gets in the habit of so regarding it," he returned, accepting her figures and her reproof. "It is the vulgarity of trade,—the low tone of the commercial mind. One can't in a moment get one's thoughts out of their usual sordid channels. What would you have it mean? Where is your goal fixed?"

"It isn't fixed," Anne said, wondering if she still might make that assertion.

"It is better to fix it almost anywhere than not to fix it at all. Having reached one stake, one may drive another. I confess not to have placed my aim as high as it might be," he continued. "It is my regret that at the time I should have done so I was not preparing myself for any great rôle. The variety of interests in which I indulged in those days formed only a nosegay."

"What are they now?" she interrupted.

"A bundle of papers, smelling of stale tobacco."



"You might purchase new nosebags with them," she suggested, realizing her fondest conversational dream.

"That might depend upon their values."

"Where is this copper-furnace?" she inquired, shortly.

"Which one?" said Slade. "There is one in Wisconsin, for instance. We are working it up."

"In Wisconsin!"

There was something in the mention of Wisconsin, and in this mercantile and enterprising spirit, not wholly in keeping with the apartments she had fitted up for him. Those apartments belonged to a man of leisure and habitual wealth, and it disturbed her a little to find their occupant a person of more restless spirit and precarious fortune. But, unable and unwilling to change him, she slightly modified the rooms to suit him. She removed a few of the books and took down the rarest pictures; she faded the furniture, pushed back the curtains, and here and there upon the red wall she discovered a fleck of plaster. Upon the table, instead of *bric-à-brac*, she put the New York "Herald" and Leadville "Weekly Chronicle," clippings announcing sheriffs' sales, and files of papers with proper names and large amounts written in pencil across one end. Anne's mind contained few models, but these she varied to suit all known conditions, and with this modified environment she liked Slade none the less.

Even here, however, he did not long remain. It was as if he rose, put on his hat, and deliberately sought more common quarters.

"I go out there occasionally," he said, "to see how things are getting on. I'm on the go a good deal, first and last."

He volunteered no further information, and, speaking of the West, she asked if he was related to the Slades of Chicago.

"Not that I know of," he answered, and he smilingly added, "I trust that, for all that, they are very respectable people."

"I don't know them," she replied; "I have only heard of them; but they are more than very respectable. They are said to be quite the best."

"Perhaps I should have attached myself," he continued. "The persistent seeker can generally find a chain to connect him with namesakes who are quite the best. Where did they go from? You will have to help me out."

"I am afraid I can't. I don't know much about them."

"Afraid!" he repeated, still amiably smiling. "What you Philadelphians like is to have your opinions of people confirmed by their fathers and uncles and brothers. You even want some relatives in the West for collaterals. What would you do with a man who had none of these sureties?"

And, in case such an one might possibly be before her, she said she thought she could in time believe in him.

"In time! How long a time?"

"In a little while."

Slade revolved this assurance for a moment, then told her she was generous for a Philadelphian. Every city was accredited with some weakness, and he was speaking on the basis of a reputation that her birth-place had. He knew nothing about it himself.

"Possibly," he continued, "still more stress is laid upon family connections in the town where I was born. Baltimoreans stick to their relatives, to their old associations, their old houses, old habits, and old morals, even after the rats get into them. You can't very well do more than that."

"We can keep out the rats," she suggested.

"For a time," he granted, "but they will get in. Every family should have a change every few generations. It needs new blood, new impulses, new surroundings;—it needs to take a new direction."

He suggested the prejudices, the inertia, the timidity, the narrowness of view and sympathy which beset families of fortune when once they began taking their ease; and pointed out the advantages of their mixing actively in business and social affairs, using their leisure and surplus capital in ways of equal benefit to themselves and those poorer mortals not so far advanced in a worldly way. He touched upon the fatigues of the average person of wealth in search of sensation; the rarity of the person who could profit by leisure and seclusion; the superior pleasure derived from possessions won by one's personal qualities; and the frequent desirability, for progress and happiness, of a desertion of home roofs. It was well, he thought, that blood should be thicker than water, but thickness of blood could be shown in more ways than one, and it did not often happen that ties of relationship were sundered by a little wholesome self-assertion, particularly if followed by success. For his part, he went on to say, he wasn't (as he would like to be) one of those men who could use a sedentary leisure

for high intellectual objects, and he hadn't much of an opinion of those who used it for small and driving purposes. Under all circumstances, he would personally prefer contact with the crowd, the excitement of business and a life of activity.

It was here that he seemed to escape almost entirely from the rooms in Indian red, and to establish himself in some office,—probably in a great, noisy building with belching chimneys and dingy windows, whose interior was wholly unknown to her. His home seemed yet to be made, his curtains to be chosen, the tints of his walls to be selected by a fastidious eye, his furniture to be purchased, his conservatory to be filled, his china to be ordered from original designs, his crystal chandeliers to be lighted, and his hospitality to be tendered to Englishmen like Barney;—and the thought of these details stirred her as the contemplation of large future transactions stirred her companion.

"Old families," Slade said, "get into ruts, merging the individual in their traditions. They know one set of people, one method of thinking, one set of possibilities. They get drowsy and apathetic,—slaves to their habits;—they need new social elements quite as much as new social elements need them."

And little Miss Rittenhouse felt that he was touching with one hand the trials of her own existence, while with the other he remotely pointed out a remedy. She would not be too quick to see it.

"New directions," she observed, "are not so easy to find or follow."

"The difficulty," he declared, "is to find the strength to follow them when they are pointed out."

This was quite the strongest talk that had ever been addressed to her, and it seemed to reach her from a distance, through the lapping of the waves and the confusion in her temples. It was almost too strong for her, producing great vivacity within if not without; and she felt that rising of social excitement to the brain which occasionally transforms even the most prosaic woman into one of lively fancy, if not into that animated and beaming thing known as a coquette. She could almost have exclaimed that she would find the strength if the direction were made clear.

But before she could grasp this speech, a small cannon near the establishment of A. Riggoletti fired a salute to a party approaching from a yacht—partly by way of

welcome and partly as a bid for their patronage.

Anne started, the sand falling from her hour-glass, and Slade rose to his feet.

"You haven't bathed," he said, "but suppose we go over to Riggoletti's. We can get a seat there by this time."

Anne rose, too, and looked over to the establishment where complicated beverages helped to preserve the constitutions of the bathers exposed to the chill of the sea. On the veranda, which had been crowded, there appeared a number of vacant tables, and on a small balcony above sat Barney, drinking something in solitary state. Anne had never been among the crowds who had patronized this veranda, though she had occasionally stopped in an anteroom for the purchase of marsh-mallows. Indeed, she had been in the habit of regarding a visit to the region beyond, even for an ice, as an extreme liberty to take with one's sense of discretion. But her sense of discretion seemed to slumber as Slade directed their steps in that direction, holding above them his light umbrella, which she now confused with the canopy of heaven.

As they crossed the intervening sands, he commented briefly upon his friend.

"Barney is not feeling first-rate," he said. "Poor fellow, he is a little down."

And, indeed, the appearance of that gentleman on the balcony indicated anything but buoyancy of spirits. His gaze was upon a blank horizon, as he twirled the contents of his glass.

"He is from Swansea, South Wales," Slade went on, "where they are connected with the smelting-works. He has been brought up in the business, I may say, and is a judge of ores. They get their ores from Australia. His father would like to start him over here, and backs him for large amounts; but he has only recently come over—just last year—and hasn't got hold of anything considerable. He was with me out in Wisconsin."

The narrative was interrupted by their entrance to Riggoletti's, where Miss Rittenhouse followed the prepossessing back of her friend past the marsh-mallow counter, through a shady room filled with tables, and out upon the dubious piazza where so much merriment went on.

The young lady whom Anne had before observed as a center of it was again there, surrounded by three or four gentlemen, all of whom were wreathed in smiles, and sat with their bodies variously bent in her direc-

tion. They were having the best time in the world. One of the men she called Captain Fithian. That end of the piazza was quite given up to them, and, as Slade passed, they exchanged bows. Anne slightly blushed as the three men looked at her, and fixing her eyes again upon her friend's back, followed him to a table somewhat removed, where he seated her with her back to the party, who soon after left.

A stoutish, blonde young woman, with a long apron, took Slade's order, and was returning with her waiter when Barney also appeared. Slade rose and motioned to him.

"I'd like to introduce him," he said.

Barney, however, evinced no alacrity in coming forward. He even showed signs of moving off, and allowed his friend to traverse the whole of the dividing distance. Their conversation was not audible, but its length indicated no quick responsiveness on the Englishman's side. Anne looked away, and soon after Slade returned, holding the Englishman by the lapel of his coat.

He was a large, sleek fellow of perhaps twenty-six years. He looked as if none too long since from pasture, and as if the father who backed him for large amounts might be the victim of parental prejudice. "He doesn't carry himself well," Slade had said of him; "and his thumbs are turned the wrong way. He doesn't make the most of himself!" His complexion was florid, his step slow, his manner simple, and his expression sincere. He pushed back his hat as he took his seat, and passed his handkerchief across a brow which he endeavored to smooth. Such megrims, however, as had possessed him were not at once dispelled; and, in spite of Slade's efforts, Anne shared in his constraint.

For a few moments she felt a little queer, as she sipped her ice between these two strange gentlemen,—the one large, warm, *distract*; the other cool and imperturbable. Before her, in a corner of the piazza, sat a man in a cap, with his chair tipped back against the railing of the lattice. He had an artist's block in his hand, and was sketching some beflounced city children who, with large wooden spoons, were digging wells in the sand, depositing the surplus earth in small wooden buckets. Some ragged indigenous infants were assisting their labors with lively and envious interest, and when the artist moved away, Slade distributed a few ten-cent pieces among these little natives, sending them off for buckets and spoons of their own, thus establishing a

rival well-system in which the industry of the lower classes competed with the efforts of an arrogant aristocracy.

The situation was quite the most Bohemian in which Anne had ever found herself, but when she contemplated her small person surrounded, as it were, by gentlemen, at a place where there was such a dearth of that commodity, the position was not without its charm; and it was not until slight gurgling sounds rose through the straws by whose aid her companions consumed their refreshment, that it finally occurred to her that she must go. The hour for her two o'clock dinner was found to be pressing, and Slade disappeared to hasten the movements of their attendant, leaving her alone with Barney. As she had predicted, she did not get on with him very well, and reverting to the manners of one newly presented, she asked, somewhat stiffly, if he had spent much time in Baltimore.

On the contrary, he had been there very little. He had been with Slade a good deal in Wisconsin.

"He is connected in some way with some copper-works," said Anne, vaguely.

"Did he tell you that?" said Barney, and he laughed slightly, in what seemed to Anne a meaningless fashion. "Well, so he is," he added, as Slade returned.

"I think I'll drive up," said the girl, when they emerged again in the street, and under the pretext of wishing to shop on her way, she entered alone one of the beach equipages.

The gentlemen returned to the piazza.

#### IV.

THIS fair day was followed by a prolonged storm. The steady rain-drops roughened the ocean and the pools in the street. The murky atmosphere closed them in on every side, and only now and then revealed the dirty 'canvases' of some chance vessel close to shore. The carriages rolled by with tightly buttoned curtains, drawn by dreary quadrupeds shrouded in rubber cloth. The piazzas were deserted, the few pedestrians who ventured out hid their heads under low umbrellas, and all the gay, cheap panorama which had rolled and unrolled the night and day long by the margin of the sea was folded away in the cheerless hotels.

Anne's eye grew alert and furtive in its search for a glimpse of Slade, and toward the close of the third afternoon, it grew

suddenly brilliant, as she saw him, with his umbrella over his shoulder, coming up the walk.

Arranging with trembling hands her toilet, she found her way along the hall, past the curtained door-ways, whose chintz hangings swayed to and fro, and down the wide, uncarpeted stair-way, which also seemed to sway to and fro; assuming, as she went, an air of going to meet nothing in particular. What she might by chance have encountered was not near the office-desk, nor in the largest and mustiest of the parlors, nor in the ball-room; but, entering a small reception-room between the two, she saw him standing near the window, with his hand on the back of a chair which he was about to occupy. He had a carnation in his button-hole. She went forward, borne by a current distinct from the common provisions for locomotion, when she observed that he was not alone. He was apparently the guest of a lady, who, seated on the sofa, looked at Anne with inquiring eyes. She inquired into the nature of the interruption, and Slade's own gaze seemed to say that her presence at that moment was unexpected. He took the hand she had extended with a mechanical grasp, while the stranger looked on, and the loose springs of her sofa made a slight clanking noise. In a breath, Anne asked after his welfare, and, murmuring something about looking somewhere for somebody, summoned a smile and passed on through the room with greater haste than she had entered. Outside, her haste continued, and she rushed through the parlor, through the hall,—where her mother sat, with a group of embroidering friends,—up the swinging stairs, past the swaying curtains, till her progress was checked by the height between her window and the lawn.

Presently, as she stood there, she grew calmer. She recalled the looks of the lady in conference with Slade,—her mourning garments, her no less than thirty-six years, her appearance of amiable gentility,—and she finally made out that this was the person whom he had long been expecting; whom her mother had declared would never arrive; and who, now she was here, was to illumine his station and instate him in favor. She repented her haste in going down before he had sent his card, and reproached him faintly for his subservience to discretion; then wished more than ever to see him, and ended by smiling faintly down the vista of the future.

The last few days had wrought a great

change in Anne Rittenhouse, though its outward signs were slight. She massed more lace than ever about her throat, and arranged her hair in looser braids. Her face was less inanimate, her eyes less shady, and she felt she was learning the first words of the only language worth while to speak.

If there was anything which retarded these words, it was the too great circumspection on the part of Slade. The beach stretched away into an opportunity whose extent she had measured in the company of young Corbin; and the days stretched away into evenings whose extent she had not fully measured in the company of any one; and she was occasionally conscious that, with some persuasion, she might experiment for a short distance along both these lines, if her friend, with his superior prudence, would not restrict her to ordinary times and chances of meeting.

As she stood at her window, again watching and waiting, she saw him depart, but felt that the train had been laid which would bring him freely and frequently back.

It was that fact which made her less guarded when her mother soon after mentioned the subject.

"That Mr. Slade seems at last to have found a person who knows him," the lady observed. "He made a call here this afternoon upon some one who received him; a stranger. She signs herself from Richmond, I am told."

"Then, if you want to, you can learn all about him," replied Anne.

"I don't know that I want to. I know all I care to already."

"So do I," the girl asserted.

And, indeed, the idea of asking prying questions regarding him had become repugnant to her.

"You haven't been taking any more long walks with him, I trust?"

"No," said Anne, "I haven't."

Which was very true.

Mrs. Rittenhouse looked at her child again, more closely.

"What have you been doing?" she inquired.

Anne hesitated, flushing to the roots of her hair. Then:

"I have seen him twice," she declared; and as if to take advantage of her sudden powers of confession, she went rapidly on: "I have seen him at the beach, and I have had a long talk with him. I like him very much, but there is always that feeling about

it as if there was something in the way. I think you ought to receive him, to invite him, to try to know him, to give him a chance, and not make him act, and me, too, as if there was something doubtful about it. I am sure he feels that he ought not to see me if he can't see you. He knows how you look upon him, and if you have made up your mind you won't like him, he isn't going to thrust his society upon you. He has too much pride; he will let you alone. He would like to let me alone, too, but he can't exactly. He keeps coming back."

She paused a moment, but the expression of her mother's face drove her on again.

"I like the men best who are trying to get on. They have more energy; they know what to do in emergencies; they are more interesting. They take people for what they are, and they find them better than we do. We don't find anybody who is just right. It is because we look down, and they look up, or else they just look around. They are all trying to get on together, and are not afraid to help one another. We are afraid, somehow, though dear knows what we have that they need want. Whatever we have, we don't use it. We stand off and keep it."

"Are these Mr. Slade's sentiments?" asked Mrs. Rittenhouse.

"I don't know what his sentiments are. He has never told me what he thinks of us. I know what I think of him. I think he pities us on account of the way we take things. It helps him to stand the way we take him. He smiles at us on account of our exclusiveness and our uselessness. He thinks the rats have got into us! He believes in every one making the most of himself, and making his own position and fortune. He is very liberal about those things. He is connected with some copper-works."

"Oh, Anne Rittenhouse!" exclaimed her mother.

She had been looking at her daughter with astonishment and incredulity, first at her dereliction, then at her extraordinary and interesting outburst, then at her escape into independent womanhood.

"He had heard of us," the girl went on, "and he thought he would like to meet us. Then Mr. Corbin introduced him, and we had that lovely afternoon. It has never been quite the same since. I don't know how you treated him, but I know it has

made a difference. There has been something in the way."

"Suppose we say that he is afraid of me; that he thinks I will find him out," suggested the lady, dryly.

"Find him out, then," cried Anne; "why don't you?"

"So I am. I am finding out that he has been having clandestine meetings with you."

"I am not afraid to meet him. It is he who is afraid to meet me. He is afraid of doing what he ought not. I haven't had meetings with him. We don't appoint them, but when they have happened it has happened, too, that nobody knew much about them. They are not clandestine, and yet again they are. I think he feels that they have to be, while he doesn't wish it, and won't acknowledge that they are. It bores him. It insults him. I think he means now that we must either take him up or drop him; he wants it understood that he isn't a man to do things in an underhand way. He is going to give us an opportunity to take him up. There is no objection to it really, except that you think there is. No one ever treated me with more respect than he does. He isn't formal, but neither is he the least presuming. You suspect everything in those you don't know, and pardon everything in those you do. Everything is suspicious if one thinks so. He is more than all right. He is head and shoulders above the other men I know."

"It is very interesting," returned Mrs. Rittenhouse, still with curious eyes and a very little smile; "I have no doubt he is all that you say, and more; but that does not prevent his being all that I suspect. It rather helps it. It accords with his appearance, with his big nose, his rich color, his freedom. Even his affectation of propriety would deceive nobody but you, considering the remote point at which it begins. I have no doubt his manner is very respectful, since you say so; and I have no doubt that while rating himself at his full value, he is conscious of differences that make it difficult for him to go very far. He knows his disadvantages better than any of us, but he sees you occasionally in spite of them, it seems; and on those occasions it is safe to say he does not omit to make himself as brilliant as possible,—very brilliant, we will suppose. It is sad that these occasions should be few, and that they should all be accidentally secret. No doubt he is honorable, according to his sense, but it wouldn't astonish him if some day proofs were given him that the happi-



ness of the young lady was irrevocably involved. When that time comes, he will be equally honorable. He will repair his thoughtlessness by offering his not very attractive person, his commercial interests, his newspaper knowledge, and other valuables, perhaps, not yet brought to light. It is this proof that you are already desiring to give him, probably before he is prepared for it. You are too hasty; you should have had him advise you. If you are generous, and Mr. Slade has no ready excuse, I think it would be well for you to let your father, when he comes, have the benefit of his conversational powers some afternoon. He might help you in forming a judgment."

"I am not forming a judgment," said Anne, with another effort at self-suppression, "and I don't want any help. I have formed it already, without help from anybody."

"He may render you a greater service, then, in revising your opinions. I should not wonder if we should go home with him,—with your father;—or if not there, we may go some place else. I don't think he will stay long here."

And she looked around her little chamber, full of pine furniture and trunks, as if measuring the first impressions which might strike a large capitalist. One of the chief satisfactions which Mrs. Rittenhouse enjoyed at home was derived from the survey of her various apartments, which resembled those of a grand hotel.

"It is hard enough for us," she said; "it will be impossible for him."

The social brilliancy supposed to pertain to a watering-place was represented on the floor below by a number of children scampering through the halls, followed by pugs which were declared cheap at three hundred dollars; by a small roomful of gentlewomen of quiet ages, with their heads bowed over pale worsteds; and by a party of ladies in the parlor, gathered about a center-table bestrewn with letters printed on bits of yellow pasteboard. It was near this group that Anne and her mother stopped, on their final descent from the little chamber, and where they tarried to observe the game of forming words from those materials. There was no word yet formed of more than three letters; but the luster of the lamps overhead was reflected from the many facets of the shining stones adorning the hands outspread upon the table.

Presently Mrs. Rittenhouse, seeing a word, sat down, and Anne turned away, casting

her eyes over the sofas ranged around the room, where lingered a few solitary transients. Between these and the players, who formed the nucleus of the house, there was a wide vacant space; and in this space, near the outskirts of the solid central body, sat the lady who had enjoyed a visit from Mr. Slade in the afternoon. She was quite alone, but, unlike the other strangers, seemed to suffer from no sense of unfamiliarity with the ruling spirits who gave the house its tone. She had drawn her chair within the circle of light falling from the chandelier, yet found the illumination still insufficient for the octavo volume between whose pages she held a finger. She was inconspicuous yet agreeable in appearance, and the mourning which rested so solemnly within the folds of crape upon her dress was not deeply depicted upon her face.

The Philadelphians who chanced to come in and linger about the players all observed her, and to one of these, a little girl of twelve or thirteen, she kindly spoke, taking her hand. This little girl drew back, but a much younger sister, seeing the advance, ran up and leaned over the lady's knee. To this child she also spoke, as to the mother who led her away, and within the hour that Anne observed her she had begun a slight initiatory intercourse with several persons, who answered briefly, but with respect. One of these, a cordial New-Yorker, soon went so far as to exchange views with her on the merits of the place, and to observe that there was no hotel-life in Newport. Anne regarded her with an interest which the stranger did not seem to return; but the young girl's attention to any object was confused by thoughts which led her, with recurring impulse, from a point in the hall to the piazza steps. The point in the hall was a small sheet of paper tacked on the wall, bearing a general invitation to the guests of the house to a ball the following night at the hotel which Mr. Slade had chosen for its broader basis; and the attraction on the piazza was the occasional umbrella which passed under the lamp-post.

The rain was ceasing, as if absorbed by the atmosphere, and the few lights to be seen were more murky and dim than the points as yet known of Slade's history. A low murmur came from the sullen ocean, and the fog everywhere was more dense than that which obscured Anne's mental view. As she wandered restlessly about, amid this general dampness and depression, an umbrella turned in at the gate, and, not

to be again too forward, she retreated to her room.

Nothing disturbed her there, however, and as her seclusion grew insupportable, she returned once more to the piazza below. Large, slow drops fell from the piazza roof, and a slight, sweet odor came with the light which fell in lines between the slats of the blinds. Voices also came from the same quarter—one advising resignation, the other gloomy and rebellious; and, not to be surprised by any persons who might be in the ball-room, Anne moved on. She visited once more the invitation on the wall, and the game, where her mother still selected small yellow letters with an emblazoned finger. The lady in mourning was no longer there; neither was she among those of quiet ages who, over their worsted, mentioned to one another the quality of their various possessions at home; but she met her unexpectedly, coming from the ball-room near the end of the side-hall. She was sniffing a bunch of carnations. Barney was with her.

With a slight recognition, Anne passed on, and traversing again with slow steps the two lengths of the piazza, while they, with steps equally slow, traversed the two halls, she met them once more at the front entrance. Barney then, rather awkwardly, introduced them. He was standing on one foot and supplying the support of the other with a curious stout cane.

"Mrs. Hine," he said, "is from Richmond, and will be at your house for a few days," and abruptly took his leave.

But the lady by no means required further assistance. She was amply able, from any given starting-point, to range through those anterooms to one's acquaintance which are kept for the reception of formal callers; and, indeed, she circulated among them with an ease which seemed to honor the person whom she visited. She was even capable, here and there, of brushing the doors leading into inner sanctuaries, and, owing to her sympathetic manner, was frequently admitted into friendly and confidential interiors. It was intimated by some that there was more pleasure in taking her into one's confidence than was derived from the return visits, but if she kept many of her sanctuaries closed, she certainly had saloons unusually commodious. She took Anne's hand, as she had that of a younger and equally unobjectionable child a short time before, and looked at her with kindly, but not obtrusive, interest. Her grasp was firm and warm, and Anne at once felt a

sense of support. "Here is some one," the lady seemed to say, "whom you can rely upon; some one whose nose is not too long, who is not English, and who can have no commercial interests; some one who is cordial, unembarrassed by any association whatever, and whose relations toward society were never those of a weaver to his loom; a lady who has a number of beautifully dressed young girls receive New Year's calls with her, with wax candles and a band, from three to twelve; and who, when she does not know the names of the boy callers, still mentions that she used to know their fathers; a lady who makes it her thoughtful care to promote the cheerful, prosperous, comfortable side of life; whose mourning fits her like a passing shadow, and whom one may now expect almost any morning to appear in blue."

The carnations among which she conducted her observations were as yet her only ornaments. Even on her hands she wore no jewels; but, considering her affliction, Anne thought it the best of taste to have left these off. Probably she had them in her trunk. If any fault was to be found with her, it was in her evident capacity to shed all falling storms and to keep her small brown eyes well burnished. Even those who liked her best—on whose side Anne instantly ranged herself—could not call her handsome. She was of moderate height, and well rounded; indeed, her features, as well as her figure, were a trifle large—not thick enough to be heavy, but so thick as to have expelled all suggestion of the attenuated and acrid, and of the delicate and spiritual as well. Her complexion was opaque; her hair, loosely arranged, was brown; and her movements were those of a person capable of much energy in a cause she once espoused.

Standing before her, without strictly noting any of these things, a sense of her graceful flexibility, as distinguished from stiffness, filled the young girl with confidence.

Anne's reception-rooms were very small and poorly furnished, and it was only a few moments before she opened the crack of an inner door.

"Mr. Slade," she said, "has been expecting you for some time. He has called upon you before."

But the lady did not at once go in. She sat down in sight of this interior, and attended only to a little fuller presentation of herself.

"I have been coming for some days," she

replied, in her modulated voice. "I have a little girl who is an invalid, and who, it was thought, might be benefited by the outdoor life and salt air. I don't know that anything else could have brought me. I am not fond of traveling in warm weather. I don't know, indeed, just what temperature I am fond of traveling in. I have tried it in all weathers but the right one—if there is a right one. A fair day is too good, and a stormy one too bad. There is a great deal gained if one can do it in the night; it is one of the disagreeable things that may be slept through."

"It was certainly too bad to-day," Anne observed. "I hope your little girl is no worse."

"I hope not," said the mother. "She had every care. It was very pleasant when we started." And she described the route from Richmond.

Anne also told how they came from Philadelphia.

"You are from Philadelphia, then," the lady observed. "I understand this is a Philadelphia house."

"There is quite a little colony of us."

"That was why I came,—I and my little sick girl. It was a great recommendation."

"You thought it would be a good place for a little sick girl?" said Anne. "Well, so it is. The sicker the better."

"Not that," Mrs. Hine protested. "I didn't mean quite that. I had at one time some very dear friends who were Philadelphians. We were neighbors at Orange."

"The Cockerills?" cried Anne, eagerly. "They spent their summers there. They have gone abroad—they have gone to the Holy Land; I understand they are to stay four years."

"So I hear," assented the lady, without sharing Anne's elation.

So far as she knew them, Anne had a profound admiration for the Cockerills, which she freely expressed, their former neighbor at Orange agreeing.

"They are very thorough in all they do," the latter observed, "from the trimming of their hedges to the scrubbing of their horse-block. It isn't likely that they will slur over Palestine."

Presently Anne again opened the inner door for a very modest distance.

"What beautiful carnations!" she said.

"My little girl had a great bunch sent her to-day," Madam Hine asserted. "She made me carry a few."

Miss Rittenhouse would a great deal

rather not;—it was forced; it was bad taste, but something compelled her to say:

"Mr. Slade had some this afternoon. He seems to be fond of them."

The lady, strictly speaking, still did not enter, but she threw open a door of her own, disclosing a small compartment whose occupant was the same as the one Anne's sanctuaries could not contain.

"I have known Mr. Slade for a good many years," she said. "We are very good friends. I am glad he has found time to spend a few weeks here. He generally has no time. It has made quite a change in him already; he looks quite weather-beaten. When I saw him last, he was a different-looking person,—not that his looks were ever much to boast of."

Anne would have been charmed to have heard more, but her new acquaintance had apparently no more to say at present. She was anxious about the little invalid upstairs: and Anne had to wait till another day to see more of this interesting and attractive woman. As she moved through the hall with noiseless step, Anne returned to the corner of the veranda. The Providence boat was passing, which told the hour of half after nine. There was still some evening left, and she looked over to the more animated piazza of the adjacent house, where a number of visitors were agreeably spending it. She could hear the voices and recognize the figures of some of her friends. The little gate between the two widely yawned; and some boys and girls were crossing through the grass, taking long strides. The lights in the windows grew brighter; even the promenaders seemed to be expecting a crisis across the way; and, thus solicited, Anne also crossed over, with a few long steps.

She made her way without embarrassment to a group whom she knew, but had barely taken her seat when she saw both Slade and Barney descending the steps, apparently about to serve as escorts to two ladies, whose umbrellas and white skirts were alone visible. She had no doubt they were the merry ladies whose white teeth had nibbled the bits of lemon, and their appearance and disappearance at that moment silenced the sociable intentions of which her little party of friends were to have had the benefit. Her acquaintances, who were also from across the way, were soon ready to return with her whence they came, and to avoid the wet grass, they went down the paved walk to the street. Midway between

the two hotels, they met a gentleman hurrying back alone in the direction of the house they had left, and as he stepped aside for them to pass, Anne glanced at Slade at the moment he recognized her. Neither spoke and both passed on, Slade continuing his walk toward Riggoletti's and Anne returning once more to the room where her mother still calmly combined the small yellow letters. She had been gone but a few moments, yet in those moments she had suffered two buffets of fortune for which, at the time, the world seemed to offer no compensations.

Her acquaintance with Mrs. Hine, however, progressed but slowly. The lady was so much occupied with the diversion of her child that she apparently had no thought of the friendship Anne coveted; but, what was more to the purpose, she spared a little time to Mrs. Rittenhouse, who, toward night, engaged her in a prolonged conversation.

While this conversation was still going on, Anne found herself once more in rose-tinted crape on her way to a large, illuminated building, from which gay sounds were issuing. She was accompanied by the cordial New-Yorker who had commiserated Newport on its lack of hotel-life, and, the pavements being wet and the occasion great, they had summoned a half-open landau. Mrs. Rittenhouse had made no demurrer and no motion to join them, but had continued to sit as one whose theories had been shaken, if not as one whose conviction had been accomplished.

Anne, who had driven much more than she had walked, and for whom no mode of conveyance could offer much that was new, had never experienced such a sense of smoothness as on that short journey toward the illuminated house. The air was soft, though damp. Stars looked down from the heavens and up from the sea. The wheels hastened with a gentle rumble. Straight ahead in the distance stood the little station, surrounded by vehicles awaiting the belated train, and on the few schooners at anchor tossed the night-lights. Carriages preceded them on errands like their own, and drew up in front of the huge building, which was tuneful as a music-box. Its mysterious basement, of which Corbin had hinted, was surrounded by a lattice, and the ascent to the veranda was by a broad flight of wooden steps.

As they entered, Anne almost lost track of the amiable New-Yorker and her amiable husband, in observing the crowd about her.

A cloud of fragrant smoke issued from the small room to the left, while in the parlors on the right, numbers of beautiful women gorgeously fluttered. The season was clearly at its height, and its height was clearly best to be seen at the house where they then were. A different, a much lighter and more sanguine atmosphere seemed to prevail, and rising to it for the moment, Anne tried to recall the quiet, musty parlor, where the game of letters went on, and also the indefinable mustiness which had permeated her own close personality. They made the tour of the various halls, meeting more fluttering young women and greater swarms of young men. The amiable New-Yorkers introduced her to some of these, and repairing to the ball-room, they invited her to dance.

The lack of acquaintance among the guests, which had been so marked a feature of the earlier hops, was no longer noticeable, and Miss Markham, Anne observed, had greatly increased her number of partners. Slade, also, whom she occasionally saw, had increased his by a few, and only Barney remained moody and alone. He was seated on the piazza, not far from the window near which Anne sat, with his chair tipped back, his arm on the back of another, his hat over his eyes, which were fixed upon the palpitating sea. His cigar had gone out.

In one of the intervals of the dances, Slade came up and spoke to him, then seated himself by Anne's window, and improved the opportunity for addressing her. It was the moment for which Anne had waited, and turning half around, they carried on a short conversation with the window-casing between them. He spoke of the tedious rain, of being at her house the afternoon previous, and of the lady he had called upon. He told some very nice stories about her, to which Barney, on the outside, listened, then abruptly rose and went away. Slade followed his movements a moment, then returned to his narrative, describing the residence of Mrs. Hine, and a visit he and Barney had paid there. Never had he seemed more agreeable, more respectful, more galvanic, but Anne's predisposition to converse with him was strangely paralyzed. She seemed robbed at the critical moment of her powers by influences upon which she had not counted. The strain upon her had been too great, the relief too sudden. She was too glad to see him, and his hands upon the window-sill were too near her shoulder. She no longer cared who he was; but the moment when

expression became possible was robbed of its lightness and its joy by its very excess, and she sat dumb and confused.

He inquired if it were safe for her to sit in the open window; wasn't she thinly dressed for it? It was safer even outside than midway in the draught. He, himself, had on a light overcoat, which he had found not amiss for the past few days. And he drew it together over a dress suit, and over some glittering studs. It was mere good luck, he said, that he had one with him; he had inspected it before he started, and had opened a window to throw it down to one of the men in the yard; but there was no one there to give it to at the time, so he had brought it along,—very fortunately, too.

Anne admired men who raised windows to fling overcoats to laborers in yards. The collar of the coat in question indicated that his purpose had not been premature, but if there was any one who could afford to appear in garments not strictly fresh, it was a person whose intentions had been thus providentially checked. But before he had time to beg her to share with him the safety of the half-lighted piazza, if such were the drift of his remark, Barney re-appeared, accompanied by the clerk of the hotel, who, with a polite forefinger, touched Slade's shoulder. Slade looked around, recognized both men, seemed to quickly comprehend their errand, excused himself to Anne, rose, and the three withdrew without noise.

Anne waited, her dumb suspense increasing, and as she sat there she became aware of the return of young Corbin, and of his presence at her side. He explained that he had just got in; that he had had enough of yachting, and that, after all, his appropriate place was upon *terra firma*. He had left the vessel up the coast, returning by rail; getting in, he was happy to find, just in time for the ball of the season; her father had been upon the same train; and would Miss Rittenhouse waltz? When this violence was over, he proposed a promenade; then a little conversation; and, installing himself once more as her friend and guardian, he looked about in search of envy on the faces of his counterparts.

To a degree this served Anne's purpose, and half an hour later she saw Slade once more.

He was coming down the main stair-way. He had changed his dress, and the overcoat which he had failed to bestow upon the lower class was across his arm. A porter

followed with a small black trunk, on which the names of many towns and express companies were placarded. A young woman in a brilliant red waist watched him as he mounted the stairs, while groups in the hall below made way for him. Some of them nodded their heads, and, as he passed, seemed to say, "That is he!" The portly clerk, molded in broadcloth, was bowing him out.

At the foot of the steps was a carriage in waiting, in which sat Barney and the two ladies whose relish of the fare at Riggoletti's had been so keen.

The daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse watched all this with a dazed expression. Her head was bent forward, and there were two lines between her eyes. In this attitude Slade saw her, as he stood with one hand on the carriage-door; then he retraced his steps, and bowed before her.

"Well," he observed, "I have to go. The contingency has arisen. A telegram came, and I am off." His smile was the same, his manner the same. "I hope I shall meet you again sometime," he assured her. "I have great respect for your father."

The clerk looked at his watch.

"Whoa!" muttered the driver to his sleeping horses.

"I am glad to have met you," said Slade. "Please present my compliments to your mother."

Anne watched him descend the steps and close the carriage-door, then stood staring at the spot whence he had vanished as if she herself were suddenly lost. She stood in this attitude till Corbin felt it oppressive. He had sat unnoticed during this brief adieu, with his eyes upon his varnished pumps and upon the white polka dots embroidered upon his blue silk hose, the expression of his face changing from the one it had worn before his departure to one devoid of apprehension or chagrin. But he continued to be unnoticed, though the hack bearing Slade away was half-way around the semicircle of the lawn, so he ventured to recall his presence by following unobtrusively the course of the young girl's thought.

"He is a great swell," he softly observed, "or was," he added, "before he went into business. That is the trouble about going into business."

Miss Rittenhouse did not move. She seemed not to have heard him.

"They are both swells," Corbin went on, "he and his Englishman. They are 'most



too great swells for this place. They don't find many of their friends here. They came on account of Miss Markham; Miss Markham is immensely attractive to those who like that sort of thing. She was in London last year. The Englishman, they say, is awfully struck, and Slade came to look after him. I guess he's past help."

Still he and his observations commanded no recognition, and he pushed on, thinking the line of her thought might have run in advance of these feeble statements.

"They received one of the original grants under Lord Baltimore," he went on. "Manors, they called them, and they spelled their name S, I, a double y, a double d, and double e, for all I know—Welsh, you see. But that was a good many years ago. They seem to have forgotten all about it now. They have sold their land, and they live in an old part of town,—old, but very respectable. I told you 'most everybody here stood high.' It sometimes seems as if the most important persons who come tramp around the quietest with their newspapers and fish-poles. All they seem to want is some old clothes, a skipper, and their regular meals. When you do meet them, though, they are very friendly. There is Captain Fithian—he is with that party. He is a captain of engineers. I heard him say it bored him, at these places, to see so many young women sitting about in such a heavy state of mind. He said he never saw a beautiful girl moping alone on these piazzas that he didn't feel as if he ought to go and say to her, 'My name is Fithian. I am from Ohio. I am a decent sort of fellow. If you want to walk out among those variegated plants, come along.' Slade told him he doubted if he would try that experiment more than once. I didn't see myself that he often diminished his attentions to Miss Markham in that way. That is what is troubling the Englishman."

The silence was still ominous, and, lifting his chin from his cane, he glanced for the first time at the young girl whose pre-occupation was so profound. Never had she seemed smaller, more delicate, more quiet, more given up to the Inexpressible, more closed to diversion from without, or more in need of it within; but her silence was not the silence of tranquillity nor the silence of dullness. It occurred to Corbin that he had been prattling. His voice had a noisy, empty sound, and he hesitated before jingling it further. The soft folds of Anne's

dress clung about her as if fondly adoring an affluent young-ladyhood in the season of its giddiest joy; the stones in her ears shone with dazzling intent, and the water-lilies in her belt seemed to wait for a moment of light through tender transfer. But the spirit staring undisguisedly out from beneath her dark eyelashes was in strange disarray. The lines were still in her forehead, her hands were folded, and there was a slight throbbing motion in her throat. The young man could not make it out. It seemed to him that she would never have anything more to say—as if, somehow, the small gift of expression with which she had heretofore experimented had met with some untoward accident, or as if, with her, language as a means of conveyance had suddenly proved a permanent failure.

While he hesitated, Mrs. Rittenhouse advanced from the musical interior of the house, her black satin dress sweeping behind her and her glance searching the groups in the shadows. Even after recognizing Corbin and her daughter, the slight search went on.

Corbin, who had risen, offered her a seat, repeating the thought which had last occurred to him.

"We were talking of Mr. Slade," he said, feeling vaguely that in calling attention to himself he was doing his companion a favor.

"You do not look," observed the lady, "as if you were saying much good of him—not as much as I have recently listened to."

She glanced at Anne as if she had come prepared to make acknowledgments whose importance outweighed their disagreeable features; but Anne's expression was not that of a person whose convictions had triumphed.

"I was telling her the best I knew," continued Corbin. "I was telling her about his smelting-works down on the Jersey coast. He is wedded to business now, they say."

"We have heard of them," Mrs. Rittenhouse briefly declared. "We know him slightly. I believe he has called several times upon my daughter."

"Twice, mother," said Anne, faintly.

"More than that, I think."

"Twice," insisted the girl.

"You have seen him at the beach. It is the same thing."

"Only once," murmured Anne.

She seemed desirous of denying, with

passion, his attentions, and her mother turned from this mystifying circumstance, and once more addressed her remarks somewhat aimlessly to Corbin.

"He has a friend at our hotel," she informed him, "and it seems that Mr. Rittenhouse knows him too, or, rather, he knows of him. Mr. Rittenhouse came to-night, but he was very tired. He would like to meet him when he feels more rested. I confess he did not impress me; I am opposed to meeting men of whom we know nothing,—ten chances to one they owe hundreds of little bills; but one cannot know everybody. I realize that. I am glad to have found out about Mr. Slade in time."

"It is quite in time," repeated Anne, in her fervent, constrained little tone; "but he has gone."

"He has just driven off," echoed Corbin.

In the silence which followed, the hack in which Slade had departed returned to the hotel, and Barney descended, followed by Miss Markham and a lady somewhat older. Their coming made a little stir, and a gentleman waiting on the piazza assisted with their wraps. It was Captain Fithian.

"Can't we go?" Anne asked, as they passed within. "It must be time."

"I'll call a carriage," said Corbin.

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Rittenhouse, when he had gone. "My poor Anne! And to think that it was my mistake!"

"Dear mother," cried the girl, "he never noticed you. He never thought of either of us."

And, in truth, all the facts imparted by Corbin were lost in the knowledge which had come to her, together with an intelligence beyond the power of a factitious education to develop, that Slade had never for a moment had a single sentimental thought of her; that his desire to meet her, his concessions to the prejudices of her mother, his observance of his opportunities, his understanding with Mrs. Hine, and all the signs of his preference for which she had watched, had been but a fiction of her imagination, suggested by Corbin, and kept alive by the working of her own heart. Even his calls upon her had been accidental, his conversation casual; the days when she had missed him, which had played so much the larger part in her romance, had been by him unnoted, and his very scant attentions had been paid, not to the woman of his unpretentious fancy, but to the daughter of a man who commanded his respect.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Attack on the President.

AT first view, it would seem that the murderous attack on the President was without political significance. It is true that it was not the result of a conspiracy. It is true that there was no widespread political discontent of which the foul deed was the expression. It is true that it was not committed by a party enemy. Still, there was a cause for it, and no one can fail to remember that it occurred simultaneously with a shameful struggle in progress at Albany, based upon a personal difference with the President. There can be little question that Guiteau sympathized with the factious warfare led by Mr. Conkling for his own personal ends. The ruffian wanted Mr. Arthur to be made President, so as to "restore unity to the Republican party." Now, while we do not hold Mr. Conkling responsible for Guiteau's crime, we do not believe it would have been committed had it not been for the personal issue he had made with the President. The air was full of faction. The atmosphere was charged with passion, generated at Albany, and the poor fool in Washington, half-starved, a disappointed applicant for office, was excited by it in the most natural way, and moved to this deed of blood.

This fight of Mr. Conkling with the President

has been a disgusting nuisance from the day in which he came strutting home, looking for a vindication. An example of such coarse self-conceit, preposterous presumption, and insult to the President and the people, could hardly fail to have its effect upon a weak and disordered mind, that was sympathetically watching it. We cannot doubt that the President was shot by one weak man because another weak man was trying to injure his power, and in the attempt was disturbing his own party with factious warfare. This will not be a pleasant medicine for Mr. Conkling to swallow, but it must be taken, and we hope it will cure him of his folly. There was no conspiracy of wills in the matter, but there was a conspiracy of causes and results, which the people have recognized with an instinct both swift and sure. The assassin's bullet ought to have punctuated with a full stop the political squabble. The country had already had enough of it, and will never forgive its author.

There have been some very pleasant things connected with this tragedy which ought to be noted. It quenched throughout the land all animosity except that to which we have alluded. There were not elements of decency enough in that for any such issue. The fight at Albany could stop for nothing.

But from North and South, from East and West, came nothing but expressions of grief and the tenderest concern for the stricken President and his family. Party animosities were all forgotten in the sentiments of humanity and brotherhood. The same sympathy was felt for the sufferer all over the world, and full and prompt expression was given to it.

The inquiry naturally arises as to what can be done in the future to protect the lives that are of such incalculable value to the nation. It is mockery to say that one man's life is no more valuable than another. In one aspect, perhaps, it may not be so. To President Garfield, life was no more precious than it is to any reader of this page, but the importance of his life to the country was greater than the life of any other man. The policy of the nation for the next four years—the constituency of the administration in its various departments—depended on the continuance of his life. Unhappily, the Vice-President was a man comparatively unused to public business. He was surrounded, too, by personal influences which were reasonably regarded with deep public suspicion. It would have been a strain upon the loyalty of the nation to its institutions to see power pass into the hands of the man who had been chosen to receive it. To the extent in which this was the case was the fact a warning against all future trifling with vice-presidential nominations. Henceforth, under no circumstances, and for no reasons, should any man be nominated for the vice-presidency who is not fit to be President. That which may be a satisfactory sop to a disappointed political boss may be a very bitter morsel to a nation compelled to eat it.

But this has no relation to the question as to what is to be done to protect the lives of men of paramount importance to the nation. To say nothing of the interests of the country in the matter, there is a duty which it owes to the man himself. We elect a President, and we then place him in a position of peculiar danger. Events have proved that it is not necessary that a President should be offensive or unpopular to make his position one of peril. Any crazy man, or disappointed loafer, who holds his life at a cheap price can find easy access to the highest man, whose life is of incalculable value to millions of people, and can murder him without let or hinderance. This thing ought not so to be. We are not sure that the "Tribune's" suggestion—that the President should always be accompanied by a body-guard when out of his own house—is not a good one. We can understand how offensive this would be to a President trusting the people and endeavoring to serve them well and treat them justly; but insane men and fanatics are not to be trusted anywhere. We presume that it is not pleasant for the general of an army to keep out of the way of bullets in a battle. He would rather lead than direct his army, but he must take care of himself, that he may be able to take care of his troops. So the country cannot afford to permit its highest officer to expose himself unprotected to all the insane impulses abroad in the community.

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We doubt whether the person of the president of a republic is as safe as that of an emperor or a king. The divinity that hedges a king has its effect upon all the minds bred under the influences of a monarchy. There is no "divinity" about the office of a president. He is a creation of the people. He is chosen and placed in power by them, and they feel a certain sense of property in him and power over him. He is from the people; and a low, disordered mind, with a personal resentment to gratify, would not hesitate to put a bullet through his body.

We remember a short railway ride, taken a dozen years ago, from Potsdam to Berlin. A quiet-looking carriage stood upon a side-track, waiting the arrival of the train. We were told that it was the royal car. It was added to the train, and all the way to Berlin we saw the people taking off their hats to this car. On its arrival at the station in Berlin, the train stopped just at the end of the depot, and King William leaped out alone and walked to his carriage waiting at a private place of exit, and was immediately whirled off to his palace, unattended. We believe he could do such a thing more safely than any President could do that, or anything like it.

We are sure that something ought to be done to give better protection to the lives of men so important to us, whom we have placed in dangerous positions. When there is political disturbance in the country, as there was when Lincoln was murdered, a President is to blame who does not try to take care of himself, and deny opportunity to the plotters of mischief and murder; but in times of peace, when he can see no reason for withholding himself from the public and placing restrictions upon his movements, he should, we are sure, be controlled and protected in the interest of the national safety. Now is a good time to pass a law and establish a regulation which every President hereafter will be bound to observe, in all his movements—not to protect himself from the cheap bullets of dead-beats and notoriety-hunters, but to insure to the nation, so far as possible, the life that is so valuable to it.

#### Southern Literature.

ATTENTION has recently been called to the large number of Southern contributions to the magazines. No less than seven articles contributed by Southern writers appeared in a recent number of *SCRIBNER*, and we are glad to recognize the fact of a permanent productive force in literature in the Southern States. The South has cherished its writers hitherto with an unreasoning idolatry. Every writer that displayed talent has had accorded to him a local reputation at once; and his admirers have been impatient with the rest of the country because his recognition was no wider. Candor compels us to say that the characteristics of the Southern school of writers, in the years preceding the war, were floridness of style, sentimentality of material, and an unmistakable provincial flavor. It was not widely accepted, because it did not deserve to be. The South had

some excellent newspapers and one or two creditable magazines, but the mass of its literary work had no lasting qualities.

It cannot be disputed, however, that a new literary era is dawning upon the South. If we were called upon to name the two writers who, more than any other, within the last five years have brought most of performance and promise to American letters, we should name Mrs. Burnett and George W. Cable. The former is not a native of the South, but nearly all the formative period of her life was spent in its atmosphere and under its influences, while the latter is a product of the South, pure and simple. Mr. Cable is the discoverer of an entirely new field of literary material, and both writers already stand among the best novelists of the country. Neither the North nor the West has produced anything like them during this brief period, and this magazine is proud to number them among the most notable writers it has had the privilege of presenting to the public.

But these writers are not the only ones who have achieved real and lasting distinction since the close of the war. Joel Chandler Harris has recorded, in a style so true to character and tradition, the folklore of the Ethiopian, that it is safe to say that no one will ever undertake to improve his work. It is as artistic in its execution as it is characteristic in its humor. Sidney Lanier is a rare genius. No finer nature than his has America produced. His work is not popular, nor is it likely to become so, for his mind is of an unusual cast and his work is of an exceptional character. He is a man of more varied culture, perhaps, than any one of those we have mentioned. The world of American letters will unite with us in the hope that the delicacy of his health will not interfere with the full unfolding and expression of his power.

It is quite legitimate in this connection to ask why this marked change in the character of Southern literary work has taken place. There has never been a lack of brightness in the Southern mind. All the tendencies of climate have been toward the production of a passionate and imaginative people. Something very fine and remarkable should be the result of such admixtures of blood as have been witnessed in the South, in such a climate as the South possesses. It must be remembered, however, that lasting literature can only be produced under conditions of broad sympathy and catholic culture. Up to the date of the civil war the South possessed an excessively provincial spirit. It assumed a social preëminence that was almost Chinese in its exclusiveness. It cherished a local institution that degraded labor and threw it out of sympathy with the great working world of humanity, and it regarded whole peoples, who were in advance of it in all the better elements of civilization, with contempt. This was not a good soil for a worthy literature, and a worthy literature was never born of it. The Southern ideas of life, of society, of human rights, of honor, of justice, of politics, could bear little literary fruit worth preserving, and never did bear much that will be preserved—

even within Southern borders. And this, notwithstanding the fact that the South has always been noted for eloquent speech—popular and forensic. It was the war that changed, or is changing, everything. A great many idols fell when slavery was abolished, and when the national unity was confirmed in the destruction of sectionalism. It was found that the Southern people were no better or braver than others. The experiences of the war and the sad years of poverty and trial that followed them were great educators. It is to the everlasting credit of the Southern people that they so received this terrific discipline that they have emerged from it purified, exalted, catholic, and armed with noble purposes. It was in this discipline, and in the birth of new ideas and new sympathies consequent upon the issues of the war, that the new literary spirit was born. Its growth will depend upon the acceptance of the humility of hard work as the condition of all literary excellence, and discontent with any approval that is less than universal. We welcome the new writers to the great republic of letters with all heartiness. New England has many advantages, but New England is no longer king. Her great literary school is dying out. Those who have been our literary leaders and exemplars have passed their meridian, and, though we shall part with them sadly, we are sure that American literature will not suffer, but rather be improved, by the wider distribution of its productive forces. The South and the West are hereafter to be reckoned upon in making up the account of our literary wealth, and the North will welcome with no stinted praise and no niggardly hand the best that the South can do. We could not lose her work from this magazine without serious detriment to the interest of its recurring numbers and the value of its accumulating volumes.

#### The Scientific Poet.

THE perusal of Dr. Storrs's eloquent oration on "The Recognition of the Supernatural in Letters and in Life" recalls the various prophecies of this latter age concerning the poet of the future. We have been told, again and again, that the age of science is to have its poet, or its school of poets; that a new dispensation of literature is at hand, based upon the new knowledges; and that, following the laws of development or evolution, this literature will naturally and necessarily surpass all the literatures that have gone before it. We have no faith in these prophecies. We doubt whether what we call literature will ever be indebted to science, or what is recognized as "the scientific spirit," for anything good.

Science deals with matter—its essence, laws, phenomena. Its tendency is to materialize everything. Life itself is evolved from matter. Its "promises" and its "potencies" are found in that. The tendencies of science are to count God out of the universe, to deny immortality and the existence of mind independent of matter, and to believe nothing that cannot be demonstrated. Hard, material facts are the things with which science deals,

and it refuses to have to do with anything else. It refuses to recognize the existence of such a thing as imagination, except in a scientific way. Imagination is a product of molecular action in the brain. Science must necessarily deny to this faculty of the soul any legitimate functions, because it cannot follow a scientific method, and because it denies the existence of the realm in which it is most at home. Imagination must have an over-world in which to spread its wings, or it cannot fly. To bind itself to demonstrable facts, and to tie itself to a scientific method, would be to commit self-destruction. To circumscribe the horizon of the poetic faculty is to clip its wings, or, rather, to deny it space for action. It is a faculty that demands illimitable space, illimitable time, illimitable freedom of invention, release from bondage to the material and real, and liberty to explore the spiritual and the ideal. Any influence or power which interferes with this liberty, in any direction, is a foe to poetry and a curse to literature.

The great poems of the world have always recognized the over-world, or the under-world, or the world outside the realm of those material things with which science concerns itself. Homer did not recognize the Christian's or the Hebrew's God, but the "Iliad" is full of the work of the supernal powers. The realm of spiritual life and spiritual potencies was as familiarly explored by his muse as that of human prowess and human passion. Dante and Milton built the fame of their great works upon the invincible faith of mankind in the existence of spiritual things. Their imaginations took their highest flights beyond the spheres of sense and of science, and it is easy to see that any sensuous or scientific inspiration (if such a thing be possible) must have been lower than those which moved them. Shakspeare and Goethe had less to do with the spiritual world in the choice and use of material, but both recognized that world, made frequent incursions into it, and drew from it a multitude of inspirations and much valuable material.

But it is not so much, perhaps, that poetry is directly dependent upon the spiritual world for its inspirations and its materials, as it is indirectly. That which is best and most poetic in human life has uniformly grown out of the motives born of faith in spiritual things. The greatest heroisms that have illustrated the history of the human race, and have thus become inspirations in our literature,

have been born of faith in things unseen—things which science contemptuously ignores. How base our own late civil war becomes when we eliminate from the motives which prosecuted it, on both sides, the elements of spirituality! The earnest prayers that went up to God, the motives of duty, of self-sacrifice, of patriotism, born of a belief in the over-world of spiritual realities, these were what made that fratricidal war poetical, that endowed it with the only elements of which poetry that deserves the name can be made. Science could only clothe such a war as that was with a statement of the brute forces engaged. So many infuriated men met so many other infuriated men and fought with them, with implements of such and such destructive power. It had no greater dignity than a dog-fight. The scientific estimate of any great human struggle would have no more poetry in it than there is in the multiplication table. The loves that have made life divine, the self-devotion that has made life beautiful, the transformations of character which have illustrated the beneficent power of religion, the high moralities that have given safety and purity and dignity to society, the aspirations which have gone heavenward from a world of conscious imperfection,—all these are poetic material, and all these are as foreign to science, or the scientific spirit, as they are naturally the outcome of faith in the spiritual world.

Recently some poets or poetasters have undertaken to play the rôle of scientific poets. They have undertaken to inaugurate the new era, to be forerunners of the new dispensation. The attempt, by the use of modern scientific phrases, to do so great a deed, could only be conceived by minds incapable of poetry, for science can never give birth to poetry, of any sort whatsoever. Its only influence must be to neutralize whatever there may be of genuine poetic tendency in the time and the spirit of the time. How much of soundness there may be in opinions which militate against true poetry, and which subvert the conditions of its production, we leave to our readers to determine. The true poet is the true seer, and always has been. He arrives at his conclusions by a process unknown to science, and in a sense superior to science. Intuition is not the child of reason. Vision is not born of logic, and poetry never has been an outgrowth of science, and it is safe to say that it never will be.

COMMUNICATIONS.

**Mr. Courtlandt Palmer's Hasty Inferences.**

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY,  
NEW YORK, July 12th, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

SIR: Under the head of "Topics of the Time," and in connection with a discussion of the Comstock laws

for the suppression of vice and crime which I find in your issue for July, occur (page 457) these words:

"We are sorry that Rev. Dr. Potter should sneer at the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and furnish thus an argument against the Society for the Suppression of Vice. It is all very well to pass the maintenance of the laws over to the officers of the



law, but suppose the officers of the law do not care, and will not, or do not, do their duty? How important an office did the Committee of Seventy perform in ridding this city of 'the Ring'! Why should such a committee have been formed? The laws against speculation and bribery were all in existence, and all the necessary machinery of justice was established. What an impertinence the Committee of Seventy must have been! There is, while we write, a committee of twenty-one in existence, who have undertaken to get the streets cleaned. But there are laws relating to this business, and there are men already whose duty it is to have the streets cleaned. Why not put the work where it belongs? *We cannot, for the life of us, see why citizens may not associate themselves for special purposes in securing good laws and looking after their enforcement by the appointed officers."*

As these are views which I have firmly held and frequently advocated, your intimation that I have "sneered at the Society for the Prevention of Crime" has considerably perplexed me. I suppose, however, that its explanation is to be found in a quotation from a recent sermon of mine which I find on page 462 of the same number of the monthly, in a communication from Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, and which, as there given, is as follows:

"A voluntary society for the suppression of crime, whose very existence is a startling commentary on our sham civilization, since it has been forced into existence to do the work which the law and its executors are both sworn and paid to do,—a voluntary association like this, created for the suppression of crime, endeavors,' etc. And a sentence or two further on he remarks: 'A quixotic divine [Dr. Crosby] strives in vain to rouse the public conscience against licensed thieving, and the friends of the thieves laugh in their sleeves at his folly, while the rest of the community think that he had better go back to his preaching. I think so, too, for surely the people, to awaken whom this John the Baptist cries so vainly in the wilderness of New York,' etc."

This quotation is from a newspaper report of the sermon to which your correspondent, Mr. Palmer, refers, and in making it he has naturally enough used only so much of the report as suited his purpose. May I give the passage as it stands in my manuscript?

"A voluntary society for the suppression of crime, whose very existence is one of the most startling commentaries upon our sham civilization, since it has been forced into being, to do the work which the law and its executors are sworn and paid to do. Such a society endeavors to shield the unwary and to break up those robber bands and shut up those robber caves into which the unwary are lured. But the police, being, it is charged by some, in the pay of these robber bands, can never happen to find them, and *we, whose guardians the police are, are apparently no more concerned about this municipal disgrace than if it had happened in Dahomey.* An earnest and energetic divine (quixotic, some are pleased to call him) strives in vain to rouse the public conscience against licensed thievery, and the friends of the thieves laugh in their sleeves at his folly, while the rest of the community think that 'he had better go back to his preaching.' I think so, too, for surely, the people to awaken whom this

John the Baptist cries so bravely but so vainly to the wilderness of our New York, *are even more closely wedded to their own dishonor than the publicans and sinners of the olden time!*"

Unless I sadly failed to express my meaning in these words, it must be plain enough that, if there is in them any sneer at all, it was not for Dr. Crosby or the society which he has organized, but for those who were so strangely indifferent to its brave and timely work. As a matter of fact, so far from sneering at either the Society for the Prevention of Crime, or that for the Suppression of Vice, I have repeatedly both spoken and begged for them in public and in private, and have, I need hardly add, the heartiest sympathy with the work which each of them is striving to do. For Dr. Crosby himself, I was early trained to cherish the sincerest veneration and respect, and his courageous ministry in New York has endeared him to me as to thousands of others, all over the land, who will never have a chance to tell him so. It is indeed impossible that I should sneer at one to whom it habitually becomes me to look up, and I cannot but express my regret that any words of mine should be so radically misunderstood. As they were originally spoken I think it must be owned that they do not bear any such meaning as your reproach would seem to imply; and, if I may venture to say so, that reproach furnishes another illustration of the truth that the first wisdom of the critic, as of the scholar, is to "verify his quotations."

Concerning Mr. Palmer's argument, which the imperfect quotation of words of mine, erroneously interpreted, is made to buttress, I am not called to speak. But it is at least curious and suggestive that its position is substantially that of the Church of Rome, and that here, as so often, extremes meet. It is the principle of the Roman Catholic Church that the ecclesiastical government is sufficient for all things. There must be no voluntary society, no extra ecclesiastical machinery anywhere within the circumference of its authority—in other words, there is no room for individualism, under whatever pretext. On the Roman basis, this seems plain enough, but, from the "Liberal" stand-point, an argument which antagonizes special legislation and voluntary associations for the expression of individual opinion and the promotion of special reforms, has at least the claim of eccentricity.

HENRY C. POTTER.

The Organ of the National Liberal League.

June 24th, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In regard to your rejoinder to my article, I merely wish to state that, for the sake of your own love of truth, you will undoubtedly desire to correct a serious error. You say, "Their prominent organ announced 'Our platform' to be 'Immediate, unconditional,'" etc.

You refer, I presume, to Heywood's "Word." That is the only paper I know of that has that utter-

ance. It is no more an organ of the National Liberal League than the "New York Observer" is.

A paper called "Man," published once a month, is the only official journal, though the publications of the League at times appear in the Boston "Investigator" and "Truth-Seeker." Yours truly,  
COURTLANDT PALMER.

#### Westminster Boys in Politics.

84 WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS, LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In a very interesting article on "The Westminster Play," in your issue for June, the writer refers to the old tradition by which a certain number of Westminster scholars have the privilege of occupying seats in the House of Commons during the debates; and, having quoted some of the celebrated poets and men of letters who were brought up at the school (from which list John Dryden, perhaps the greatest name of all, is, curiously enough, omitted), he goes on to say: "One would expect, therefore, that Westminster would have produced debaters. But this has not been the case. The garden prepared for the production of politicians has turned out a nursery of poets."

As an old Westminster boy, may I put in a plea

on behalf of the statesmen the school has reared? If you have space enough, the following list of them perhaps may interest your readers, and may show that the right of attending the deliberations of the House of Commons has not been entirely without fruit:

John, Lord Carteret, Earl Granville, diplomatist statesman, died 1673.  
Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor, 1673 (afterward Earl of Nottingham).  
Lord Halifax, Prime Minister, 1697.  
William Pulteney (First Earl of Bath), a prominent member of the House of Commons, 1743.  
Henry Pelham, Prime Minister, 1744.  
Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister, 1754.  
Sir Robert Henley, Lord Chancellor, 1764 (Earl of Northampton).  
Marquis of Rockingham, Prime Minister, 1765.  
Charles Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons, 1802.  
Earl of Shelburne, Prime Minister, 1782.  
Duke of Portland, Prime Minister, 1783 and 1807.  
Earl Russell, Prime Minister, 1845.  
Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, etc.

There are many other names I could quote of former "Westminsters," but the above will, no doubt, more than suffice as a supplement to the information contained in the otherwise very accurate article in question.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS S. OLDHAM.

#### HOME AND SOCIETY.

##### The Boys of the Family.—VI.

###### THE PROGRESS OF A CLERK.

A BANKER of large and varied experience once said to the writer that the clerks in his establishment who gave the greatest satisfaction, and in whom the greatest confidence could be placed, were usually the sons of poor gentlemen,—boys who, not having been brought up in affluence, still possessed a puissant sense of honor and a refinement of taste which preserved them from debasing amusements. He considered them more trustworthy than others with larger means at their disposal, who would presumably be outside the reach of pecuniary temptation. Aside from the perception of subtle heredity which it embodies, the opinion indicates what is true of nearly all first-class business houses—that a banker requires some personal knowledge of the antecedents of those applying for admission to places in his office, even if the places sought are remote from any great trust or responsibility. The accuracy with which our informant selected his clerks is attested by the fact that he at one time had eleven young men in his employ, ten of whom are now successful merchants or bankers themselves, having proved invariably faithful, persevering, industrious, and thrifty; while one of them, the son of a stone-cutter, and who entered the bank as an office-boy, is a millionaire knight in Australia.

Beyond a satisfactory character and a good education, the novice requires nothing that his own con-

duct and abilities may not supply, and supposing that he is poor, it is upon these two things that his advancement will depend. A classical education is obviously unessential, though it is not superfluous, and the more desirable qualifications are a fluent knowledge of modern languages, especially French and German, facility in arithmetic, and self-possession, which is as indispensable in a bank, under some circumstances, as it is to a mariner or a soldier. But no matter what his attainments are, nor how brilliant his college record is, the youth who enters a bank is usually set to work upon tedious and unprofitable details for many months before an opportunity is given him in a higher direction. He is sent to the post-office for the mail or with it; he is required to copy letters and bear messages; and, while he may pose at home and speak as though he were a vital factor of the bank's existence,—which is the fatuous way of many employes,—he is actually of no particular importance. The course is humiliating to the sensitive and self-loving, especially those who have left school with a feeling of personal completeness; but it is an inevitable preliminary. The pay is nominal,—usually about three hundred dollars a year,—with a small annual increase; and, as a beginner is over eighteen when he is admitted, he does not earn enough to support himself until he is twenty-two or three years old. While he is occupied with details tedious and apparently unprofitable, he is almost unconsciously acquiring a familiarity with the more abstruse elements of the business, and the

employers are finding out what special aptitude he has, with a view to his promotion. If, when a vacancy occurs, he has shown the ability of a clever arithmetician, he is put in the book-keeper's department; if he has developed an acquaintance with the stock market, and has shown caution in handling coupons, money, etc., he is put with the cashier; if he is a linguist, capable of writing a perspicuous letter, the chances are that he will be put in the correspondence department; and, with his advancement, he ceases to be a probationer and passes into a highway, which, if all its pitfalls are avoided, leads on to fairly lucrative and honorable positions, though a fortune may not be at the end. It should be understood that we are writing of a bank which, though it is representative, may not have identical methods with all others, and that a boy might find in practical experience many exceptions to these statements.

The beginner in a business house is environed by much the same circumstances as those that we have described. In England, Germany, and other continental countries, the large mercantile firms engage a certain number of young men as apprentices for five, six, or seven years, paying them about five hundred dollars for the term, in the form of a progressive salary. The apprentices are indentured, and are saved from drudgery by the subordinate office-boys; but here there are no apprentices, and the duties of a beginner are limited to a variety of little things, against which the lordly soul of an English apprentice, who is usually an intolerably affected young person, would revolt. Apprenticeship in mercantile life abroad has, in fact, a basis of social distinction, and practically operates to the profit of the employer without having a commensurate advantage to the clerk, who is bound to wait several years before his earnings are sufficient to support him. An office-boy in America has a much better chance, and his advancement from clerkship to clerkship quickly follows the mastery he obtains over the different branches of the business. If he have a taste for business, there is no reason why he should not, and no probability that he will not, rise to the best position in the office which he enters. The writer is personally acquainted with several young men who, beginning thus at the bottom round of the ladder, have since acquired important clerkships by simple diligence and integrity, and are being promoted to higher grades every year. Not every opening is worth having, however. An old-established house with extensive connections should be selected, if selection is possible; such a house is heard of oftener through one's business acquaintances than through newspaper advertisements.

The best preparation for a commercial life is a common-school education, and the most serviceable parts of it, as in a bank, are the modern languages. French, German, Spanish, and Italian are sure to be of value, and the ability to write short-hand often hastens the advancement of a beginner. Nothing of greater use than the subjects included in the curriculum of the public schools can be learned in the so-called business or commercial colleges, which, in so far as they undertake to teach the practical details of

business life, are misleading, to say the least, in the opinion of all the merchants with whom we are acquainted. Every firm has its own methods of book-keeping and its own formulas in other departments, one differing from another in all the essential particulars of its system. The elements of book-keeping may and should be learned at school, but the knowledge thus gained is modified in development and operation by the individual usages of the house to which it is taken; and, similarly, there is as much disparity between clearing-house or custom-house work as it is taught in a business college and as it is actually done in a business house as between the journalism of a boy printing his own paper on his own press and the journalism of a New York daily.

Perhaps a good mother, who has seen the impish, vulgar, and strangely mature boys in some Wall-street broker's office, may shudder at the prospect of having one of her own put under the influences that have produced such precocity; but, though they are exposed to great temptations, it is not often that these boys are vicious, and from their ranks some of the most successful business men are recruited. Finally, while we would urge a boy to avail himself of the completest education he can get, it may not be altogether a misfortune if, when he is about seventeen, and is proficient in the English branches, he is compelled to seek a place in an office. Seventeen is a good age, and though the salary to begin with may not be more than two dollars a week, it will probably be increased to twelve or fifteen dollars before he is twenty, provided, of course, that he is observant and industrious.

We are inclined to believe that the most brilliant possibilities are in the wholesale dry goods houses, which have some positions within the reach of comparatively young men and commanding salaries of from four to eight thousand a year. Beginners are usually admitted at the age of from sixteen to twenty, and are paid about one hundred dollars for the first year, two hundred for the second, and three hundred for the third. Vacancies are filled in most instances by protégés of the older employés or relatives of customers, but occasionally they are announced through a newspaper advertisement, one insertion of which often evokes more than a thousand answers in twenty-four hours, many of the applicants offering their services gratuitously for the sake of the opportunity. After the third year, or earlier, the beginner is promoted to the position of assistant book-keeper, entry clerk, or shipping clerk, with a salary of about fifteen dollars a week; but his best opportunities are in the salesmen's department. It is the salesmen who command the salaries we have mentioned, and whose abilities are akin to genius. A good one is indispensable to the firm with which he is connected; he has a large acquaintance with "the trade," and so personal an influence over the customers that they would follow him with their business to any house to which he might transfer himself. The source of this rare influence is not easily defined. It is, in part, a sort of magnetism or winsomeness of disposition, coupled with a shrewd and ever-watchful intimacy with the market. When a customer comes into

the store, the salesman requires an assistant to handle the goods; and one of the boys is named for the service. Fortunate youth! If he is clever, he studies the shades, qualities, and prices of the fabrics; makes himself agreeable to the customer; and watches

the market. Then, perhaps, when the salesman is out, one day, a customer comes in, to whom he makes a sale himself—and this is the first step toward the attainment of one of the best positions in commercial life. WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

## Cable's "Madame Delphine."

It is a marked evidence of Mr. Cable's range and general force as a writer that he has constructed in this novelette an impressive tragedy without the use of the element of humor, which in the highest examples of fictitious writing, whether dramatic or narrative, has been the handmaid of tragedy. A reader, making acquaintance with this book, would have no basis from which to infer that fine sense of the incongruities which permeates his other work, and which overflows in the rollicking fun of "Posson Jones." Conversely, one who should read "Posson Jones"—a story without the sentiment of love,—indeed, without a female personage—would never know with what delicacy and refined suggestion of femininity Mr. Cable depicts a woman, and especially a beautiful woman, in love. However, though without a humorous character, scene, paragraph, or line, "Madame Delphine" is not a *tour de force* of somber plotting, but a readable and picturesque setting of a naturally acted drama on the theme of the inductive or vicarious responsibility for sin. Mr. Cable does not assume the burden of this theme to be proved as a proposition—he is too true an artist for that—but has left it where it ought to rest—upon the characters, and has subbed it to a distinct undertone of a story which owes its main interest to characterization and action. The moral is lightly carried, and not heavily dragged by the movement of the plot: there are no *détours*, no superfluities, and the close construction of the story gives it a buoyancy as a book which its compactness may have led one to overlook in the always exacting and often exasperating slowness of a serial.

Considered from a literary point of view, "Madame Delphine" is an advance on any one of Mr. Cable's previous short stories and on much of "The Grandissimes," in which the scene gave more opportunities for excess of writing as background to the heroic action and large drawing. Here every word is directly in the drift of the story. The style is polished but not ornate—rather like the furniture of Père Jerome's room, "carved just enough to give the notion of wrinkling pleasantry." There are more uniformly elegant writers of contemporary fiction than Mr. Cable, but we can think of none more vital, none who gives more direct evidence of genius. He

reminds one of nobody. Except for a rare whiff of Victor Hugo, he has an uninvaded individuality. It would be hard to find in current literature scenes to exceed in freshness, force, and charm Madame Delphine's disavowal of her daughter, or Lemaitre's discovery of Olive in the moonlit garden—where the ground seemed to him "an unsteady sea and he to stand once more upon a deck." How aptly, too, these words heighten the situation by recalling the first meeting of the two on shipboard! The book is full of such passages appealing to the imagination and preparing the way for some telling scene. It is more than good reading—it is good art.

The story is also an advance along the line of the weakest, or rather the least strong, of Mr. Cable's qualities as a writer—his sense of proportion. In "The Grandissimes," the casual reader once in a while was puzzled by the emphasis laid upon minor scenes and people. This is the fault of "Gabriel Conroy," and of most other first novels. The atmosphere is rarer than in a short story: one is deceived as to distances and forces are miscalculated. Doubtless something similar is the experience of a brigadier-general who is called for the first time to handle a corps in action. There are but slender traces of this fault in "Madame Delphine," and it is so surely a fault merely of inexperience that we may confidently look for its disappearance in Mr. Cable's (or Mr. Harte's) next novel. It is even now compensated for by the extreme vigor and clarity of his characterization—which is the most evident excellence of this book. There is, properly speaking, no hero and no heroine, but four evenly sustained characters, unmistakably human and all unmistakably different. Indeed, take any two characters created by Mr. Cable, select the two most alike, and the likeness will only be the likeness of the genus, while there will still be wide individual differences, mental and physical. This can be said of very few other writers of the day: it is much to say of any writer at a time when English character-drawing is largely vague and metaphysical, when characters often stand for single forces instead of for men and women, and when the tendencies of criticism and of creative art are to exalt the contemplative above the dramatic. Mr. Cable's work is free from the malaria of dilettanteism; it has a strong backbone of popular interest, and it may be commended to the American reader or the foreign critic as a portion of that too small body of current writing which is likely to last and be referred to as American literature.

\* Madame Delphine. By George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days" and "The Grandissimes." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

## Gosse's Selection of "English Odes."\*

WHAT is an ode?

The word, as employed by the English poets, is greatly in need of definition. It is not a verse-form like the sonnet, nor does it imply any particular kind of theme or treatment. Metrically, it may vary from the simplest stanza, as in Cowper's "Boadicea," to the elaborate harmonies of "Alexander's Feast," or "The Progress of Poesy." Why should not any lyrical poem whatever be called an ode? And yet, in fact, a difference is recognized between the ode and simpler forms of the lyric. No one would think of calling the songs of Shakspeare, or of Burns, odes. The distinction is one to be felt rather than stated, though it may be affirmed in a general way that the ode carries with it the notion of a more formal, artificial, and less spontaneous expression than the song.

The difficulty of supplying a definition of the word seems to have been appreciated by Mr. Gosse, in making his little collection of English odes. Twenty-eight poets—from Spenser to Swinburne—contribute to fill a volume of some two hundred and sixty pages, and the editor gives us an introduction, written with that nice scholarship and sureness of taste which have already placed him high on the list of English critics. In discussing the history of the ode, he reminds us that the word had almost the same looseness of meaning in Greek as in English. Two forms of the Greek ode, however, developed into a certain fixity of structure, and this by reason of their musical accompaniments: namely, the *Ætolian*, which was set to simple airs, and written, therefore, in simple measures; and the *Dorian*, which was married to the more elaborate "Dorian mood." The *Ætolian* ode is popularly known to modern readers as the *Horatian*, the Latin poet having reproduced the Sapphic, Alcaic, and Anacreontic meters of the originals. The triumphal odes of Pindar are the best representatives of the complicated *Dorian* ode.

It is manifest that the effect to a Greek ear of one of the odes of Simonides or Pindar cannot be furnished by any modern imitation. To say nothing of that fatal difference between quantity and accent which separates all ancient from all modern verse, the measures of the *Dorian* ode depended, in a peculiarly intricate way, upon the *Dorian* musical system. The musical clew is lost, and, though the poet may imitate the triple construction of the *Pindaric* ode in strophe, antistrophe, and epode, and may reproduce the measure, line for line and foot for foot, the effect will be merely mechanical. And, in fact, there is apt to be something mechanical about the best English *Pindarics*. Cowley, who began the fashion, had not learned the secret of Pindar's verse, but he tried to produce a similar effect by a certain abrupt irregularity and variety of meter. "The odes of Pindar," says Mr. Gosse, "so far from being, as used to be supposed, utterly licentious in their

irregularity, are more like the *canzos* and *serventes* of the mediæval troubadours than any modern verse. In each case the apparent looseness and actual rigidity of form depend upon the exigencies of the music, which strained the poet's art to its utmost, yet never released him from its bondage."

Without this guide, Cowley floundered helplessly. Nothing can be more wooden than his odes, unless it be the odes of some of his followers, like Addison and Pope. The verse is teased into a sound and fury, the diction tortured into a kind of spurious grandeur. In a period when all English poetry was artificial, the *Pindaric* ode was most emphatically so. Its lawlessness offered a convenient cover for all manner of poetic incompetence. "They that could do nothing else," complains Dr. Johnson, "could write like Pindar." Dr. Johnson said many fatuous things about Gray, and yet we must confess to having shared, in some degree, his feeling about "the wonderful wonder of wonders, the two sister odes." "His art and his struggle are too visible"; he sustains himself at that great height, not with the steady impulse of "the Theban eagle," but by rapid and laborious beatings of the wings. The best odes have, perhaps, been written by those who wrote with most forgetfulness of Pindar.

Mr. Gosse has been fortunate in his selections. A few amendments might, however, be suggested. Spenser's "Epithalamium" is given, but not the equally beautiful "Prothalamium." Drayton's spirited "Ode to the Cambro-Britons on their Harp" might well have been included. Prior's "Ode on the Taking of Namur" deserves no place in such a collection. Mr. Gosse's definition of an ode is worth giving: "We take as an ode any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." Perhaps this answers the question with which we began, but we imagine that the plain, blunt man, when asked what an ode is, will still answer, "It is a poem *de* something or *en* something."

## Bastian on "The Brain as an Organ of Mind."\*

THE adaptation of the acts of animals to their needs can be observed, described, and estimated independently of any theory as to the way in which it is brought about. It is a relation between purely material things—muscular contractions on the one side and certain physical requirements of the animal or its offspring on the other. We are, however, in the habit of inferring from such acts as these the conscious processes of the animal, putting ourselves in his place, as it were, and forming an estimate of his mental powers conceived in terms of our own feelings. But while the word "mind" usually directs attention straight to the conscious intelligence, and not to the physical relation from which it is inferred and estimated, it seems in these days sometimes to be used simply for this latter. And there is some ex-

\* English Odes, selected by Edmund W. Gosse. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

\* The Brain as an Organ of Mind. By H. Charlton Bastian, author of "Evolution and the Origin of Life," etc., etc. D. Appleton & Co. 1881.



cause for this, since this relation is a very common and very important one. In this altered or denuded sense we understand the title of Dr. Bastian's book, "The Brain as an Organ of Mind." The group of questions here discussed relate to the part which the brain plays in bringing about the adaptation of the acts to the need of animals.

The play of physical forces constituting the physiology of the central nervous system is so complex and delicate that it is of all things perhaps the least known, and the general ways of looking at these processes, coming as they do from evidence that is scattered, remote, and, after all, scanty, are not the same for all men, and it becomes important to understand the point of view of the author. He does not regard the soul as occupying a gap between sensory impressions coming in and motor impulses going out. He denies the existence of such a gap, and regards all the changes which take place as in harmony with the generalizations of chemistry and physics from phenomena taking place outside of the living body. The chain of physical cause and effect is complete, and behind the voluntary actions of man lie no exceptions. This is materialism. But it is of the affirming, not the denying, kind. It may be oversanguine for science, for the possibility of expressing in general terms the succession of physical states, but no one has ever been able to show that there is any incompatibility between such materialism as this and the positive teachings of well-accredited orthodoxy. This being the general view taken in this volume of the nature of the material phenomena, those of consciousness take their place easily as the attendants of certain parts of the material succession. And there are two kinds of questions: first, those of pure nerve mechanics,—the explanation of the effects of pure physical causation; and second, the determination of the correspondences between consciousness and nervous activity. But as the results of introspective psychology give us here and there valuable hints in the investigation of cerebral physiology, it is unwise to keep them entirely separate, and the reader will find in this book a rather easy turning from one kind of considerations to the other.

The plan of the book takes in a very considerable amount of comparative anatomy—somewhat more than a third of the book; and it is rather dull, and to a certain extent it seems misplaced.

The discussion of instinct occupies some space, and is interesting. We apply the word instinctive to such purposeful acts of animals as are not directed by individual experience. They are innate tendencies to activity. But not all such innate tendencies are instinctive—only such as are very special and complicated, and unmodified by circumstances. And instinct is not marked off by any sharp line from things that are not instinct—from such things as the human belief in universal causation, for example. There has been, doubtless, a tendency to overrate the instinctive character of the innate tendencies of brutes—that is, to make them somewhat too special, and too little modifiable by circumstances and experience—too stiff, as it were. Under the title of plas-

ticity of instinct, this subject is discussed, and the following instance is quoted from "Romanes," page 232:

"Three years ago, I gave a pea-fowl's egg to a Brahma hen to hatch. The hen was an old one, and had previously reared many broods of ordinary chickens with unusual success even for one of her breed. In order to hatch the pea-chick, she had to sit one week longer than is necessary to hatch an ordinary chick. \* \* \* The object with which I made this experiment, however, was that of ascertaining whether the period of maternal care subsequent to incubation admits under peculiar conditions of being prolonged; for a pea-chick requires such care for a very much longer time than does an ordinary chick. As the separation between a hen and her chickens always appears to be due to the former driving away the latter when they are old enough to shift for themselves, I scarcely expected the hen in this case to prolong her period of maternal care, and, indeed, only tried the experiment because I thought that, if she did so, the fact would be the best one imaginable to show in what a high degree hereditary instinct may be modified by peculiar individual experience. The result was very surprising. For the enormous period of eighteen months, this old Brahma hen remained with her ever-growing chicken, and throughout the whole of that time she continued to pay it unremitting attention. She never laid any eggs during this lengthened period of maternal supervision, and if, at any time, she became accidentally separated from her charge, the distress of both mother and chicken was very great. Eventually the separation seemed to take place on the side of the peacock. \* \* \* In conclusion, I may observe that the peacock reared by this Brahma hen turned out a finer bird in every way than did any of his brothers of the same brood which were reared by their own mother; but that, on repeating the experiment next year with another Brahma hen and several pea-chickens, the result was different, for the hen deserted her family at the time when it was natural for ordinary hens to do so, and, in consequence, all the pea-chickens miserably perished."

The question arises whether we have also been led into the converse mistake with regard to man, and have not recognized the large amount of instinct, or inheritance of very special tendencies of action, which obtains in him. It is a difficult thing to discriminate between what is learned and what is inherited, especially as what is inherited by no means necessarily appears at once after birth, but also in the course of the child's development. The following story, page 606, if it can be believed, seems to point to much more extended special inheritance by man than we are accustomed to admit:

"In the year 1877, the writer was consulted concerning the health of a boy, the son of a leading barrister, who was then twelve years old, and had been subject to 'fits' at intervals. The first fits occurred in infancy, when the patient was about nine months old. Toward the end of the second year these fits seemed to have ceased, and the child appeared sufficiently intelligent—to be well, in fact, in all respects except that he did not talk. When nearly five years old the little fellow still had not spoken a single word, and about this time two eminent physicians were consulted in regard to his dumbness. But before the expiration of another twelve months, as

his mother reports, on the occasion of an accident happening to one of his favorite toys, he suddenly exclaimed, 'What a pity!' though he had never previously spoken a single word. The same words could not be repeated, nor were others spoken, notwithstanding all entreaties, for a period of two weeks. Thereafter the boy progressed rapidly, and speedily became most talkative. When seen by the writer he spoke in an ordinary manner, without the least sign of impediment or defect."

It seems extremely difficult to believe that the practical knowledge of the way to make the different sounds recognizable by the ear should be inherited in its entirety, instead of being acquired by individual experiment, as it usually seems to be. Yet this is what this story directly testifies to, and Mr. Bastian assures us of its thorough reliability. This is one of the most remarkable, not to say incredible, evidences of human instinct that we have met.

The book as a whole is not marked by any great originality or profundity, but it is a useful compilation by a competent man—a man of work and of distinction.

#### Preble's "History of the Flags of the United States."

THE title of this book deserves to be given in full, for, comprehensive as it is, its contents completely justify it. The work is remarkable both for its scope and completeness, and in another respect is still more remarkable. It is a book that grew,—not made with a preconceived purpose, from previously acquired knowledge,—but one that literally grew like the acquisition of a science or an art, where the student is led from some small beginning to climb up, step by step, from pure love of the pursuit, till the top and the end is reached. Its germ was a newspaper article; its first bud, another newspaper article; this expanded into a pamphlet; that, at last, increased to this large octavo volume of near eight hundred and fifty pages. It is quite probable that when Midshipman Preble first stepped upon the quarter-deck of a ship he may have glanced aloft with a lurking thought somewhere at the bottom of his heart that the day might come when Admiral Preble's signal should fly from the main-mast. It was not in the least probable that, when he sent his first little letter on the American flag for a corner in a newspaper, he thought his name would ever stand upon the title-page of a book like this, to take its place in literature as an historical authority. Yet the authorship has come as certainly as the admiralty, and come as naturally and almost as inevitably. The book is as the end and outcome of a voyage wherein the globe was circumnavigated, all its oceans traversed, all its nations visited, all its coasts surveyed, but which at the beginning was only meant to be a sail down the harbor.

\* History of the Flags of the United States of America, and of the Naval and Yacht-club Signals, Seals and Arms, and Principal National Songs of the United States, with a Chronicle of the Symbols, Standards, Banners, and Flags of Ancient and Modern Nations. By George Henry Preble, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. Second Revised Edition. Illustrated with Ten Colored Plates, Two Hundred Engravings on Wood, and Maps and Autographs. Boston: A. Williams & Company.

In reading the volume, one has the pleasant picture always before him of the old sailor, his cruises and his battles all over and well finished, rounding out his life in completing the history of a subject the first thought of which came to him as he looked up from the deck of his ship to the flag floating over his head, and wondered where it came from. He was put there for its defense; to him it was the symbol of personal honor and love of country; whatever interest might in time gather about it as a subject of historical research and literary labor, this first interest had its root in a deep personal and professional love for the flag of his country, intrusted to his keeping and never for a moment forgotten. Charming as it is to see the unaffected pride and patriotic affection which illuminate so many pages of the book, it is no less notable that the perfect impartiality of the historian is never missing.

A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to the flag in the Rebellion of 1860-65. The incidents of that time are recalled with the deepest, and often with an impassioned, fervor. And yet these pages, where between the lines can be read the intense feeling of twenty years ago, are as impartial as a mathematical treatise. The facts are given with the precision of mathematical lines and figures, and nothing can be more refreshing than the perfect unconsciousness with which it is taken for granted that two and two still make four. Clearly it would be hopeless for anybody to ask this old sea-king to believe that they ever can make either three or five.

But, putting aside the characteristics, intellectual and moral, of this work, as a mere history of flags, and especially of the American flag, both loyal and rebel, in the war of the Rebellion, it is one of great value, and one which leaves nothing more to be said upon the subject.

#### Three "Round Robin" Novels.\*

SHOULD judgment be made from the first specimens of the series announced under the motto, "Perhaps it may turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon," it will appear that the Round Robin Series is to belong to the safe class of eminently respectable novels of the American type, neither so long as their ordinary English cousins, nor so dull, yet with less chance of including, by one of those mistakes which the safest publishers sometimes make, a work of actual genius. The opening for such literary ventures is immense in this country, the proportion of readers who enjoy the feebly ideal or upper mediocre class of fiction being to all appearance greater in the United States than in any other land. Such readers demand nice type and pretty covers; they want sentiment, it is true, but sentiment of that vague and improbable kind that does not make them "think of things." They want harsh facts and grim actualities in the experience of nearly every man and woman covered deep under those layers

\* A Nameless Nobleman. Round Robin Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1881. The Georgians. The same. A Lesson in Love. The same.

of conventionality in literature which are so easy to make, so pleasant to feel, but, to those who are forced to read novels in and out of season, so utterly unintelligent and hopeless. Like a poor stone in a fine setting, many of these novels attract the eye by their neat and sometimes tasteful outward look, only to prove mere husks—the nerveless imaginings of people who have had no experience in life, or the smart echoes of great writers, or the hypocritical enthusiasms of those who know what life can be, and, in the process of learning, have discovered that nothing is so salable as untruth.

It is only fair to "A Nameless Nobleman" to point out that the above is general in its application, and refers to classes of novels, not to the individual. For "A Nameless Nobleman" has undeniable merit of its gentle kind, that raises it above the ruck of passing fiction without removing it entirely from the breed. Descriptions of manorial gardens of fair Provence alternate with seasonable sketches of life on the New England coast in the days when it appeared as if the French were more firmly settled in North America than the English. There are pretty scenes between the exile in hiding and the hostess who becomes his wife. The fate of the young girl whom Paris attracts from her quiet life in Provence as a candle a moth, forms the antithesis of that of her cousin and lover, who becomes, under a plain name, a physician in the New World. Should none of the "Round Robins" fall below this in merit, the cry of pessimism against the critic were indeed in order. But that the standard cannot be held, is proved in "A Lesson in Love," the second venture, a feeble performance in every way, and not calculated to reflect credit on the writer to whom reports give the authorship.

With "The Georgians," however, the standard again rises, and to a point higher than it has reached hitherto. For "The Georgians," though it does not read like the work of a skilled hand, proceeds from what is even better, a thoughtful mind, on which the world and its lessons have not failed to make a solid mark. The scenes are laid in new land, the State of Georgia since the war; and the sympathetic treatment of Baptists and revivals is both courageous and novel. Yet the best of the book is the worst—the moral of it. The Countess Orlanoff, whose husband is in an insane asylum abroad, yields to her new love for Laurens, a manly young Georgian, before the news arrives that her husband is dead. This mars their wedded life, as we are distinctly left to infer, although coldness similar to that which exists between Félise and her second husband might easily spring from twenty other grounds. Yet the assumption that her guilty conscience, and perhaps a lurking contempt on his part, should always keep them unhappy, is excellent in its way and forms an admirable close to a story that has much that is good otherwise. It is the one of the three novels of the series which shows distinct mark of promise in the authoress.

#### Francillon's "Under Slieve-Ban."\*

It is a curious fact that the talent for constructing intricate plots is rarely coupled with acute observation and a pure and graceful style. Tourguéneff, whose faculty of observation is as minute as it is profound, selects a few commonplace incidents as the groundwork of his tales, but never attempts to construct an ingenious entanglement of circumstances and events. George Eliot and Thackeray, whose psychological insight was unsurpassed, placed as little reliance upon the mere external complications of incidents, and in fact valued an incident chiefly for its typical quality, its liability to occur in any life, rather than for its rarity and exceptional character. We are inclined to think that the rule holds good in all the more conspicuous cases in modern literature. Novelists of the Wilkie Collins type, who search police records and biographies of criminals for hysterical sensations, who select by preference murderers, lunatics, and other abnormal creatures as their heroes, are rarely persons of delicate perceptions or masters of style. Mr. Francillon, who, we regret to say, belongs remotely to this school, shows, however, his taste for the abnormal not so much in the character of his hero as in the invention of curious adventures. Michael Fay, in "Under Slieve-Ban," is an Irishman who, for aught we know, may have several counterparts on the Emerald Isle. He has an "Irish heart," "Irish blood," and various other Celtic peculiarities; though one cannot help wondering in what respect the anatomy of an Irishman differs from that of the rest of mankind. Michael Fay, who is otherwise not very strikingly individualized, performs a series of noble and heroic acts, and after having been knocked about on land and sea for many years, returns to his native isle, and reaps the reward of his fidelity to the woman of his choice. It seems at first sight as if the catalogue of the wonderful had been exhausted in the narrative of Michael Fay's adventures; we have no doubt, however, but that Jules Verne might possibly "go one better."

To those who enjoy an old-fashioned novel of the thrilling sort we can heartily recommend "Under Slieve-Ban." It is so full of surprises that the reader is forced to hold his breath from the beginning of each chapter to its very end. And those who enjoy the factitious excitement attendant upon this kind of exercise will undoubtedly feel repaid for their labor. For the plot, disbelieve it as we may, is very skillfully constructed, and the incidents (though told in a bald and unpretentious style) are yet sufficiently unhackneyed to save one's self-respect and furnish one with an excuse for being so cheaply entertained. The only attempt at characterization in the book is the school-master Dennis, *alias* Dionysius, Rooney, whose classical learning and indomitable poetic conceit are very cleverly combined and vaguely point to a living prototype. Kate Callan and Phil Ryan, on the other hand, are thoroughly conventional and commonplace.

\* Under Slieve-Ban: A Yarn in Seven Knots. By R. E. Francillon. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881.

**Mallock's "Romance of the Nineteenth Century."**

MR. MALLOCK has but one theme. He goes about among the men of his generation as if he felt that a burden for them had been laid upon him, and he proposed to let no sense of his limitations as a prophet, or his purlblindness as a seer, interfere with its delivery. What he has to say reaches a very numerous class of readers, not solely on account of his style and the better qualities of his thought, but also because his range of suggestion, if not wide, is at least very long, going dangerously near the lowest depths which decent thought and speech can touch on one hand, and appealing on the other to that longing for the highest which, in one shape or another, lives in us all. To make life endurable, he says, it must be made to yield an adequate personal satisfaction: but such a satisfaction is unattainable in the present state of things, when reason has eaten away the foundations of faith for the reasonable, and poverty and unreason have so far felt the solvents of unbelief that they no longer suffer with patience, because they no longer suffer with undoubting hope. Without a downright faith in God, based on revelation and upheld by dogma, life is empty—emptier by far to those who have leisure and wealth and intellect sufficient to let them test fully its entire range of substitutes for God than it can possibly be to others. Mr. Mallock was not the first to feel this—it was a genius and a poet of the fourth century, and not of the nineteenth, who after a youth of pleasure gave utterance to that famous cry: "Thou hast made us, O God, for thyself, and our hearts are unrestful till they find repose in thee!" But the longing for God is all that Mr. Mallock finds words for. When he has told us that pleasure is deceitful, and beauty is vain, and that the woman who does not fear the Lord is not to be praised, he has nothing to add except that, although he thinks he knows in what direction God might be sought for, yet he has himself utterly failed to find him there, and has a bitter suspicion that he has no existence. On the whole, we doubt whether the good in this nineteenth century romance compensates for its lack of art, its incongruity, and occasional grossness. One disagreeable peculiarity of Mr. Mallock's—his apparent inability even to imagine a woman who shall be entirely free from impure suggestion, if not in herself at least in her speech—has never, we believe, been so openly displayed as in this volume. Cynthia we find a quite incredible monstrosity.

**Poynter's "Among the Hills."**

THIS is a thoroughly well told and interesting story of English rural life, but it is not altogether a pleasant one. It is the history, as its author tells us in the outset, "of one who, with keen sensibilities and some capacity for greatness, found

herself imprisoned in a narrow and untoward lot, out of which it seemed exceptionally hard to struggle into freedom and light." Hetty is the badly deformed apprentice of a village milliner, endowed with a passionate heart and great susceptibility to beauty, and, naturally, doomed to suffer all the more keenly through the possession of such gifts. The story of her thwarted love, of her great miseries and small compensations, of her mad attempt to end her troubles by suicide, and the final meager happiness which comes from no higher consideration than that this attempt has, by making her bedridden, at least succeeded in hiding her deformity,—the story of all this is, to say the least of it, not cheerful reading. There are, nevertheless, some very attractive scenes and characters in the book—pretty, modest, self-respecting Jenny and her wise mother being especially well drawn. At the same time, when the main purpose of a work of modern art seems to be the delineation of hopeless suffering, unrelieved by the lights emanating from that source which has made the modern world, one is forced to reflect that the old pagan way of putting suffering out of sight, and counting poverty of all sorts a disgrace, was not without its wisdom.

**Marion Harland's "Handicapped."**

THIS is a collection of stories already familiar to magazine readers in their separate form. They are all characterized by their author's usual shrewd and kindly common sense, and, though entirely distinct in other respects, possess an identity of purpose which makes the title selected for the series equally appropriate to each member of it. The one sketch entitled "The Heart of John Stewart" shows that the conclusion is not absolutely inevitable, but, putting that aside, we should infer that the result of Marion Harland's long study of human nature was the sad conviction that in the race of life it is invariably her own sex which carries the heavy weights. Selfish husbands, heartless and faithless lovers, patient but worn-out wives, and self-sacrificing maidens abound in her pages until the result, if it cannot be denied verisimilitude, must also be acknowledged as depressing. The tales are so evenly meritorious that it is not easy to discriminate between them, but "One Old Maid" is, to our thinking, the pleasantest of the series, and "Nurse Brown's Story" the least agreeable. But there is none of them which, taken singly, will not give the reader of it a pleasant and suggestive half-hour.

**Lucy Larcom's "Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems."**

THERE is nothing very distinctive about these sweet and pure little poems. They are thoroughly feminine in their refinement, and have the New England conscientiousness. That gentle, religious melancholy which is the latest and most womanly

\* A Romance of the Nineteenth Century. By W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living?" "The New Republic," etc. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons.

† Among the Hills. By E. Frances Poynter, author of "My Little Lady." Leisure-hour series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

\* Handicapped. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

† Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

form of inherited Puritanism, seems to have been deepened in this case by an early bereavement,—the death of a sister or friend,—to which frequent allusion is made in the poems.

The piece which gives its name to the volume is a sea-side idyl in the manner of Whittier's "The Tent on the Beach." The blank verse is the blank verse of a Sigourney, and the pools of reflection into which the poem spreads are very placid indeed. But some of the interspersed songs are pretty, and notably the one entitled "The Old Hymns," in which the author celebrates

"The psalm-tunes of the Puritan;  
The hymns that dared to go  
Down shuddering through the abyss of man,  
His gulfs of conscious woe:  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The long, quaint words, the humdrum rhyme,  
The verse that reads like prose,  
Are relics of a sturdier time  
Than modern childhood knows."

The local flavor is that of the Massachusetts coast in the neighborhood of Beverly,—a level landscape of woods, salt-marshes, creeks, and magnolia swamps. Miss Larcom has not the same intimate sympathy with the sea that Celia Thaxter's poems exhibit; possibly because the latter lives on an island, while the former has the inland country at her back. "I do not love the sea," she writes,

"I love the west wind's breath,  
That softly wandereth  
Out of the forest fragrance deep."

"The Lady Arbella," "Mistress Hale of Beverly," and "A Gambrel Roof," are bits of history or legend from old colony days, in which the tone is taken from Longfellow and Whittier, and in which those now familiar figures, Endicott, Winthrop, the Salem witches, etc., re-appear perhaps with rather less than their wonted freshness. "A Strip of Blue" and "A Prairie Nest" are among the more imaginative of the short poems. But the strongest emotion appealed to in the book is the religious sentiment, and upon the whole, we like the religious pieces best; particularly "Winter Midnight," beginning:

"Speak to us out of midnight's heart,  
Thou who forever sleepest art!"

And "Yet Onward," from which we give a single stanza:

"At friendly shores, at peaceful isles,  
I touch, but may not long delay;  
Where Thy flushed East with mystery smiles,  
I steer into the unrisen day."

Miss Larcom's poetry will come home to that large class of readers—mainly women—who seek in poetry a sympathetic expression of certain of their own moods, rather than a satisfaction of their aesthetic instincts, or a stimulus to their imaginations.

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Recent Progress in Telephony.

SCIENTIFIC discoveries that may in any way become useful in the arts, in manufactures, and business are now regarded with universal attention, and, if they have real merits, find an immediate application upon a commercial scale, and almost invariably prove of profit both to the inventor and the public. This tends greatly to the advantage of science, because the commercial value of any discovery gives a new impulse to research. The announcement of a new invention is followed by renewed research on a wider scale by many investigators. The telephone is an illustration of this, for it was not only at once adopted in business, but the labors of a large number of experimenters led to new discoveries and improvements. Among the latest inventions in this field is a telephonic system that differs radically from any of those now in use.

Electricity is best described as being a manifestation of energy. In the school-book experiment of rubbing a glass rod and then bringing it near some loose bits of paper, we have the familiar frictional electricity as a manifestation of the energy spent in rubbing the glass rod. The manifestation appears in the actual work of raising the bits of paper. The source of energy may be a battery, and the work performed may be the movement of a vibrating plate. Another familiar electrical apparatus is the induction coil. A few feet of stout copper wire is insulated and wound around a bundle of soft-iron wires. This coil is inclosed

within a second coil of much longer and finer insulated wire. If an electrical current is sent from a battery through the first, or primary, coil, a second and much more intense current is produced by induction in the second coil. These currents are called the primary and secondary currents. In the Reis telephone, the vibrations of a diaphragm set in motion by the sonorous vibrations of the voice may be used to alter the resistance in an electrical circuit, or, in other words, may change the force of an electrical current flowing through it. It is with these familiar appliances that the new telephone has been constructed.

Figure 1 is an ideal representation of the principal parts of the telephone. At T is the transmitter in the small circuit formed by the battery B, the

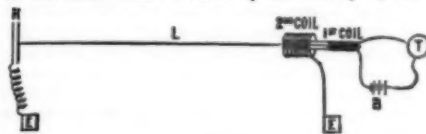


FIGURE 1.

first coil, and the two wires connecting them. The second coil is shown in connection with the first, and is supposed to cover it completely. L is the line-wire and R is the receiver. At E and E are the earth connections with the coil and the receiver.

Figure 2 gives the details of the receiver. Two diaphragms are inclosed in the holder that is conven-



iently arranged for the hand, the first being fastened rigidly in place and connected with the line-wire through the handle. The second diaphragm is fastened only at the edges, and is free to vibrate. There is a small air-space between the diaphragms, and a ring of insulating material at the edges to keep them apart. The wire in practice enters the handle and the edge instead of the back, and the earth-wire may be omitted, as the hand and arm of the person holding the receiver seem to answer the same purpose.

From these figures we may get an idea of the method of operating the telephone. The energy obtained from the battery sets up a current in the primary circuit of the induction coil, and this by induction creates the secondary current that, passing over the line-wire, affects the diaphragm in the receiver. This at once attracts or pulls the outer diaphragm toward it, and the air outside follows it. If the current is cut off or reduced in force, the attraction between the diaphragms is lessened or destroyed, and the outer diaphragm springs back, driving the air before it. In the Reis telephone, a thin diaphragm is placed over an opening in a small wooden box. At the center of this is placed a small piece of platinum, and resting lightly on this is a

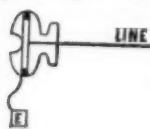


FIGURE 2.

piece of bent wire that forms part of the primary electrical circuit. A second opening is made in the side of the box, and the person using the transmitter speaks at this opening. The vibrations set up by the voice cause the diaphragm to move in unison with it, and this movement is exactly reproduced in the primary circuit, and reproduced again in the secondary circuit. This system is both novel and very simple, the apparatus is easily made, and, as far as can be learned, is readily kept in working order. It works with very small expenditure of power in the battery, and is free from all extraneous sounds. In addition to this, any number of receivers may be attached to one main line, and words spoken in a single transmitter may be heard equally well in all. In the telephone examined, the speech came quite as clearly and distinctly as in the common forms of telephone, and, with the exception of the slight click at the beginning and end of each message, the receiver was absolutely silent when not in use. The form of the transmitter is somewhat different from the Reis instrument from which it was taken, and all parts of the apparatus appear to be admirably designed for convenience in use. This form of telephone is the invention of Professor A. E. Dolbear, and reflects great credit upon his own labors and upon American science.

#### Gas Fuel.

IN the November, 1879, number of this magazine, the editor of this department ventured the opinion that the time was not far distant when the people, and particularly householders, would demand a gas fuel to replace the use of wood and coal

in shops and dwellings. On page 413, volume XIV., some description was given in this department of a method of making a water-gas that would be suitable for fuel. This water-gas process has been extensively adopted in this country for making illuminating gas, and more recently it has been joined to another and allied process, and gas fuel for domestic and business purposes is now made on a large scale in the city of Yonkers, New York. The predictions concerning gaseous fuel seem to be abundantly fulfilled. The new gas fuel is used by tailors to heat their irons, by jewelers as a blow-pipe flame, without the aid of any extra pressure (thus dispensing with the blow-pipe), and by tinsmiths in heating their soldering-irons. In the case of the tailor's goose and the soldering-iron, the gas is burned directly in the tools, and they may be used continuously, without the delay of heating in a furnace. In the manufacture of hats, the gas fuel is used to heat irons and embossing tools of all kinds, replacing charcoal fires and the use of illuminating gas. The new gas is clean and intensely hot, leaves no deposit of soot, and does not stain nor injure white fabrics. For domestic use, both in heating and cooking, the new fuel has been received with the utmost favor by all classes, and is being rapidly introduced into a large number of dwellings. The price is fifty cents per thousand feet, and a little less to large consumers. At this rate, a range used in a restaurant for eighteen hours a day consumes about six cents' worth of gas. A domestic stove for a small family will consume about two cents' worth. The heating of a tailor's goose for six hours is given at two and a half cents, and the cost of a jeweler's blow-pipe for fuel in ten hours is about one cent. The gas is being applied to smiths' forges and for tempering steel. For power it is being used in gas-engines, the Ottor motor being preferred. It is thought to be better to do this than to burn the gas under a boiler in making steam. The prospect for cheap gas fuel seems now to be fully assured. The demand for the gas in Yonkers appears to be active, and steps are being taken to introduce this most valuable fuel into several of our large cities. All that was here claimed for a gaseous fuel appears to be fully realized in actual daily practice on a commercial scale.

#### Experiments in Crossing Wheat.

THE peculiar manner of flowering displayed by the common wheat-plant makes it appear quite unlikely that varieties of wheat are, except in very rare instances, the result of crossing. The pistils and stamens are inclosed in a casing or leafy sheath, and there is no movement of pollen from one plant to another, as seen in the squash, in corn, and many other plants. The varieties of wheat, it is thought, originated chiefly from the influence of their surroundings. The soil, the aspect, and atmosphere in time change the character of the plant and impress on it new characteristics, and these become fixed by continual repetition. Efforts have from time to time been made to produce new

varieties of wheat by crossing, but with comparatively limited results. The most recent experiments in this direction were made in the Agricultural Experiment station connected with the "Rural New-Yorker" in July of this year, and from an examination of the plants that had been treated, made after the seeds had begun to ripen, success seems to have been secured. The operation was long and very delicate, and consisted in gently bending back the leafy casing surrounding the largest and best buds in a head of wheat before they flowered, carefully cutting out the unripe stamens, and putting in their place stamens from the buds of another variety. The pistils, it may be remarked, were then ripe and in a condition to receive the pollen. The leaflets were then allowed to spring back into place, inclosing the new stamens with the pistils, and a worsted thread was carefully wound around the bud to prevent it from opening. The work of fertilizing the best buds in a head of wheat required more than two hours, as the operation was a most delicate and tedious one. The head of wheat was then tied to a stake, to protect it from the wind and birds. The result, so far, proved most successful, for a large number of the flowers perfected their fruit, and enough ripe seeds were obtained to make a fair trial in planting. The fact that each stamen when operated on was in an immature state, and was entirely removed, shows that a true cross was obtained. Whether the new plants that may spring from the seed will exhibit the characteristics of both parents remains to be seen, but good seeds were obtained by the operation described, and this is regarded as a valuable addition to our knowledge of the wheat-plant.

#### Preservation of Iron Surfaces.

IN 1876, a new process for covering iron and steel surfaces, to protect them from rusting, was announced, and attracted much attention. It was known as the "Barff process," and aimed to protect the metals by covering them with a film of magnetic oxide. The results obtained were very promising, and the process was soon followed by a second, known as the "Bower process," that aimed at the same thing by a different method. Both processes were duly described in this department. While neither method ever became generally useful, the experiments were continued, and both processes have now been united, and, in a greatly improved form, have been introduced on a commercial scale. In the first of these processes, the iron articles were placed in a small retort or muffle, and brought to a high temperature by external heating of the muffle, and then admitting super-heated steam. The iron took up the oxygen, and became coated with a film of magnetic oxide that would effectually resist exposure to air or water. The other process reached the same end by means of highly heated air applied in the same manner; but both processes proved too expensive to be of general use. In the later methods used, a large chamber of fire-brick is built, and connected with it are several gas-producers. The gas, as fast as made,

is mixed with highly heated air and burned, and the product of combustion, added to a little free air, is admitted to the chamber. The articles are heated by contact with the hot carbonic acid and air, and take the oxygen from both. The result is a film of magnetic oxide adhering to the articles, and covered with an outer film of sesqui-oxide. This takes about half an hour, when the air is shut off and carbonic oxide is led into the chamber, which serves to reduce this upper film to magnetic oxide. This process is repeated, alternately oxidizing and deoxidizing, till a film of sufficient thickness is secured. The process admits of the use of any iron, however rusty the surface, only a rough cleaning being necessary before the articles are put in the apparatus to be treated. The Barff process is said to be best for wrought-iron, and the Bower for cast-iron. In the latest form of apparatus both air and steam are used, and the two processes are united. Any size or shape of iron articles or materials can be treated, and at much cheaper rates than by either of the old methods. The color of the film is said to be excellent, varying between a French gray and black. Careful experiments with steel coated with the magnetic oxide film show that the strength or character of the metal was in no wise injured by the process.

#### Disposal of Kitchen Refuse.

THE difficulties attending the disposal of kitchen refuse in thickly settled parts of New York City has led to the custom of burning the waste in the range. This is always attended with some difficulty, as the material consists largely of water, and does not readily burn, unless it is first dried. To enable the house-keeper, limited to the narrow quarters of a city flat, to dispose of the refuse in a quick and cleanly manner, a small cremator, or destructor, has been introduced, that certainly has the merit of cheapness and simplicity. From an inspection of the apparatus, it would appear to be a useful addition to the kitchen utensils. It consists of a strong zinc pail, having a gutter, or rim, around the top, that may be filled with water. A cover fits over the pail, dipping into the water in the deep rim, and thus making a water-sealed cap that will be perfectly air-tight. The bottom of the pail has an opening in the center, of the same size as the holes in the top of the stove, this opening being surrounded by a raised rim. Inside this pail is a smaller pail of zinc, open at the bottom and perforated with holes around the sides. Just under this is a double trap-door, that may be opened or closed by means of a handle on the outside of the apparatus. In use, the kitchen refuse is placed in the inner pail, with the trap closed. Water is placed in the rim, to seal the cover, and the whole is placed over an open fire-hole on the range or stove. A very short time answers to dry the material, when the handle is turned and it is allowed to drop into the fire, where it is quickly destroyed. There is no escape of odors, and the liquid waste is evaporated and passes into the fire as steam, without doing any harm. The apparatus is well worth examination and trial by householders.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### At Long Branch.

THE waltzes were over at Leland's,  
And I stood by my chaperon's chair,  
Where the breeze coming in from the ocean  
Just toyed with the bang of my hair.  
And if ever a mortal was thankful,  
It was I that the window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,  
And it seemed like the moment of doom:  
I had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,  
Making love—don't you think!—and to whom  
But the heiress of Pillpatent's millions,  
And the vulgarest thing in the room.

Now Tom, as you know, is too handsome  
For anything under the sun—  
Yes, I honestly own I *had* flirted,  
But only a little, in fun,—  
And 'twas clear she was trying to catch *him*,  
If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'twas all over,—  
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss,—  
For of course 'twas a grand speculation  
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss.  
But to think, after all his palaver,  
That he ever could snub me like this!

I cannot describe my emotions,  
But it gave my poor heart-strings a tug;  
Then I saw my old chaperon simper,  
And up to me whom should she lug  
But that great millionaire from Nevada,  
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,  
And it came to me just like a flash:  
He's been dangling around all the season.  
Yes, of course it ~~was~~ dreadfully rash,  
But I just thought I'd *show* Mr. Thomas  
How to play, if the game was for cash.

"Would I walk on the breezy veranda?"  
"Oh, thank you"—now, Nell, you can guess  
How it all came around, and imagine  
That moment of choking distress  
When I said, seeing Tom through the window,  
"Indeed, sir, you—that is—why—y-es."

So it's all coming off in October;  
I am having my trousseau from Worth.  
He is nice, Nell, and perfectly solid,  
And a man of respectable birth;  
But, somehow—that is—well, I don't know—  
I'm the wretchedest girl upon earth.

### Aphorisms from the Quarters.

Grubbin' a stump is a good way to whet up your 'ligion.

Heap o' people rickerlec' favors by markin' 'em down in de snow.

Always drink pure water: many a man gits drunk fum breakin' dis rule.

A smart man aint gwine to buck 'gin a mud-hole; he walks 'round it eb'ry time.

De sparrer-hawk would like to git a persition to 'tend to de chicken-yard an' keep off de minks.

De smoke-'ouse is safes' in de blackberry season.  
Rain-drops can't tell broadcloth fum jeans.  
De black gum laughs at de red oak when de wood-cutter comes 'round.

Waitin' on de table is a pow'ful way to git up a appetite.

De hen dat hatches out ducks is gwine to lose her chillun mighty quick.

Dar's nuffin' 'bout thinnin' corn in de spellin' book.

Smart folks don't feel de teef ob a live squ'el.  
De black-snake keeps up wid de family secrets ob de settin' hens.

De fox wants to know how de rabbit's gittin' on.  
'Taint much diffunce 'twix' a hornit an' a yaller jacket when dey bofe git under your clo'es.

Some niggers got so much 'ligion dey want to hab Sunday eb'ry day.

It don't make much diffunce 'bout what sort o' plow you use, ef you jes' hab de right sort o' mule in front an' de right sort o' nigger behin'.

It puts you in a good humor to git hold ob a fat pig—specially right arter it's been bobbykewed.

De cotton-patch don't keer which way you vote.  
You can't hurry up good times by waitin' for 'em.

### Aesthetic.

IN a garb that was guiltless of colors  
She stood, with a dull, listless air—  
A creature of dumps and of dolors,  
But most undeniably fair.

The folds of her garment fell round her,  
Revealing the curves of each limb;  
Well proportioned and graceful I found her,  
Although quite alarmingly slim.

From the hem of her robe peeped one sandal—  
"High art" was she down to her feet;  
And though I could not understand all  
She said, I could see she was sweet.

Impressed by her limpness and languor,  
I proffered a chair near at hand;  
She looked back a mild sort of anger—  
Posed anew, and continued to stand.

Some praises I next tried to mutter  
Of the fan that she held to her face;  
She said it was "utterly utter,"  
And waved it with languishing grace.

I then, in a strain quite poetic,  
Begged her gaze on the bow in the sky.  
She looked—said its curve was "aesthetic,"  
But the "tone was too dreadfully high."

Her lovely face, lit by the splendor  
That glorified landscape and sea,  
Woke thoughts that were daring as tender:  
Did *her* thoughts, too, rest upon me?

"Oh, tell me," I cried, growing bolder,  
"Have I in your musings a place?"  
"Well, yes," she said, over her shoulder:  
"I was thinking of nothing in space."